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A ROMAN COURTSHIP

BY ESME HOWARD

LATE in November 1895 my mother and I decided to spend Christmas at Greystoke, and after the New Year to go as usual to Italy for the sake of her health, which was clearly far from strong.

Apart from the fact that my mother's health required a warmer climate in winter and that she preferred Rome to any place on the Continent, I had my own particular reason for wishing to revisit Rome.

For some time past I had felt more and more attracted by the lady who was to become my wife. Though as yet I entertained no definite plans for the future, and though I was sure she had never even thought of me as a possible suitor, yet every time I left Rome I felt restless until I could return there.

I was over thirty-two years old in the spring of 1896, and therefore no longer of an age when a man of sense rushes into matrimony without weighing pros and cons. Profoundly though I felt the personal attraction, I could not but admit to myself that, even if she would take me, to transplant to a

small household in England — which was all I could offer — a girl who had been living *dans le grand monde* in Rome for some years (for her father, Prince Giustiniani-Bandini, kept open house) might be an experiment involving considerable risk for both parties. So I resolved for the time being to try to become better acquainted with her, and said nothing about my feelings even to my family.

Courtship — to me a good old-fashioned word now fallen into disuse — was in Rome, even as late as 1896, no easy matter. There was no opportunity for a tête-à-tête, let alone a heart-to-heart conversation. It was not considered correct even to talk to unmarried girls for more than a quarter of an hour. 'Sitting out' at a ball was taboo. So strict, indeed, was the supervision in my father-in-law's house that his elder daughters have told me that they were never allowed to cross the *anticamera* or entrance hall of their house in Rome without a maid or a governess, because a footman was always stationed there to open the door for guests.

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As to meeting and talking out of doors, this was, if possible, more difficult still. We occasionally met at tennis parties, but here also 'sitting out' between sets was quite as much against the law as at a ball, and to talk of the affairs of the heart while patting the ball over the net in the style of the eighteen-nineties seemed to me out of the question.

So through that spring I waited and watched for opportunities of closer acquaintanceship which never came, frequenting Casa Bandini and any other Roman house or embassy where I might have a word with 'Donna Isabella,' also listening eagerly to all that was said about her. In this I was lucky, for she had among the English Catholic families several friends whom I knew well enough to be able to ask about her, and from one and all I heard nothing but admiration and affection. I was especially struck by the way old ladies, too often critical of the younger generation, were unstinting in their praise of her.

The result of all this was, naturally, that I, already so attracted by her, fell ever more in love — but still, so far as I could see, without hope of having a heart-to-heart talk.

I was beginning to despair when, soon after Easter, my mother's health, which had been getting slowly worse, began to cause us serious alarm, and she said she wished to go back to her house at Ravenstone in Cumberland. I left Rome feeling more unsettled and dejected than ever before in my life. Much depressed about my mother, very unsettled as to my own plans for the future, I felt that, in the circumstances, I could make no move toward my heart's desire or even toward taking anyone into my confidence about it.

We traveled home slowly by stages — Florence, then Portofino (of happy memories, which my mother loved),

and finally Ravenstone, the peace and quiet of which seemed for a few weeks to do her good. In June, however, it became evident to the doctors that the end was not far off, and on July 24 it came. All her children were with her, and her strong faith in the mercy and goodness of God enabled her to meet it serenely and without flinching for a moment. Indeed she was almost glad to go.

My mother used often to say that the world seemed to her so evil a place that she wished to be released from it. Seeing that she had had, all things considered, a really happy life, I could not as a young man understand this, and I used to tell her that the world seemed to me not such a bad place to be in. But she would reply that the old feel the burden of evil more than the young, and that if I lived I should grow to feel as she did.

I confess now that she was right, and that after living through the horrors of the Great War and the intolerable weariness of its aftermath, after having had experience of the infinite folly of men who have not yet learned their lesson, but are willing to repeat this fatuous beastliness on the ground that through it human nature is exalted — after going through all this, and with a sense of nausea at the futility and selfishness of mankind, I would now readily join her in her daily prayers for a speedy end of the world but that I believe it is for us to carry on according to our lights to the end, no matter how bitter it may be.

There are, I suppose, few men of thirty-three to whom their mother has meant more than mine to me. We had been constant companions from my earliest days, and though we did not see eye to eye on many subjects, such as religion and politics, that never altered our intimate and happy relations. We were both travelers by instinct, and the many driving tours I

took with her are among my happiest memories. But when she, always active physically and mentally, was threatened with a long and wearisome and at that time incurable illness, I hardly knew what to wish for — prolongation of life at that price, or release, which she herself desired. One summer afternoon she had been sleeping on the sofa in the drawing-room at Ravenstone; I was reading near her. Looking up, I was suddenly struck by the change that had come over her face. The tired expression, the lines of pain to which I was quite unused — I could not take my eyes from that suffering face. Suddenly she must have felt the thoughts passing through my mind, for her eyes opened and caught mine. Then her face changed and lit up with the beautiful smile I knew so well. Neither of us spoke, but it seemed to me that she understood my conflicting feelings and wished to tell me that I must not be troubled for her sake, for all would be well. I can see that smile quite plainly as I write these words.

When the break which I had dreaded really came, I felt that it was the end of the life I had lived till that day, but — I confess it to my shame — I also realized, with a greater interest in the future, that I should now be free to carry out my plans and live an independent life, which I could never have done had she continued to live tied to her bed or sofa at Ravenstone. My feelings, quite genuine in one direction, were thus moving in another by these reflections, and I understood perhaps for the first time how immensely difficult it is for us to judge others when our own most natural and sincere emotions may be so completely sundered and divided by contradictory sentiments.

Summing up the situation with regard to the future, I determined on two lines of immediate action. First, I

would return to Rome as soon as possible and decide my fate with 'Donna Isabella.' Second, I would carry out a plan I had long been considering to plant rubber in the West Indies, being convinced that Fate had clearly pointed out this road to me so that I could give my wife the sort of surroundings to which she was accustomed, and which, not then knowing her genuine simplicity of character, I feared she might expect as of right.

* * *

Without delay I set about making preparations for putting my rubber plans into execution. This is not the place to describe my journey to Brazil, the West Indies, and Mexico to inspect rubber plantations. Suffice it to say that early in 1898 I returned to England, formed a syndicate for the planting of rubber in the West Indies, and was then free to give my thoughts wholly to the more absorbing affair of my marriage.

My last visit to Rome had not advanced matters greatly. I was still too uncertain as to Isabella's feelings for me to dare 'to put it to the touch to gain or lose it all.' But now I felt that I could not evade the issue any longer.

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1898, I started for Rome with my mind made up. On arrival, I thought I detected a warmth of greeting that I had not noticed before, but still the old difficulties of approach existed.

After some weeks, however, I did what I supposed a young Roman in similar circumstances would have done, and wrote to Princess Bandini, saying in Grandisonian style that I wished to marry her daughter Isabella, and asking if I might speak directly to her whom Sir Charles Grandison would have described as 'the object of his affections.' I regret that I did not keep a

copy of the letter, which would no doubt later have given Isa and me, and particularly my sons, much food for merriment.

I received a most friendly reply, to the effect that I might say what I had to say to Isa herself, and was given a day and an hour.

This was so unexpectedly favorable that, at the appointed time, I walked on air to the Palazzo Bandini in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which is now the official centre of the Fascist Party. I wonder what all those reception rooms, which I used to know so well, look like now.

Strange to say, everything went as usual. The porter in the courtyard with the Roman statues round it (they are still there) did not seem to think that anything earth-shaking was about to happen. The footman in the *anticamera*, who admitted me, looked as unconcerned and aloof as if nothing special were taking place, and another, also as uninterested in the great events passing around him as a goldfish in a bowl, showed me into the *salottino rosso*, where in a state of mind that need not be described I collapsed into a carved gilt chair in red brocade, presumably of Italian Louis XV style, but of this I cannot be sure. Considering the circumstances, this lack of observation was perhaps not unnatural.

Presently in came Isa, and for the first time, from the smile with which I was greeted, I realized that all was well. From the extreme of uncertainty I now rushed to the other extreme of absolute sureness. I told her that I had been in love with her for three years and asked point-blank if she would marry me. She replied, with that outspoken simplicity and straightforwardness which is, unexpectedly yet frequently, characteristic of Italians, that I had never spoken to her of my affection before, but only of travels,

of social questions, or of indifferent matters, so how could she guess what my feelings were? I excused myself as best I could for my long silence, but as the ice was now broken I begged to know whether I stood any chance of success.

Then she answered that indeed she would marry me, but first she must know what I thought about religion. Her religion, she said, — and I was sure that what she said was true, — was the most important thing in the world to her, and she could never marry a man who did not share it with her. To do so would create a division which would but increase with years.

I replied that while I had a great respect for those who felt strongly, as I knew she did, on this subject, I myself had no convictions. I was, indeed, without any definite faith except an innate belief in a God who was just and merciful, and I was ready to leave my future in His hands provided I did what seemed right, honest, and kind according to my lights. In fact, I more or less quoted Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known Christmas sermon. Beyond this I promised never to interfere with the exercise of her religion, or with the religious education of any children. She should have her own way altogether in those matters.

But she was not to be satisfied. Religion must be, she argued, the foundation of the unity of the family. If the family were founded on a broken stone, how could it last?

'If you have no strong convictions of your own,' she asked, 'why not at least examine mine and see what they consist of? Do you know anything about Catholic beliefs?'

I admitted that I really did not, but said I did not think it possible for me to become a member of any church which insisted on such definite articles of faith as I understood the Catholic Church did.

'If you know nothing about it,' she continued, 'why not, before deciding, learn a little?'

She could not change her conviction that marriage with one, however much she loved him, who was not of her faith could not be happy either for her or for the other. If, however, it were possible for me honestly to accept her faith, then indeed she would be my wife.

When I still hesitated, she insisted, 'Cannot you at least, for my sake, look into this?'

Yes, I said, I would look into it. Still I could hold out no hope of a change in my views. But who would tell me about the Faith? I knew no one.

She then suggested Monsignor Merry del Val, whom I knew slightly as a young Anglo-Spanish priest who had been educated in England and was a special favorite of Pope Leo XIII. He had already been sent on an important mission to Canada, where he had acquitted himself of a difficult task to the satisfaction of all concerned. There was no one with whom I would rather have spoken on such a subject, and I readily agreed. I said I would at once ask him to let me see him, and we parted in sad uncertainty as to the future.

I don't know and have never asked what her feelings were. I know that I felt as if 'the heavens above were falling,' as if 'the earth's foundations fled.' The footman in the *anticamera* and the porter in the courtyard with the statues seemed as uninterested as before.

* * *

In two or three days I called, as arranged, on Monsignor Rafael Merry del Val. He lived in two rooms on the top floor of the Vatican Palace, commanding a most magnificent view over the city of Rome and the Campagna

beyond to the Alban Hills on the south and the Sabine Mountains on the east and northeast.

Whenever he could spare an hour from his duties as one of the private secretaries of the Pope he would give it up to me. Often, however, I had to sit and wait for him in this eyrie under the roof of the Vatican and had time for meditation while lifting my eyes unto the hills.

After this lapse of time it is very difficult for me to remember the precise tenor and sequence of our conversations, which extended over many interviews during some four weeks, and in any case this would not be the place to attempt to transcribe them at length. I think, however, that I may describe them briefly somewhat as follows: —

He began by asking in what religion I had been brought up. I said, 'In the English Church.' He asked me if I was still a member. I told him that since I left school I had ceased to attend its services except to accompany my mother. He asked if I belonged to any other communion; I said I did not.

In reply to his question why I had left the Church of England I said that having found, even as a small boy, that its teaching and practice were not in agreement with those of other Protestant communities, I ultimately came to the conclusion that none of them taught the religious truth they claimed to teach. As one sample of these differences, I said it had particularly struck me as a small boy that, whereas I was told that to have a crucifix in church or in one's room was almost tantamount to idolatry, I found both crucifixes and candles on the communion tables of Lutheran churches in Germany, which my mother always attended, without their presence seeming to trouble her in any way. When I asked if this was right, my mother said that it was the practice of

the Lutheran Church, and that Lutherans were good Protestants, but I could never understand why a practice which was apparently good and praiseworthy in Germany should be idolatrous and abominable in England. That was the beginning.

Then I began to find out that Presbyterians, whose churches my mother always attended when we were in Scotland, were, in many points that seemed of great importance, quite at variance with Anglicans to the south of the border, while the Sovereign of Great Britain was the recognized head of both churches. Was there ever anything more illogical? In the sameway in Switzerland, Protestants were divided between Lutherans, Calvinists, and Zwinglians, and possibly more. One valley followed the truth as preached by one reformer, another valley the truth as preached by another, as though truth were a matter of geography, and as if two and two, which made four in one canton, could make five in another. If I was to believe in a supernatural religious truth at all, I felt it must be revealed from above and not be merely the guesswork of any man, however intelligent or studious.

Had I remembered Newman's *Apologetica pro vita sua* I should have quoted perhaps one sentence of his when a controversialist declared that Dr. Arnold vouched for his interpretation: 'Dr. Arnold vouches for his interpretation, but who vouches for Dr. Arnold?' There is the crux of Protestantism. Who vouches for Luther, for Zwingli, for Calvin, for John Knox, for Cranmer, for Parker, or for any of the other leaders of Protestant thought? The Protestant communities have become largely the purveyors of truths having geographical limits; with them truth is not universal, although this is one of the essential qualities or characteristics of real truth.

One thing which especially dissatisfied me with the Anglican Church was that it was 'by law established.' Bishops were appointed by Prime Ministers, who might not be of the Church at all, and the very prayers of the Prayer Book and the rubrics of the services had to be accepted and approved by Parliament, which might well be composed of Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics of all kinds. That was something I had never been able to swallow.

Monsignor Merry del Val listened in silence to my flood of speech — I had never had so good a listener before. Then he said, with a smile, that he understood there was little for him to do in order to detach me from the Protestant position.

'Now,' he said, 'as you feel you can no longer belong to any Protestant community, is there anything that prevents you from joining the Catholic Church?'

I at once replied that I had two difficulties which seemed to me insuperable. First, the belief in eternal punishment, which was, I understood, a part of the Catholic Faith. Second, the belief that all those who did not die in the Catholic Faith were condemned to eternal punishment.

He said: 'Let us take the second question first. When you say you cannot accept it you are, no doubt, thinking of some particular case of those near and dear to you.'

I answered that I was thinking particularly of my mother; that I would not and could not accept any faith which condemned her to eternal punishment because she did not die professing the Catholic Faith; that wherever her spirit was, there I should wish to follow.

Monsignor Merry del Val then said that no Catholic may say of any soul — no matter what its beliefs or its actions on earth — that it has been condemned

eternally. It is for God alone to judge in the last resort, and not for any man, even the Pope, who can only excommunicate—that is, declare a living person no longer a member of the Church on earth. Our Lord Himself on the Cross never declared that those who crucified Him and reviled Him would be damned. On the contrary, He prayed for them because they knew not what they did. The only declaration as to a future state He then made was the definite one that the penitent thief would be saved. The Church taught only that the Catholic Faith was true, and held, what the Apostles taught, that to believe in it was necessary for salvation. At the same time the Catholic Church taught that those who through no fault of their own had lived in invincible ignorance of the truth of Catholic doctrine, but yet lived an upright, charitable, and righteous life according to their lights, would undoubtedly be pardoned by God for the offenses they had committed.

It was impossible for us, he continued, to know by what ways God the All-Merciful would condone offenses, even want of faith in Him and in the truths revealed to His Church. Only one thing we could say without doubt: this was that those who, having seen the light, having understood the glory of God, deliberately and consciously turned their backs on Him and professed the Devil and all his works could, clearly, not be pardoned their offenses, because they themselves did not wish it.

All men were given at some time or other the freedom, the complete and clear freedom, of choice between God on the one side and the Devil on the other. Once they deliberately rejected Him, no further hope was possible. They got that which they themselves had chosen. We could not tell how or when God would so reveal Himself to us. It might be for us a long process, a

matter of years; it might be done in the twinkling of an eye at the very moment of death, for time was nothing to God; a thousand years were as a day in His sight.

Therefore we mortals could never say that any man was condemned. All we knew was that God was both all-just and all-merciful. It was for us to act in such a way as to deserve His mercy if we could. We should, indeed, all have to pay the penalty in Purgatory for our temporal sins, but, unless we committed the unpardonable offense against the Holy Ghost by refusing to accept God when He was revealed to us, we need never despair, either for ourselves or for others.

I said that I had never understood the Protestant objection to the doctrine of Purgatory; indeed it seemed to be logically necessary in a system built upon worship of a God who was both all-just and all-merciful. Explained as Monsignor Merry del Val had explained it, the doctrine of eternal punishment by eternal exile from the presence of God because that exile was deliberately and knowingly chosen seemed to me not only believable but logically unanswerable.

I then asked for the explanation of the existence of suffering and sin in the world. It was explained to me that when God gave men freedom of choice between good and evil, which they undoubtedly had, so that they might be to that extent in His likeness and higher than the angels, sin and suffering, which were the corollary of that freedom, had to take their place in the world. Suffering was indeed, for man, rather a privilege than the reverse, for just as Our Lord offered His sufferings on earth as a sacrifice for mankind, so each one of us could make use of our sufferings by offering them up to God on behalf of our friends in imitation of the action of Our Lord. There

was no such consolation in suffering as the knowledge that by offering up our sufferings humbly and readily we could, for instance, reduce the pains of Purgatory for our friends and relations.

Regarding sin, however, it was our duty, in accordance with the rules of the Church, carefully to examine our consciences to see in what we might have offended, and then to make a confession of our offenses with a humble and contrite heart and accept whatever penance the priest might impose. This was a wise and necessary decree of the Church so that men should realize the more readily how they were offending God.

* * *

My lessons, if I can call them such, covered a period of three or four weeks, generally lasting an hour in the morning.

One day I asked how I was to know that the Church differed from other self-styled teachers of revealed as opposed to natural Law. He asked me if I believed Christ to be the Son of God, and I declared I did because He spoke as no man had ever spoken and because He clearly taught that He was the Son of God. 'Then,' he said, 'you must believe Him to be infallible and no word of His can have been spoken in error.'

I replied that of course I believed that. And then we proceeded to go through the various texts of the New Testament on which the Papal claims for the infallibility of the Church, not only at that time but for the future, are based.

I remember naturally the tremendous and overwhelming force of the great text: 'Thou art Peter (the Rock) and upon this rock I will build my church.' I thought how I had puzzled at school over this apparently meaningless saying: 'Thou art Peter and

upon this rock.' What rock? I was always taught that the Apostles were equal, therefore this particular text was simply slurred over and no explanation was attempted because none other than the Catholic could be given or accepted by any unprejudiced seeker after truth. If it is read, indeed, without prejudice by a non-Christian (whom I take as an impartial witness between Catholic and Protestant), there can, in my opinion, be no doubt that the Petrine text must be considered as decisive in favor of the Catholic position.

Thus we went on from point to point.

After my almost daily lessons in Catholic doctrine under Monsignor Merry del Val, I used often, on leaving the Vatican, to wander up the Janiculum and sit under Tasso's oak, where, according to the memorial stone, Saint Philip Neri used *tra liete grida* to play as a child among the children. There I could meditate quietly on what I had heard, looking out over the city and the Campagna to my beloved Alban and Sabine Mountains.

One day here, after I had been convinced that there really was an inspired authority for Christian truth and that this authority could be no other than the Catholic Church *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, I felt myself for a short space surrounded by and breathing in, as it were, the sense of the presence of God. Motionless I sat, feeling now certain that God was not only far away in Heaven, but also on earth, helping those who asked Him with a real desire to draw near. It was a sensation as of being buoyed up in a boundless ocean or floating through an infinite space, supported and sustained by clear certainty from which all doubt was banished.

Ever since that day, Tasso's oak — now, alas, but a dried shell — has been a sacred thing for me.

No doubt this experience may be ascribed to the somewhat *exalté* condition of mind in which I found myself at the time. I do not for a moment wish to suggest that I was the subject of any unusual mystical visitation. Once again, later, I experienced the same sensation, which shall be recounted in its proper place.

* * *

Meanwhile I must add this one point more with reference to these conversations. I suppose that each of those who have, after passing most of their lives in the 'freedom' of Protestantism or complete unbelief, 'submitted to the yoke of the Catholic Church' have found some part of its doctrine and practice which specially appealed to them, becoming, as it were, a sort of nucleus round which the rest of their religious life revolved. So at least it was with me.

As soon as, with Monsignor Merry del Val's help, I had gone over all the well-known texts in support of the doctrine of the real Body and Blood of Our Lord actually being in the bread and wine of the Eucharist in accordance with His promise to remain with His Church on earth forever; after I had studied the sacrifice of the Mass and seen how this differed from the purely human services of other churches, I felt that this was the lodestone that would draw me irresistibly into the arms of the Church. Surely nothing so spiritual and at the same time so genuinely tangible could have been 'invented' by any mere man.

Our Lord's words in regard to this seemed to me perfectly clear, and their meaning not open to doubt. Those who would not accept them in their obvious significance He allowed to leave Him without any word of explanation in a Protestant sense. In fact, those disciples who left Him at

Capharnaum over this question and 'walked no more with Him' became for me the first Protestants.

It might be a hard saying, indeed, but what a marvelous help and support when once accepted with mind and heart and soul! It is quite incredible that any mere man should have conceived so amazing a thing as this, so utterly simple and yet so utterly divine.

For this reason, if for no other, it appeared to me to bear the stamp of divine truth, to deny which was to deprive oneself of the greatest assistance which the Saviour left behind Him on earth for men.

The definition of this mystery mattered, I confess, little to me. Whether it was to be defined as the presence of Our Lord in the species, or whether the substance of the species was changed, was a question I was quite content to leave to the infallible Church. What did matter to me was that there in the bread and wine on the altar was truly Our Lord Jesus Christ coming again and again to us in accordance with His promise. Then, when I thought that in every part of the world from before dawn to midday Our Lord was appearing thus in this most humble guise to His faithful, making a girdle of His presence round the world, I realized as in no other way the grandeur of the Universality of the Holy Catholic Roman and Apostolic Church — Holy because inspired from above; Catholic, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*; Roman because her Head, the Vicegerent of Christ on earth, was the Bishop of Rome, the successor in direct line of Saint Peter, the rock on which Our Lord founded the Church; Apostolic because her descent from the Apostles could be historically proved.

So at Mass, which I began now to attend frequently, these thoughts filled my mind. I worshiped there the pres-

ence of Jesus the Son of God, and rejoiced to think that I was about to be privileged to be one of the millions who could so worship Him, all in the same way and with the same words, no longer a member of a mere national church, dependent on questions of latitude and longitude for what I was to hold as truth.

* * *

I look back to that time as the happiest of my life, and to those hours spent with Monsignor Merry del Val as undoubtedly the most supremely useful I have ever passed.

For him I have always felt the liveliest gratitude and affection. His was a really wonderful personality, combining the most essential qualities of a Christian priest and the characteristics of an entirely human-hearted man of keen mind and much erudition. He had a quite exceptional charm of manner and a great gift for various languages — Spanish and English were his father and mother tongues. He spoke also perfect Italian and French, and, I believe, excellent German, so

that he was well equipped for his post when, some years later, Pius X appointed him his Cardinal Secretary of State at an unusually early age. He desired no honors; indeed he most of all wished to be a parish priest in some poor district in England.

When the time came for me to return to England, I told both Monsignor Merry and my fiancée — for matters had now proceeded so far between us that I could call her so — that I would but read a few more books recommended to me by the Monsignore and then make my 'submission' to the Church. My mind was fully made up, but I still wanted to be better instructed in the doctrines and history of the Church, particularly with regard to the very important point of continuity from Apostolic times. Monsignor Merry agreed with this.

So I left for England to prepare for a second journey to Trinidad with my good friend Thorleif Orde, in order to select and purchase an estate on which to grow rubber and cocoa and start the plantation before returning to Rome in the autumn for my marriage.

(To be concluded)

THERE IS ONE WAY OUT

Saving — Not Spending — Will Bring Reemployment

BY LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

I

NEVER before in the history of this country has there been such a conflict of economic thinking. In all the welter of nostrums, isms, and theories advanced as panaceas for our economic ills, there seems to be only one point on which nearly everyone is in agreement. That point is that the solution to the problem of unemployment is the solution of the depression.

There may be a few people who hope that unemployment will continue, so that continued unrest will later give them an opportunity to impose some new social and economic system upon the country. But, with the exception of this small group, nearly all thinking men and women realize that our millions of unemployed people must be put back to work if we are to achieve economic recovery.

This is the test of all recovery efforts and policies. Obviously no country, no matter what its trade volume, can be said to have achieved recovery with one sixth of its working population unemployed. Conversely, if everyone has a job, the worst features of depression disappear, even though the total trade volume and total income of the country may not be at a peak.

The point on which people disagree so violently is how this objective of reemployment can best be achieved.

The theory enjoying the greatest vogue at the moment is the Spend-Your-Way-Out theory. Proponents of this philosophy tell us that, if everyone will only loosen up and spend a little more, great gains in employment will follow. We are confronted on all sides by slogans, such as 'Spend and Put Men Back to Work,' 'Buy Now and Lick the Depression.' The man who lives well within his income has come to be regarded as unpatriotic and as a slacker in the fight against the depression.

Now this theory of spending till it hurts sounds extremely plausible and logical. If you spend \$5.00 more (so the argument runs) instead of saving it, someone has to make the article you purchase. If a million other people each spend \$5.00 more, an additional \$5,000,000 worth of goods must be produced, and this creates new work for which people must be employed.

It sounds foolproof. A child can see the point. And the argument can be presented in A B C language. So naturally it has become an extremely popular point of view.

The average man, however, although he has perhaps accepted this theory, has been a little puzzled by the sudden fashion in which thrift, which was formerly regarded as a virtue, has now been classified as a vice. He

was taught all his life to be thrifty and save, and it is something of a shock to him to discover now that saving is detrimental to public welfare.

Like so many unorthodox economic theories, the Spend-Your-Way-Out theory is only superficially plausible. Its fallacy lies in its failure to recognize two important facts. The first of these is that the great bulk of existing unemployment is in industries which make things that the individual consumer does not buy. The second is that savings do not represent sterile, locked-up funds, but funds which go into immediate circulation through some medium of investment. It might be well to consider the significance of these two facts before we blithely discard the national habit of saving. Perhaps a little sober reflection may even indicate that a dollar of saving can create more employment than a dollar of consumer spending.

II

The frantic exhortation of the public to spend more money is presumably based upon the belief that the consumption of goods by individuals has declined severely, and must be greatly increased if we are to achieve economic recovery. The actual facts do not support that contention.

A study made by the Harvard School of Business, and published in August 1933, presents some very illuminating comparisons for consumption in leading classifications of goods during 1932 — which is still the low for the depression — as compared with 1928. This study shows that in 1932 consumption of various classes of goods expressed in percentage of 1928 consumption was as follows: wheat and flour, 90 per cent; butter, 105.6 per cent; silks and velvets, 90.6 per cent; hosiery, 137.6 per cent; popular-priced dresses, 117.7

per cent; infants' wear, 91.4 per cent; cigarettes, 97.8 per cent; gasoline, 113.2 per cent.

There has been, then, during the depression, a relatively constant consumption of goods of the sort purchased by individuals. On the other hand, the consumption of capital goods — that is, durable goods, such as machinery, building materials, and so forth — was found to have declined almost 65 per cent. When consideration is given to the fact that during normal periods the value of capital goods produced in this country every year is approximately equal to the total value of all goods consumed by individuals, the significance of the 65 per cent decline in the output of capital goods becomes apparent. Furthermore, it would seem logical that most of the country's unemployment must be centred in the capital-goods industries. This is the case. For, while employment in industries making goods for individual consumption has declined only 16 per cent, employment in the capital-goods industries has declined more than 50 per cent.

From these facts it becomes apparent that the primary problem is to create reemployment in the capital-goods industries. Advocates of increased spending believe that this can be done by stimulating consumer purchases. If everyone will buy more clothing, they argue, more machinery and equipment will be needed to produce such additional clothing. The purchase of such equipment will directly increase the volume of business in the capital-goods industries, and will permit such industries, in turn, to employ more people.

Unfortunately it does not work that way in most cases. Nearly all of the businesses which produce goods for individual consumption can greatly increase their present production without adding to their productive facilities.

This is not merely a theoretical argument; actual experience confirms it. In the spring of 1931, for instance, the Government paid one billion dollars to Veterans in the form of a cash bonus. Immediate increases occurred in the sale of automobiles and other types of consumer goods. But no corresponding increase in the sale of capital goods resulted, nor did the increased consumer spending increase employment in the capital-goods industries. This same failure of increased consumer spending to stimulate demand or employment in the capital-goods industries has again been apparent in the past two years. Aided by forced-draft methods, consumer spending has increased. But again no corresponding increase has been felt in the capital-goods industries. Unemployment in such industries continues at almost record levels.

The immediate demand for capital goods may not arise from any need for greater productive capacity in existing businesses. It will probably arise chiefly from the need to replace obsolete or inefficient equipment, and as a result of investments made by newly organized industries or businesses. Hence an overnight increase in the use of consumer goods to an all-time peak would probably not reemploy even 25 per cent of the workers now idle. Saving — not spending — is the only thing that can achieve the objective.

The reason for this is that capital goods — or durable goods, as they are sometimes called — are not bought by individuals. They are bought by industry and business. The purchase of homes by individuals represents the only important exception to this rule. But in this case it is important to note that the purchase of homes is usually financed by other people's savings in the form of money lent on mortgage security.

Capital goods comprise such prod-

ucts as steel, building materials, machinery, and equipment. And their very name, 'capital goods,' implies the method by which they are usually purchased.

Rarely does a corporation modernize a plant or replace obsolete equipment and charge the cost against the company's earnings. Such purchases represent additions to capital assets and are properly chargeable to the corporation's capital account. In most cases, when substantial amounts of capital goods are purchased, new capital must be raised by the corporation. This is where the savings of the nation's individuals enter the picture in a most important way. For the small savings of millions of individuals, invested directly, or pooled in life insurance companies, savings banks, and other fiduciary institutions, supply the bulk of the funds that industry uses to finance its purchases of capital goods.

III

The reader here may well say that, despite repeated urging to spend more money, consumers on the whole have recently increased their savings. He may therefore ask why such increased savings have not already promoted recovery in the capital-goods industries.

It is freely admitted that such savings as are now available have not as yet been used to the best advantage. The reasons for this will be discussed in later articles. The burden of the present argument, however, is that such savings should be encouraged, because, if properly used, they can be converted into a great force for needed reemployment.

Savings do not represent hoarded money, which brings the community no benefits. Savings are *spent* — not necessarily by the saver, but by others who borrow his surplus or in whose

business the saver's funds are invested either by him directly or by institutions acting in his behalf. Thus, a nation's savings do not represent a sterile, static factor in its economy, but, rather, an exceedingly dynamic one. Moreover savings, when invested, are not usually spent for goods which are immediately consumed. They are spent for goods which in turn produce more goods and more wealth which enriches the community as a whole. The distinction is the same as between corn which is eaten and seed corn which produces the next year's crop.

Men's minds have confused savings with money. Savings are not money. They are merely *expressed* in terms of money. But actually they have their basis, not in money, but in goods and services. They are reserves out of present or past production of some goods or services, set aside for future enjoyment or for the purpose of producing more things in the future.

The conversion of such surpluses into money gives to savings a mobility that benefits the community as a whole, by permitting their efficient use through the medium of investment. The cattleman cannot save the hind quarter of a cow for some distant date of enjoyment. Nor can he invest the hind quarter of a cow. So he sells it, and the money he receives for it he sets aside as savings.

The same thing is true of the laborer who works in a locomotive factory, but who does not himself produce a finished article. He is not paid in locomotives for his services, for he has no use for locomotives. He therefore receives money obtained from the sale of the locomotives he has helped to produce; and a part of this money he sets aside as savings. Likewise the miner, for his services, is paid not in ore but in money, some of which goes into savings. But in all cases these savings arise from reserves created by the

production of goods or services. They are merely converted into terms of money.

The savings of millions of such people, representing goods or services, but converted into money, can then be used to finance business and industry. If one million people save \$5.00 each, instead of spending it, the benefit of that \$5,000,000 of purchasing power is not lost, as the advocates of consumer spending would have us believe. That money is spent, just as surely as if those who saved had spent it themselves. But it goes in the form of loans or investments to business and industry, which in turn purchase capital goods with the amounts so received. And, as has been previously explained, it is in the capital-goods industries that reemployment of workers is most needed.

A further benefit also accrues by reason of the fact that, after people's savings have thus created employment by financing the purchase of industrial construction and equipment, additional employment is automatically created in consumer's goods industries as well, through the subsequent need for the operation of such equipment and facilities.

Machines, in the long run, do not take men's jobs away. Machines create jobs. This is not merely a belief; it can be proved. The period from 1879 to 1929 was characterized by an amazing mechanization of industry in America; but whereas manufacturers were providing only 49,000 jobs per million of population in 1879, they were able to provide 73,000 jobs per million of population in 1929. These figures are taken from a study of the National Industrial Conference Board.

The automobile industry provides a classic illustration of this trend. Thirty years ago automobiles were made almost entirely by hand. To-day the production of automobiles is very

highly mechanized. The greater value offered to the public as a result of this mechanization has put the automobile within reach of people of moderate income and has made possible a great increase in production. Consequently, although labor plays a relatively less important part in the production of a given car, we find many more people employed by the industry than was formerly the case. In addition, collateral employment has been created in industries supplying raw materials, in the oil industry, the rubber industry, and in road building. Such collateral employment in itself far more than offsets any loss of jobs that could conceivably result from mechanization.

IV

The greatest employing power in our society has always been this thing that we call savings. The availability of sufficient savings in the past has permitted the expansion of old industries and the creation of new ones, and over a long period of years has resulted in tremendous increases in the number of people gainfully employed. Under our competitive system, the result has been better goods at lower prices. This trend over a long period of years was responsible for the great improvement in the American standard of living.

We are told now by skeptical people that, although this method admittedly worked in the past, it cannot be effective in our present situation. Such people point out that our present productive facilities are already excessive as compared to our present ability to consume, and claim that therefore there will be no future demand for new capital investment. They also state that the development of new industries has always aided us in recovering from previous depressions, but that no such new industry, which might require

great amounts of new capital investment, is now in sight.

Fortunately there are two serious fallacies in this dismal line of argument.

The despair over temporary overproduction and the apparent failure of any important new industry to appear on the horizon is not a new point of view. It has been expressed by various groups in almost every major depression during the last one hundred and thirty years. As far back as 1819, the famous Swiss economist, Sismondi, held almost the identical point of view. Grover Cleveland's Secretary of Labor expressed much the same thought. And as recently as 1922 a group of American economists advanced the same theory. Every time in the past that this point of view has been expressed, subsequent events have proved it to be wrong, for each depression has been conquered by the increased production of capital goods.

No living man can be certain that no new industry will arise to create a new demand for capital goods. To make such a prediction is to admit that man has reached the limit of his capacity to harness natural forces and natural resources for his own welfare. All experience teaches us that new industries will arise. The great strides made in recent years in the field of industrial research give greater assurance of this than perhaps ever before.

But, irrespective of such historical arguments and precedents, it is important to note that increased consumption of capital goods is not necessarily dependent upon the development of new industries or even the further expansion of old ones. The factor of *replacement* is a most important element in the demand for capital goods. The best estimates indicate that during normal periods approximately 40 per cent of capital invest-

ments have been made for replacements rather than for new facilities. Such replacements comprise the rebuilding of antiquated plants, and the replacement of obsolete machinery and almost every other conceivable form of relatively permanent or semipermanent goods.

V

The rapid rate of replacement in the industrial field is not widely appreciated. In few industries do machinery and equipment last as long as ten years without becoming obsolete. In many industries the life of equipment runs only four to five years.

Since 1930, there has been little capital invested in such replacements. This is natural during the early stages of a depression when prices are falling rapidly and business men are concentrating their attention upon the problems of protecting working capital, meeting debts, and avoiding bankruptcy. But as a result there has been built up a tremendous backlog of replacement demand. Even the editor of *Today* is reported to have said that there exists a potential demand for replacement alone in the amount of more than \$19,000,000,000.

If this pent-up demand can be released and made effective by the investment of individual savings, the

greatest void in our present economy will be filled. Workmen by the million will be reemployed in the very industries in which present unemployment is the worst. It is to the accomplishment of this task that all recovery efforts of the Government should be directed.

The objective can never be accomplished by pleas to the public to buy just a little more butter, meat, or clothing. In the light of the facts, such efforts to spur consumer buying at the sacrifice of savings seem not only unsound, but futile. The problem of unemployment obviously centres in the capital-goods industries, which continue to languish. It is clear also that increased purchases of consumer goods cannot revive those industries. Increased purchases of capital goods are the essential factor, and a great pent-up demand for such goods is known to exist.

But common sense and every precedent show that, if that demand is to be released and financed, the investment of additional savings will be required. Hence it looks painfully clear that, in our present predicament, the investment of a dollar of savings can do more to relieve unemployment than can a dollar of additional consumer spending.

Thrift is still a virtue.

(The conditions which must be satisfied before savings can resume their natural flow into the capital-goods industries will be discussed by Mr. Douglas in succeeding papers)

SALAR THE SALMON

I. Tideways

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

At full moon the tides swirling over the Island Race carry the feelings of many rivers to the schools of fish which have come in from their feeding ledges of the deep Atlantic. The returning salmon are excited and confused. Opalescent is the moon's glimmer under broken waters; the fish swim up from ocean's bed and leap to meet the sparkling silver which lures and ever eludes them, and which startles them by its strange shape as they curve in air and see, during the moment of rest before falling, a thrilling liquescence of light on the waves beneath.

The Island Race is a meeting place of currents over a sunken reef, or chain of reefs. The sea is never still there. Twice every day and twice every night the tide rips over the ledges and pinacles of the reef, streaming the seaweed under its white surges and mingling the layers of river waters in its green massive drifts.

Salmon feed in the Atlantic and return to the fresh-water rivers to spawn, and, by this arduous and pleasurable act, give of themselves to the immortality of salmon. For two years after hatching, the samlet lives and feeds in the river, and, having survived many dangers, in the month of May drops down to the estuary in a new silver sea coat, slender little fish no longer than a man's hand, bewildered and brave,

venturing with others of its school the thickening salt waters beyond the known river water of its birth. It feels its way by the link of nerves, sensitive to the least pressure or density, along its sides from gill covers to tail. The samlet — or smolt, as it is called in its first armor of bright sea scales — feeds eagerly on the new food moving on and stirring the sandy shore of ocean, shrimps and other small crustaceans and fish. In fresh-water life it was always head to stream, poised in eddy or by stone; thus it breathed through mouth and gill, thus it waited and watched for food moving or floating before and above its eyes. In the sea it drove itself forward, a sideway sinuating movement, boring into the unknown and deepening densities of ocean. Always it was traveling farther from the shallow coast, yet following the weakening stream of fresh water beyond the last ribs of sand.

It came to a dark wall of rock from which ribbon weed was unrolling and swaying. The green water moved as in the river, but with greater press, and there the smolt waited in the race of tides, feeding on small fish which drifted past.

The tide took the smolts south of the Island, to where beyond rocks the water deepened and was quiet below the lift and roll of waves. So they began a far

sea journey, their rivers forgotten. As the different schools found their food easily or hardly, so they grew quickly or slowly; thus salmon were returning to their rivers flowing into the North Atlantic at all months of the year, in varying tapers or sea mouldings. Nevertheless the salmon's cycle of renewal is fixed in the orbits of the sun, served by the moon; its spawning time is the end of the year, when days are short and rivers run high with wild rains.

II

The Romans, sailing in their galleys between the Island and the mainland of Damnonia, knew the meeting place by the reef, and named the fish Salar — the Leaper. So shall be called the big keeper, or male, fish who sprung toward the moon from the waves of one of the biggest tides of the year on that coast, the Easter tide.

Salar was one of many thousands returning from the ocean feeding banks. As the moon at night rose fuller, he had traveled on, pausing neither to feed nor to sleep. He had come at medium ocean cruising speed, traveling about a hundred miles from one sunrise to another, faster with the currents, slower aslant them. The current guided him; his body remembered. His mouth opened forty times every minute, and each time, as his mouth closed, his gill covers opened, and red gill rakers absorbed oxygen from the water for his blood stream. In the blood stream were units of life, even as the fish was a unit in the living sea.

Salar was five years old. During the two years of river life he had grown to a weight of two ounces; three years of ocean feeding had added another twenty pounds to his weight. Growth had not been regular or uniform. In two periods of sea wandering he, with other salmon, had increased rapidly, while following herring shoals on their

westward migration after spawning in the shallow waters of the north. Every day during those two periods Salar had gorged his own weight of herrings, catching them across the back as they turned from his upward rush, holding and crushing a fish in his jaws until it was dead, then swallowing it head first. Soon his shoulders were hog-curved.

Pursuing the salmon were porpoises. The porpoises hunted by swimming in formation under the salmon, which were under the herrings. They were invisible from above. The only warning of a porpoise's approach was by a swirl and sudden varying water pressure of the upward dash. A porpoise swam up under a salmon, gathered and launched itself at the fish, turned on its back and snapped at the salmon's belly. Porpoises fed by tearing away their bites; they seldom pursued a fish further. Being mammals, they had a sense of sport equal with the sense of feeding.

Salar had avoided death by bite of porpoise, shark, ray, and other predatory fish — nearly all fish prey on other fish — and now, five years and one month from hatching out of a round egg about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter in the headwaters of a mountain stream, he was more than a yard long, and his girth was half his length.

He was lying on the edge of a current where it dragged against an eddy or back trend of water, using one moving weight of water to buoy him against an opposing weight. He lolled there, at rest. He was nearly asleep.

III

During the time of one wave crest breaking white and re-forming again in phosphoric streaks, nearly a thousand salmon which were resting in the tail of the Island Race had broken formation and were zigzagging into the northerly sweep of the tide. Many schools had been hovering there in echelon, bound

for their various rivers: very large springers, five- and six-year-old fish; smaller spring fish with between two and three years of sea feeding; mended kelts, — spawned fish that had 'cleaned themselves' after spawning, — the few survivors of the autumn run, biggest of the year, the authentic spawning run of salmon. The mended kelts would return along the way they had traveled as smolts.

A few of the schools were grilse, small fish which had been only a year in salt water, weighing from three to eight pounds, slender, silver-gray, unspotted except faintly on gill covers, with forked tail fins and gracile 'wrists' — the slender part of the body where it splayed into the tail fin. One of the grilse, of a school of eleven which had been skittering along the moonlit surface and sporting among the wave crests, was Gralaks, a young maiden salmon who had been born in one of the streams running down from the moor of the wild red deer, in the gravel redds above the pool called Fireplay.

When Salar came in from the Atlantic feeding banks, the rivers of that coast were low, for little rain had fallen since the New Year. He swam on without direction, followed by the school of young salmon which was making for the coast. The grilse were in familiar water, for here as smolts they had traveled the year before.

Salar, disturbed by a current of colder water into which he had swum, turned across to avoid it. Gralaks, entering the cold current a few lengths behind the big salmon, half-rolled and then thruddled up and leapt for joy. The other grilse did likewise. This was water of the Two Rivers, their mother stream, their home!

Salar cruised on slowly, alone. He rose to the surface and flopped out, falling back on his side, irritated by the sea lice clinging to his skin behind the ventral fins and on the descending

taper of his back. The grilse falling made each a bubbled or seething hole, entering head first, with little splash: this was the joy leap. Salar made the smacking splash of an aimless fish.

He swam on, having crossed the layer of colder, less dense water, and came to warmer salt again. Seeing a pollack above him, he curved up and while on his side gripped it across the back. But he was not hungry; his flesh was stored full of power. He expelled the pollack from his mouth, caught it again head first, and then, after hesitation, closed his gill covers and the expulsion of water pushed it out. He swam on dismally, a lost salmon.

After four hours he had swum east nearly twenty miles; so he came into an area of strong coastal currents. They swept over jags of rocks faster than his slow cruising speed. This was the race over Dead Man's Reef. Had Salar chanced to stray here a few hours later or earlier he would have entered the current running north and gone with it along the rocky shore and past the Morte Stone and so to the Severn Sea, where he would have found the fresh-water guides to his parent river. Now a strong race was setting south; not liking white or broken water, Salar turned into the tide, and, swimming with it, he came to sandy shallows ribbed by the periodic sway and roll of waves. His nervous liquid cells knew the rhythm of these waves; it was the same rhythm of the Severn Sea, the pulse of shallow Atlantic rollers at the full of the moon. He leapt through a wave, a gleaming impulse of joy.

The sudden appearance of a large leaping fish startled a bird that was paddling aimlessly in the foamy back drag of creaming wave tops. It hastened seawards, paddling a score of times and then ceasing through weariness. This bird had thick waterproof plumage and a long sharp beak: a guillemot. Its head, neck, and back

were dark brown; its breast, which should have been white, was also dark brown, in clotted streaks of featherlets. When it had been white-breasted the guillemot had enjoyed movement in air and water; now it was cold, weary unto death; the filaments of its feathers were stuck together with oil-fuel waste cast overboard by a ship. The guillemot had swum up from its chase of fish into a floating mass of crude petroleum, and thereafter it flew no more, its skin was painful, winds and tides drifted it away from its parent Island, it starved. Three years before, it had nearly caught the little smolt Salar as he swam with his brethren in the strange currents of the Race; now Salar, leaping near it, shocked some of its remaining life from it. He swam on under the guillemot, seeing its two feet and air-glistening body mingled with the reflections of feet and body. Later the bird was thrown on the beach by the surge and dragged itself about until the shore rats found it dying and feasted on it; and soon it was water, air, sand, salt again.

Salar cruised on, jumping not so often as his excitement at finding shallow water grew less. Stimulated by the vivid pulse of his blood, his parasites secured their holds between his scales and sucked that blood. He leapt and fell back on his side with a splash that set the gulls screaming in envious competition. A couple of hundred yards farther on he jumped and smacked down on the water again, on his other side.

The porpoises were following a large school of salmon making for the Two Rivers estuary. More than sixty fish were traveling fast before the black glistening-bottle-noses, which drove forward in two tiers, one layer or line diving below the other as it rose to the surface to vent. When hunting, the porpoises breathed thrice every sea mile. The lower tier swam under the salmon, gathering together again after

a massed drive. Appearing suddenly from the invisibility below, the porpoises scattered the salmon in terror surfacewards, where they were pursued and chopped by the upper tier.

Behind the herd of porpoises, traveling fast, was Orca the grampus, the killer whale, blowing a jet of spray into the air as it rose to breathe every quarter of a mile.

As he was swimming under a ledge of rock above deeper water, Salar came face to face with Orca, who had just crushed a porpoise in its great teeth and swallowed the mid part of its body, leaving the head to float away on one side of its jaws, and the tail flukes on the other. Orca was eighteen feet long, and when it could get salmon to eat it ignored other creatures, except occasionally to chop them in fun.

Instantly Salar turned and shot away, but Orca was as quick, swishing forward under the salmon. Salar leapt thrice from the wide peg-toothed gape, each time nearly falling back into its jaws. He flickered and doubled, and scurried under an overhanging rock, and lay there with fast-beating heart, hidden by a fringe of bladder weed swaying gently in the tide. His head and body were in half darkness, and pressed against the rock worn concave by the sweep of sand and water at low tide. Orca tried to get him, but the head of the grampus was big and blunt; vainly it wallowed round the rock, shoving and blowing the sand about. It rose through the waves and gave a loud snorting grunt and swam out to sea, at a tangent to the direction taken by the porpoises. About a mile from the rocks it turned and swam back slowly, swinging down to the base of the ledge where the body and tail of Salar were still moulded in fear against the rock. It came to the surface, grunting angrily, and swam down once more, to swim up and jump clear of the water, showing its black fluked tail and mackerel-like

shape in a wide splash. It swam away fast, throwing itself over lines of waves it crossed diagonally, in pursuit of the porpoises.

IV

An hour before midnight, in bright moonlight, a dozen crews of four men each, silently in rubber thigh boots, went down to their salmon boats moored on the sandbank at the edge of the deep water of the fairway. 'Let'n come,' said one, truculently, with a glance down the estuary. All the fishermen felt an angry but subdued sense of injustice against water bailiffs employed by the Board of Conservators. They believed that the laws were imposed only for the benefit of rich sportsmen, while they themselves were poor men with families to feed and clothe from what they got by fishing. Most of the fishermen ignored the limits of the season for net fishing, and fished for salmon all the year through when the weather was favorable. During the close season they fished only at night, beginning two hours before low ebb, and continuing until the returning flow made the drag on the nets too heavy.

The tide ebbed brightly; the water looked white, and yet the dark shapes of boats going down were indiscernible. There was no wind. The night was in the moon's unreal power. Curlews and other wading birds were crying on sandbank and gravel ridge. In each boat two men pulled at the sweeps, a youth sat in the bows, the owner sat in the stern, where the net was piled.

An old man in the stern of one boat sat upright as light flicked on the starboard bow and was scattered in a loud splash. The oarsmen, dipping enough to keep way on the boat, looked over their left shoulders. Salar had leapt near the Pool Buoy, at the tail of The String, where the ebbing waters of the Two Rivers met and bickered.

On the shillets of the lower ridge known among fishermen as The Fat and the Lean, the keel shoe of the salmon boat grated; the man in the bows leapt out and held the gunwale. The boat swung round to the shore, noisy with the water streaming against its length. When the other three men had clambered out, he shortened the anchor rope in the ring and carried the anchor a little way up the slope of the ridge, putting it down carefully lest the clank of metal be heard over the water. The tide was too strong for shooting a draft, and they waited there quietly, talking in low voices and sometimes standing silent to listen for sound of the water bailiffs' motorboat.

Soon the boat was heeling over, and they shoved it down into the lapsing water. Splash! 'My Gor, that was a master fish — thirty pound by the noise of'n.'

'Shall us shoot, Feyther?'

'Bide a bit; 'tes rinning too strong yet.'

They waited. The youth struck a match to light a cigarette.

'Put'n out, I tell 'ee!'

'Aw, I ban't afraid of no bliddy bailies.'

'Nor be us, but us wants fish to-night, don't us? Tes no sense hadvertisin' us be yurr, be ut?'

Other boats were going down, gliding fast on the ebb and in silence but for the occasional squeak of sweeps in tholepins. A flight of shelduck went by overhead, wind sibilating in a wing where a quill had dropped. Far away down the estuary the piping and trilling of birds running and feeding by the wave-lap line were changing to cries of alarm as the first boats reached their stances on shore and sandbank.

In lessening tide the boat put out, leaving one man on the ridge. He took a turn of the rope round back and shoulder, trod a firm stand, and gripped the rope in his hands, watching the

boat drifting down and across, shedding net from stern as it glided into luminous obscurity. It was a flake of darkest shadow in the moon dazzle on the water, and then was lost to sight. He braced himself and affirmed his footholds, to take the weight of water on rope and net which hung aslant in the tide between head rope buoyed with corks and heel rope weighted with lead. The boat turned into the tide, and he leaned against the curved drag of the net with its two-inch mesh stipulated by Conservancy by-law for the escape of smolts.

He heard the noise of the boat touching uptide, the others leaping out, the clank of anchor, and one of his mates hastening to help him. Together they took strain on the rope and waited for the others, who were trudging down to meet them with the other rope. The arc cast by the two hundred yards of net was now an elongated and narrowing bulge which must be drawn in as quickly as possible before any fish found a way out by the space between ropes and the ends of the net.

They hauled slowly, steadily, hand under hand, leaning back against the scarcely yielding ropes, pulling against an area of water restrained by eight hundred thousand meshes. The two coconut-fibre ropes came in four yards a minute. Each rope ended at a wooden stretcher, to which were tied the head rope and the heel rope. At every concerted tug less water was restrained, and the net came in less slowly. Now the skipper became more anxious, and ordered two of the crew to haul at the heel rope to foreshorten the net under any fish which might be dashing about the enclosed water. The men at the heel rope hauled rapidly, bending down, their hands near the gravel to keep the bottom of the net as low as possible. The seine, or purse net, came in swiftly, seeming to hiss in the water. There was nothing in the net.

The fishermen showed no disappointment. They had been wet in sea labor since boyhood. The youth fetched the boat and they shook small crabs and seaweed from the net and repiled it in the stern of the boat. After a few minutes' rest they shot another draft, and hauled in again, bending low as before when the seine came fast and easy near the top of the water, which was asplash and glinting; they lifted the seine and ran back a few paces, while the youth dropped on hands and knees, and gripping a fish by the wrist, his thumb by the tail fin, lugged it out and struck vigorously the base of its head with a wooden tholepin. It ceased to slap the gravel, and lay still. He killed four other fish, three of them grilse. A good draft! One twenty-pounder, another fifteen, and the others between five and six pounds apiece.

The fish were flung in the well of the boat, and covered with sacks.

After a while of slack water, the tide began to flow, and with the flow came Salar and the school of grilse led by Gralaks, forerunners of larger schools to arrive from the feeding banks in later spring. Three of the grilse were gone, taken in the net.

Salar and the eight grilse swam a little ahead of the flow, to breathe and control the current. Suddenly alarmed by a fearful apparition, Salar shot up and across, breaking the water with a bulging splash and a glittering ream or traveling wavelet. Gralaks also leapt, and the watchers saw the arrowy glints of their reaming. They saw too a broader, slower flash, and thought this to be the roll of an immense fish. The boat was already afloat, the rowers waiting at the sweeps, the fourth man holding the wooden stretcher. Immediately the boat put out, the rowers bending the sweeps with full strength, across the tide, then with it, and back across; they shipped sweeps and ran ashore; the skipper threw out the

anchor and hastened to help the fourth man. They heard and saw splashing, and imagined a great haul, bigger than the record of seventeen fish a few years before. As they hauled he exhorted the heel-rope men in a voice hoarsely earnest to pull faster, and together. Although only half the net was in, they could feel the jags on the walls as fish struck them trying to escape.

Then a shout from the direction of the Pool told them of danger: the water bailiffs had landed on the ridge. The fishermen did not fear being fined if caught and convicted; they dreaded confiscation and destruction of their net, and their license for the season, soon to open, not being renewed.

Glancing over his left shoulder, the skipper saw several moving spots of light from electric torches, and realized the bailies were there in force. He knew they could not search without a warrant, and he could plead he was rough-fish catching; but if the bailies arrived while they were giving salmon a dap on the head, they would have all the proof needed. Gladly he heard the sound of raised voices up along, and hoarsely exhorted the others to get the seine in and away. He began to speak rapidly to himself: wife and children needing food and covering, one law for the rich, another for the poor, but 'if they bailies comed near, they'd find what they was n't looking for.' An extraordinary plunging and beating of the water inside the distorted horse-shoe of corks made him pause in his mental tirade, and haul the stronger on his rope. He realized something other than fish was in the seine; the tugging plunges against the net made him anxious lest it be broken.

The shouts from the upper end of the Ridge had ceased; the water bailiffs, having come upon a boat with net piled for a draft, were moving down, hoping to find one in the act of taking salmon. 'Errin' 'ogs!' cried the skipper, with

a roar of disgust. 'Fetch the boat,' he ordered his son. Seven porpoises were clashing and threshing about in the seine. Gralaks was there, too, her sides and shoulders scored crisscross where she had driven against the net and broken her scales.

'Quick! Into the boat!' cried the skipper, shouting as a spot of approaching light wavered and dazzled his eyes an instant. Holding the head rope, he shoved off and scrambled aboard. 'Pull like something!' he cried, taking a turn with the head rope round a thwart, and hauling over the stern. The skipper did not swear — he was Chapel through and through, as he occasionally informed those who did. Several torchlights were flashing as the water bailiffs hastened over the gravel bank, wary of falling into pits left by the barges digging gravel.

'Make'n spark!' cried the skipper, and the rowers grunted with their efforts. Then, seeing that the net was safe, the skipper bellowed indignantly, 'Why don't you chaps stop they witherin' 'errin' 'ogs — can you answer me that, tho'?'

The youth wanted to leave the net trailing in the water, to taunt the bailies into giving chase, and then clog the screw of their motorboat with the net. 'Tidden no sense,' grunted his father, who was in shape not dissimilar from a *Meerschwein*. 'Besides, the tide be flowin'; if 't were ebbin', might be some use; 't would serve the bailies right to be drove out to sea and wrecked.'

The net was taken aboard, with one small porpoise, which was soon battered to death, and the boat made for the sandbank below the sea wall of the village.

There they were met by the skipper's wife, who whispered in a voice deep and hoarse that two bailies with policemen were waiting by the slip, up which they must walk to get home. 'They witherin' bailies, they deserve to get

their boat rammed and zunk below 'em,' declared the skipper, in disgust.

The salmon were taken from under the sack. While the two hands and her son lit cigarettes at a discreet distance, the skipper's wife removed a wide black skirt much speckled with dried fish scales. Rapidly the skipper threaded a stout cord through gill and mouth of each salmon. The cord was then tied round the wife's waist, after which the skirt, by a feat of balancing made more difficult on the wet and infirm sand, was put on and fastened. Having anchored the boat, and carrying the oars, the crew went slowly toward the slip leading to the quay.

'What have you got in that bag?' one of the waiting water bailiffs demanded, pointing to the bulging sack on the skipper's shoulder.

'My own property.'

'Of what nature?'

'Og.'

'I don't want no sauce,' threatened the bailiff. 'I have a constable here. What's in that sack?'

'Og, I tell 'ee.'

'Turn it out.'

'You can't make me. Where's your search warrant?'

'I know what you've got. You're caught this time. Do you want me to go to a magistrate and get a warrant, when you'll lose your renewal of license? I'll ask you once more, what have you got in that sack?'

'Og, I tells 'ee. For a bailie's breakfast, if you likes.'

'Turn it out.'

'If you promises to fry it for tomorrow's breakfast.'

'I promise nothing.'

'Why don't you try and search me?' screeched the old woman, amidst the laughter.

'For the last time I ask you, will you turn out that bag?' shouted the bailiff. 'Or shall I give you in charge?'

'Aw, don't 'ee vex yourself so,' said

the skipper, in a gentle voice. 'Here's an Easter egg for 'ee,' and he dropped the heavy weight and tugged the sack from the blubbery mass.

'It's yours, Nosey Parker,' yelled the fishwife, as she staggered away, holding the arm of her husband and laughing stridently.

V

Salar knew now the meaning of a net, and he avoided those places in the estuary where strange enemy dropped slowly down the water, behind a more fearsome enemy, in shape between bird and seal, which moved with dip of wings or flippers along the surface. Whenever he saw a boat he sped away down the current, seeking a depth of pit or hole from which he watched while resting on the bottom.

A boat sailed slowly up The String, in it a fisherman holding tiller tucked between elbow and side. He held a line in his hand. In his other hand he held a rope, attached to a sail shaking in the wind abeam. On the submerged line was a lead weight, below it a length of catgut, and at the end of the gut was a hook half concealed by an artificial worm of red rubber. A nickel spinner just above the shank of the hook made a bright blur in the water, behind which the worm wriggled. The line slanted in the tide.

Salar did not see the boat until it was nearly over him, then he sped up against the current, turned, and went down to the bed of the Pool, with other salmon whose heads, fins, and flanks had been hurt in escape from nets.

While Salar was watching the lure, something was watching Salar. This was an enemy he had never seen in his life before — Petromyzon, the stone sucker. The Greeks were kind when they gave its family that name. Petromyzon was a relative of the hagfishes, creatures with a low organization of skeleton. Petromyzon was like an eel,

or a worm, a huge torpid worm. Its body resembled the artificial rubber thing escaped from the fisherman's hook, magnified, discolored, sunk in living slovenliness, animated waste product of the spirit of life. Petromyzon had a scaleless body and a sucker mouth thorny with teeth for rasping off scales and flesh and drawing the blood of fishes. It had no jaws or ribs. It had no real bone in its body. It drew breathing life through seven branchial openings instead of gills. It had a single nostril at the top of its head. Now, stuck to a stone on which grew bladder weed hiding its head, Petromyzon was waiting to sneak up on Salar and clamp itself to the richness of his body.

Salar lay where the moving fronds of weed stroked the azure-white skin of his belly. Within his body, and under the forepart of his backbone, was a cavity or air bladder which automatically adjusted itself to the lift of the water: thus he was able to continue floating a few inches above the stone, for the pleasing sensation of being touched by the brown seaweed. Every moment the pockets and eddies of the tide were changing with the altering set of currents. Automatically the salmon shifted with them.

Petromyzon now loosened its ringed mouth on the stone, and slithered toward Salar. The thick soft lips of the sucker mouth began to work over the thornlike teeth. The expressionless eyes were fixed on the salmon's flank. Slowly it moved. Having no swimming bladder, it could only rise in water by muscular exertion; it quivered, seeming to shorten and thicken, and launched itself at Salar, rearing its head to strike at the scaled side, and instantly clamped itself there.

Salar's acceleration up the Pool, his turn and zigzagging dash down the tide, made other salmon leave their resting places and sink together to the

bottom, whence they could observe the widest area of water above them. In fear Salar leapt out of the water, causing the boatman holding the line with the red rubber bait to sit upright and puff rapidly at his cold pipe. "'T was the largest Zeven-Ole I ivver zeed,' he told them later in the Royal George.

Salar could not shake off Petromyzon. The lamprey's mouth was stuck firmly to his left side below the medial line of nerves, forward of the ventral fins. Indifferent to the salmon's slipping and turning rushes, to his rolling staggers as he changed from one tide pressure to another, Petromyzon sucked the scales closer to his teeth, and began to rasp away and swallow skin and curd and flesh. He drew blood, and fed contentedly.

Salar rested on the bed of the Pool, exhausted, gulping water irregularly, for his fast-beating heart. In front of him the iron links of the Pool Buoy chain turned and re-turned slowly as the buoy above wallowed twisting in the combined weights of two tides. He could see the movements of the hind part of his enemy's body as Petromyzon allowed itself to be borne on the moving water, holding securely with its mouth. Starting forward with pain, Salar rolled and tried to scrape off the lamprey against a stone. Although the salmon weighed twenty pounds, his body had no weight in water; so Petromyzon continued to feed undisturbed. Suddenly frenzied by the feeling of lost freedom, Salar swam up to the surface and leapt with all his strength, deliberately to fall back on his side and knock away his enemy. Petromyzon, used since its earliest life to irregular motion when attached to its hosts, most of which were quitted only when they had died, endured the buffeting and sucked the harder.

After slack water, and the returning flow, Salar became accustomed to the lamprey. The pain had gone, and he

had no more fear of it. Petromyzon was a hindrance, something to be gotten rid of by leaping and by scraping against stones. He was used to the extra drag, to the queerness of moving aslant when he meant to swim straight. In the tide's swilling murkiness he drifted, past lessening sandbanks and muddy glidders, a large quiet fish, as though unseeing among smaller coarse fish feeding eagerly. He moved slowly through the water, scarcely overtaking clusters of seaweed loose in the tide.

Higher up the estuary swam Salar, quiet among a drove of bass turning on their sides amidst seaweed, crabs, flatfish, and bubbles streaming from mudholes of cockles and ragworms. The tide poured into a deep pool with a rocky bottom and here the current divided, to flow up a creek which was the mouth of a small river.

A small boat was riding at anchor in the pool. As Salar approached the boat the fisherman was pulling in his line, with its two score of hooks. Flatfish, pollack, and bass were hooked. One of the bass was but a loose bag of skin and bones attached to a head.

This was the work of Myxine, the glutinous hag of the Two Rivers. The hag was a relation of Petromyzon, but one which lampreys avoided. Myxine's eyes were sunk beneath her skin, deep in the muscles of her head. They were without lenses. Myxine did not need sight, for much of a hag's life is spent within the bodies of fishes. While the bass had been struggling on a hook of the night line, Myxine had fastened to it and bored a way inside, eating steadily hour after hour until, gorged, she lay at rest in a bag of bones and water. The water poured out as the fisherman lifted it up, and the hag's head, with whiskerlike barbels, looked out of the bass's mouth.

The fisherman had never seen such

a horrid sight before. With a religious exclamation he dropped it in the boat, and Myxine slithered out of the hollow corpse. He picked the hag up to knock it on the gunwale, but was horrified to find that it was turning itself into a length of slime in his hand.

'Ah, git out, you bissley bigger [beastly beggar] you,' muttered the fisherman, shaking the long hair grown to hide his stumps of ears — they had been frozen off during a blizzard aboard a whaler in his youth — as he flung the glutinous hag into the sea.

Myxine swam down to the bed of the pool, and rested there. The act of exuding slime from the thread cells along her body was additionally exhausting, and the hag lay still, unseen by Salar as he moved slowly in the wedge of tranquil water at the division of currents. Petromyzon waved indolently at his side. Salar had no desire to go up with the tide. His bounding sea vitality had shrunk within him through fear and the draining wound in his flank. He lay inert on a rock. Half his length away lay Myxine.

The hag saw the waving tail of Petromyzon, and the sight made her teeth work. She got under the lamprey's tail, and fastened her sucker there. Petromyzon lashed, but the hag stuck. In fear Salar started forward. By the time he had reached the sunken limekiln by the bend of the sea wall half a mile away, Myxine's head was inside Petromyzon's belly.

Salar waited in an eddy beside the rounded broken wall of the kiln, until the rising tide swept through the eddy and he went on, feeling strangely light.

By the Long Bridge of the port three miles distant he leapt, and a boy on the quay saw what looked like a red poppy on the silver flank. Less than three months later, all of Petromyzon was mud again.

(To be continued)

LITANY FOR DICTATORSHIPS

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

FOR all those beaten, for the broken heads,
The fosterless, the simple, the oppressed,
The ghosts in the burning city of our time . . .

For those taken in rapid cars to the house and beaten
By the skillful boys, the boys with the rubber fists,
The boys who do it and like it and ask for more
— Held down and beaten, the table cutting their loins,
Or kicked in the groin and left, with the muscles jerking
Like a headless hen's on the floor of the slaughterhouse
While they brought the next man in with his white eyes staring.
For those who still said 'Red Front!' or 'God Save the Crown!'
And for those who were not courageous
But were beaten nevertheless.
For those who spit out the bloody stumps of their teeth
Quietly in the hall,
Sleep well on stone or iron, watch for the time
And kill the guard in the privy before they die,
Those with the deep-socketed eyes and the lamp burning.

For those who carry the scars, who walk lame — for those
Whose nameless graves are made in the prison yard
And the earth smoothed back before morning and the lime scattered.

For those slain at once. For those living through months and years
Enduring, watching, hoping, going each day
To the work or the queue for meat or the secret club,
Living meanwhile, begetting children, smuggling guns,
And found and killed at the end like rats in a drain.

For those escaping
Incredibly into exile and wandering there.
For those who live in the small rooms of foreign cities
And who yet think of the country, the long green grass,
The childhood voices, the language, the way wind smelt then,

The shape of rooms, the coffee drunk at the table,
 The talk with friends, the loved city, the waiter's face,
 The gravestones, with the name, where they will not lie
 Nor in any of that earth. Their children are strangers.

For those who planned and were leaders and were beaten
 And for those, humble and stupid, who had no plan
 But were denounced, but grew angry, but told a joke,
 But could not explain, but were sent away to the camp,
 But had their bodies sent back in the sealed coffins,
 'Died of pneumonia,' 'Died trying to escape.'

For those growers of wheat who were shot by their own wheat stacks.
 For those growers of bread who were sent to the ice-locked wastes.
 And their flesh remembers their fields.

For those denounced by their smug, horrible children
 For a peppermint-star and the praise of the Perfect State.
 For all those strangled or gelded or merely starved
 To make perfect states; for the priest hanged in his cassock,
 The Jew with his chest crushed in and his eyes dying,
 The revolutionist lynched by the private guards
 To make perfect states, in the names of the perfect states.

For those betrayed by the neighbors they shook hands with
 And for the traitors, sitting in the hard chair
 With the loose sweat crawling their hair and their fingers restless
 As they tell the street and the house and the man's name.

And for those sitting at table in the house
 With the lamp lit and the plates and the smell of food,
 Talking so quietly; when they hear the cars
 And the knock at the door, and they look at each other quickly
 And the woman goes to the door with a stiff face,
 Smoothing her dress.

'We are all good citizens here.
 We believe in the Perfect State.'

And that was the last

Time Tony or Karl or Shorty came to the house
 And the family was liquidated later.
 It was the last time.

We heard the shots in the night

But nobody knew next day what the trouble was
 And a man must go to his work. So I did n't see him
 For three days, then, and me near out of my mind
 And all the patrols on the streets with their dirty guns,
 And when he came back he looked drunk, and the blood was on him.

For the women who mourn their dead in the secret night,
For the children taught to keep quiet, the old children,
The children spat on at school.

For the wrecked laboratory,
The gutted house, the dunged picture, the spat-in well,
The naked corpse of Knowledge flung in the square
And no man lifting a hand and no man speaking.

For the cold of the pistol butt and the bullet's heat,
For the rope that chokes, the manacles that bind,
The huge voice, metal, that lies from a thousand tubes,
And the stuttering machine gun that answers all.

For the man crucified on the crossed machine guns
Without name, without resurrection, without stars,
His dark head heavy with death and his flesh long sour
With the smell of his many prisons — John Smith, John Doe,
John Nobody — oh, crack your mind for his name!
Faceless as water, naked as the dust,
Dishonored as the earth the gas shells poison,
And barbarous with portent.

This is he.

This is the man they ate at the green table
Putting their gloves on ere they touched the meat.
This is the fruit of war, the fruit of peace,
The ripeness of invention, the new lamb,
The answer to the wisdom of the wise.
And still he hangs, and still he will not die,
And still, on the steel city of our years,
The light fails, and the terrible blood streams down.

We thought we were done with these things, but we were wrong.
We thought, because we had power, we had wisdom.
We thought the long train would run to the end of Time.
We thought the light would increase.
Now the long train stands derailed and the bandits loot it.
Now the boar and the asp have power in our time.
Now the night rolls back on the West and the night is solid.
Our fathers and ourselves sowed dragon's teeth.
Our children know and suffer the armed men.

DE URBIS SERVITUTE

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

I

THE other day I went to Milan. Among the country people of the neighborhood such a journey is not lightly undertaken. It involves a certain amount of physical effort and discomfort, for the trains in our part of Lombardy are neither so luxurious nor so accessible nor so exact as they are in places more favored by the tourist traffic. Besides this physical disturbance there is created a spiritual one, a more powerful deterrent, in most cases, than the mere exertion of catching a train. It is the natural reluctance of people who lead tranquil, silent lives to be jostled, hustled, poked, and shoved by the anxious inhabitants of a crowded city. We don't like the city, in short — and unless we have a powerful reason, such as the desire to sell eggs or buy a new hat, we do not go there.

All the peasants are alike in this respect, and, although I am only a peasant in a manner of speaking, you cannot pass your days between the fields and the sky without being imbued with some temporary share of their peace, and in one respect I have the prejudices of my neighbors. I only go to Milan when I have sound reasons for doing so.

The reasons the other day were sound and numerous. They included such essentials as getting my hair cut and extracting some money from a bank. To make the chores less gruesome it

is my custom, on these pilgrimages, to sample a few of the pleasures of the city folk — a cocktail or two, for instance; some restaurant food; some music when there is any going; some pictures when there is time to look at them. On this occasion one of the city pleasures to which I looked forward (which fixed, by its date, the date of my journey) was a performance of *Turandot*, the last and most characteristic, in its merits and demerits, of the operas of the good Puccini.

Turandot is not a work of much depth or complication, and I doubt if anybody needs to hear it often. But as I had only heard it twice in my life — once in New York, in a performance so noisy and glittery that it was difficult to tell what the music was like, and once in Munich, with some singers long past their prime — it seemed to me that this was a good opportunity to get what you might call the definitive view (if you can see with your ears) of the opera as Puccini wrote it. And the theatre, of course, was that quintessence of opera house, the Platonic Idea of which all other opera houses are but shadows, the Teatro alla Scala. One can listen to almost anything in that theatre; I even believe I could sit through a performance of Frau Jeritza as Carmen if I could be subjected to it within those classic (or at least neo-classic) walls.

So, not half an hour after my arrival

in Milan, I was standing in line at the small box office on the left side of the perfect theatre. There were signs all over the place saying, *Tutto esaurito* ('Everything exhausted'; or, to put it bluntly, 'All Sold Out'). A newcomer might have been discouraged by these admonitions, but I have been visiting Italy for a good many years now, off and on. I waited. Just in front of me was an elderly American gentleman who spoke no language known to the lady behind the counter. He was a non-Aryan, very much a non-Aryan; and partly because I have a prejudice in favor of non-Aryans, partly because he was in a high state of excitement over the problem of communication, I watched his destiny with a paternal interest.

He had to pay a hundred and thirty-five lire, I noticed, for a ticket of mediocre value. He did not seem to mind, but handed out the money almost gleefully, rejoicing that his sign language had been so completely understood. I concluded that he must be one of those non-Aryans so familiar in *Nationalsozialistische* literature, but hitherto undiscovered in real life, who possess all the money that ought to belong to us Nordics. I hope so, because I feel sure that what happened to me afterward must have happened to him too, and it would be nice to think that maybe he could afford it.

The lady deigned to notice me after a bit.

'What do you want?' she asked sniffily, looking up from her more important occupations with a pencil and paper.

'I want a ticket for to-night, but I don't want to pay a hundred and thirty-five lire for it,' I said.

'There are only three seats left in the house,' she announced firmly. 'They are a hundred and thirty-four lire and sixty centimes each.'

This amount comes to something like twelve dollars, which is enough to keep me, in my village, for a whole week (exclusive of cigarettes and rent). There are a great many neighbors of mine who do not spend so much money in a month. You can travel in comfort from the top to the bottom of Italy for that sum; you can get a whole suit of clothes for it, you can buy about a dozen ordinary-priced boots for it, or even a certain number of Mussolini's expensive postage stamps.

It is the highest price I have ever paid for a theatre ticket, but I did, in the end, pay it. I wanted to go to the Scala; in the precariousness of our tenure we can never foretell what next year will bring; the Scala's season was at its end; and for all I know I may not set foot inside those echoing walls again. In view of all these circumstances, none of which could be expected to weigh much with the lady behind the counter, I fished out the twelve dollars and handed it across.

To her it was just the same as any other twelve dollars, oddly enough, and she only sniffed efficiently as she thrust the ticket at me.

II

The day passed. My hair, such as it is, was cut; a bank disgorged money; a mechanic repaired my typewriter. These jobs done, I paid a visit to the Brera museum and admired the blank spaces where there used to be a certain number of masterpieces — sent, just now, to Paris for the exhibition of Italian art. (It is astounding how many of these amorous exchanges there are going on now between the Italians and the French; I live in terror that at any moment Mussolini may send Lago Maggiore to Paris in exchange for the duck pond from the Bois de Boulogne.)

Toward dinnertime I found the table I like at the Biffi, in the Galleria, and had a metropolitan meal, the sort of thing we cannot have in the country, a minute steak and some wild strawberries from France; then, replete, content, mildly expectant, having spent a lot more money than I had any right to spend, I strolled along to the Scala to sit on my twelve dollars and hear, as the climax of a pleasant day, some of the loud rapturous noises native to the Italian throat.

I had scarcely passed from the Galleria into the gaping Piazza when I knew that something untoward was happening. The Piazza della Scala was lined by small, scrubby male figures with dark, admonitory faces. Anybody who has been to Europe knows the kind of figures and faces I mean. In Paris they usually belonged to Algerian gentlemen who sold dirty postcards, at least in the old days when tourists went to France. Such figures and faces may be seen in the streets of Marseilles, Barcelona, and Cairo, in which cities their owners are dignified by the name of 'guides.' There is a less polite term for them in Shakespearean English.

Here again I benefited by my fairly long acquaintance with Italy. A newcomer would have taken these small, active figures around the edges of the Piazza to be what they seemed, and would have said, probably, 'No, I don't want to see any filthy pictures or shows; I'm busy; go away.' I did not do this, because I knew at a glance that the grubby little gentlemen were agents of the secret police.

In Italy, when a man is made by nature to be a *maquereau* of the lowest class, and has the stamp of the profession all over him, he goes into the secret police. The work is better paid, the hours are shorter, and the duties are not made dependent upon that extremely volatile thing, the whims or

fancies of women. Moreover, the demand in this branch of labor is always great, and no secret agent ever starves; whereas your *maquereau*, your genuine *maquereau*, has to take the lean days with the fat, and often has a very bad time of it indeed.

I must pause here to distinguish between the secret agent or plain-clothes man, of the kind I am talking about, and the spy or secret-service man. The distinction is important. The spy is an indispensable citizen of any state. Spies are necessary to a democratic republic, to a liberal government, to a Communist government, and to a Fascist dictatorship. No kind of government has ever existed, we may be sure, which did not employ the services of spies. Secret-service agents, who add to the duties of espionage those of immediate physical risk (as, for instance, in guarding potentates or in breaking up bands of criminals), are equally essential, and, as a rule, even more worthy of respect. Wherever and whenever it is necessary to obtain information secretly the profession of espionage flourishes, and is often exercised by the most amiable and (otherwise) scrupulous of persons. I have known and respected a number of spies in my life, but I doubt if anybody could respect the political plain-clothes man of the kind I am talking about now.

The duties of these people are simple. They stand in a street or along a road and tell everybody else to get out of the way. They poke you in the ribs if you do not move; in case of obstinacy, they arrest you.

They have no other duties. If you have ever tried to talk to one of them, you know that their intelligence is of the lowest order; they know only that a certain area belongs to them, and that it must be kept clear; they differ from policemen in that they have no insignia and are supposed to try —

with ludicrous results — not to seem to be doing what they are doing. A few years ago I used to bathe on the same beach as the Duce, and the road from Rome was lined with these small *maquereaux*, pretending hard, and very comically, to be peasants. They are such low-grade human material that they cannot be used in small groups or individually, but only in swarms of several hundred at a time.

And there they were, three or four hundred of them, edging the Piazza della Scala. My first impulse was to turn around and go home. I have had plenty of experience with these small dark gentlemen, and I know that there is nothing but annoyance to be found where they pullulate. But I remembered my twelve dollars and the rich tunes of the late Puccini. I went on — not easily, but, at any rate, on. Some of the secret agents seemed inclined to make me move faster, and none of them would allow me to take any short cuts; I had to gallop at the required speed all around the periphery of the Piazza, entering the theatre, at last, by the door at the left, where an imposing assembly of uniformed officers stood on guard.

III

By this time I had guessed what was up. The King of Italy — there is a King of Italy — was on a visit to Milan that day, and undoubtedly he was being conveyed to the opera as part of the official programme. Opinions differ about the King of Italy. Some hold that he is real, and others that he is a figure borrowed from Madame Tussaud's Waxworks for certain state occasions two or three times a year. Still others believe that even the puppet has been dispensed with in recent times, as no member of the ordinary public has been allowed to get near enough to see. The question is,

in any case, academic, as Victor Emmanuel III was so very small (when last seen) that it would require field glasses to pick him out from any group of average Italian officers. His visits to Milan or anywhere else are, therefore, symbolical affairs, and if it were not for the noise of the bands, and the sudden irruption of secret police agents, nobody would pay the slightest attention.

I went into the theatre. The man who takes tickets at the Scala would make a good king, if kings were chosen for their suitability to the office: he is huge, dignified, fierce, and wears his traditional regalia with an air of justified pomp. He is also royally stupid, which is perhaps why he let me in. I took a few steps across the lobby and was greeted by the first delicious waves of that characteristic odor, distilled from hair, perspiration, and strong perfume, which haunts the great opera houses of Italy. This is a smell I like, for it is associated with the music of Verdi, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, the promise of spaghetti after the theatre, and the memory of red wine.

But what was this? What were these strange costumes? I hesitated, bewildered.

Every man I saw was oddly accoutred. Most of them had adopted a garment resembling, in its main aspects, what we call in English a dinner jacket. There were some who apparently intended to carry the fantasy still further, and blossomed in the full panoply of white-tie-and-tails. It was extraordinary to see such apparel in the Scala; the graceful circular corridor looked as if it had suddenly been appropriated by a congress of waiters.

In Milan the ladies have the habit of putting on evening dress at the slightest provocation; often they are so fat that the *décolletage* is a relief to

them; but the gentlemen — very sensibly, I think — keep their evening clothes in the salutary seclusion of their trunks. Along with the scents provided by the obliging Messrs. Coty, Houbigant, Guerlain, and a host of less ambitious Italian imitators, and mingling with the warm, powdery smell of exposed female flesh, the air contained a strong whiff of moth balls.

Premonitions assailed me; but, taking a long breath through my handkerchief, I went on. It was now too late to turn back, however suffocating the fumes, however uncertain the prospect. I reached the shadowy recess behind the orchestra stalls, and there, stumbling over an usher in the gloom, surrendered my ticket.

He did not see me until we had started to enter the brilliantly lighted theatre. Then he stopped, stared, and scratched his head. His eye had fallen upon my raiment. I was, if I may say so without boasting, clean and tidy; but my harness, however respectable, did not conform in style to that of the uniform worn by the bourgeoisie at night. The usher hesitated only because he thought I might be entitled to wear ordinary kit — as were, for example, the secret police. This consideration did not detain him long, for, although little else can be said in favor of my appearance, at least I do not look like a secret agent. He returned my ticket to me and said firmly, 'You cannot come in.'

A Roman demigod who was standing near the door, magnificent in a gold helmet and much braid, raised his voice to emphasize, 'You cannot come in.' An elderly super-usher, attracted by the scandal, whispered nervously, 'You cannot come in.' But although I already understood, by the horrified glances about me, that the indecency of my garb was responsible for all this, I could not resist the temptation to ask, 'Why?'

This little word is one of the most dangerous known in any language. In Italian it is a dissyllable, *Perchè?* And the small extra sound seems to have doubled the venomous efficacy of the question. All you have to do to start a riot in any post office, railway station, theatre, or other public office in this country is to ask *why* a thing is so. Partly because the question itself has been discouraged for thirteen years, and partly because the answer is at no time easy for an average intelligence, anger and confusion ensue.

They ensued now. I was passed rapidly from super-usher to super-usher, from director to director, getting farther and farther away from the theatre itself all the time, until at last I found myself in the business office of the establishment. I had stopped asking 'Why?' by now; the devastating effect had ceased to amuse me. Now all I asked, in the utmost humility, was that I be given back my twelve dollars.

'You see,' I explained, 'I live in the country and knew nothing about the King's visit here. I bought a ticket for a very high price; if the lady who sold the ticket knew that fancy dress was required, why did n't she say so? I have been to the Scala a great many times in my life, and never encountered such a rule before.'

Sweet reasonableness had no effect on this official.

'We did not know ourselves that the King was coming,' he said sharply. 'We were only informed this afternoon. We have had the rule printed on posters which are now all over the theatre. You can see for yourself.'

He showed me a poster announcing the night's performance. As it happened, I had never seen the poster before, but even if I had, I certainly could never have seen the notice to which he referred. It was down at the bottom of about a yard of print, in

small letters, in the place usually reserved on theatre programmes for the words 'Hats by Joe Doax, Dresses by Sally Spivis' — information of no interest to me, and consequently never read.

It said: 'This is a gala performance and evening dress is required.' In other words, I was legally altogether in the wrong.

'Very well,' I said. 'I did n't know the rule; I'm sorry. But I still think the ticket seller should have told me. Now, don't you think you ought to give me back my money, or give me, at least, a ticket for another night?'

The gentleman in the business office was incensed at the idea. The fever contingent upon being under the same roof as his King, and the passionate conviction that Fascist discipline must be maintained to-night of all nights, combined in his orthodox soul to create a mood in which I, asking for my money back, represented all the abhorred forces of anarchy and dissolution.

'Can't you understand? Can't you understand?' he shouted at me. 'It is a *rule!* There is no use talking about it — it is a *rule!*'

IV

I went away. In fact, if I had not gone away I should have been swept out by a regiment of heroes who had been drifting toward the office, ready for the signal. And as I made my way slowly out of the theatre, twelve dollars poorer and (perhaps) a shade or two wiser, I was grateful to the excited little man in the business office for having stated in such irreducible terms the basic philosophy of the authoritarian state: 'There is no use talking about it — it is a *rule!*' If the rule had involved wearing rings in one's nose, or entering the theatre on all fours, it would have been equally sacred, equally

absolute, equally unquestioned. Cause, motive, and purpose were alike disregarded; all that complicated texture of interdepending volitions which we have learned to see as the life of civilized man in organized society, a delicate balance achieved by centuries of effort, was here of no account whatever. There was a rule, and there was no use talking about it. Clearly we had passed from the stage of association — of a society made up of human beings — to the stage of gregarization, a society made up of sheep, hounded back into the herd at the first errant step.

I paused on the curbstone of the Via Giuseppe Verdi to consider this notion and my own instinctive rebellion against it.

Why did I object so strongly to being kept out of the seat I had paid for by a sudden new rule? I did not object to the rule in itself; I did not object to its enforcement; nor did I, in principle, see any reason why the authoritarian state should not make its rules supreme. That was its function by definition. But what I did object to, I concluded, was the refusal to discuss, to take into account, to admit mitigation — the refusal, in short, to exercise the faculty of reason. This was what was wrong. It was all very well to give up liberty; that would have to be done, at least for a time, I thought, in the course of human development; but why give it up without knowing why? Why give it up blindly, in abject darkness, as I had given up my twelve dollars, receiving nothing in exchange but the bare words, 'It is a rule'?

'What are you doing here, *signor?*' a voice asked under my elbow. I looked down and saw one of the small dark men. And then I perceived that the whole Piazza had been emptied; that the few people who, like myself, happened to be left there like the débris of a hurricane were being pushed away as rapidly as possible by the secret

agents; all was swept and garnished for the coming of the King.

The next day, at the earliest opportunity, I took the train back to the country. On the way I read the *Corriere della Sera*. It gave a glowing account of the events of the night before, and said that the King on his arrival at the Scala had been greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude. I was compelled to laugh hollowly at this statement. I had seen the multitude. It consisted of about four hundred secret police agents who looked as if they had dirty post-cards in every pocket. No doubt they had applauded the King enthusiastically; why not? It was part of their job.

But as I looked through the window at the fields of Lombardy I reflected that these pastures had and gave off a vitality that could withstand such annoyances. They and the patient, hardy people who lived upon them had

lost a great deal more than dollars in the past decade, and would lose again, in the years to come, without slackening their hold upon life and the roots of life. These and others like them were the fields where once Hannibal had passed, and the German Emperor and the French Kings, and Napoleon. *Hannibal Italiam annos sedecim vastavit*. That is in the books children study. To look from the secret agents in the Piazza to the farms, fields, pastures, woods, and streams was to pass at a glance from the momentary to the lasting, and to perceive in the enduring quality of the particular thing called Italy — neither a geographical expression nor a nationalistic fetish, but an all-important part of the whole human spirit — that there is something still within us that can never be permanently conquered. They may keep my twelve dollars, I thought; I have that assurance — and theirs is not the better part of the bargain.

THE COMMON ENEMY

*Early Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and William James*¹

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

IN writing the Preface of his *Principles of Psychology* in 1890, William James recorded his indebtedness to Chauncey Wright and Charles Peirce for 'their intellectual companionship in old times.' Adding Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., there were three of these old-time intellectual companionships which must be taken account of in any discussion of James's early philosophical orientation, and which bear directly on the issue between science and religion. All of these men were of a relatively rigorous or skeptical turn of mind, and by exposure to their criticism James's germinating metaphysics became a hardier plant.

The intimacy with Holmes began while the latter was a student in the Harvard Law School (1864-1866). In Brazil in 1865 James longed for Holmes, and after he returned to his medical studies in 1866 he 'wrangled' with Holmes by the hour. In the winter of 1866-1867 the two were deep in a continuing metaphysical discussion, echoes of which are preserved in a memorandum on 'materialism,' addressed by James to Holmes. It contained a defense of optimism against the negations of agnosticism — a defense which he 'was groping for the other evening,' but 'could not say' until Holmes was gone and he was in bed. On April 16, 1867, James sailed from New York

on the *Great Eastern* — bound for his long voyage of exile and discovery. Suffering from mortification that he should be so unreliable in health and so vacillating in will, he had kept his plan a secret even from his family and friends. But on the eve of his departure he must hold a farewell session at the Holmes house on Charles Street: 'Dear Wendy boy, — I will go in tomorrow night, and we will evolve cosmos out of chaos for positively the last time.'

During all the time of his homesickness and heart-searching in Germany, James felt that Holmes and Tom Ward were his 'best friends so far.' In September 1867, he wrote from Berlin complaining of Holmes's silence, inquiring after the results of his 'study of the *vis viva* question,' and referring familiarly to their 'dilapidated old friend the Cosmos.' He received this reply: —

BOSTON, Dec. 15, 1867

DEAR BILL, —

I shall begin with no apologies for my delay in writing except to tell you that since seeing you I have written three long letters to you at different intervals on *vis viva*, each of which I was compelled to destroy because on reflection it appeared either unsound or incomplete. But I was talking yesterday with Fanny Dixwell and she told me to fire away anyhow — that she thought it would please you to hear from me

¹This article is from the forthcoming *Thought and Character of William James*. — EDITOR

even without *vis viva*. So here goes. Writing is so unnatural to me that I have never before dared to try it to you unless in connection with a subject. Ah! dear Bill, do me justice. My expressions of esteem are not hollow nor hyperbolic — nor put in to cover my neglect. In spite of my many friends I am almost alone in my thoughts and inner feelings. And whether I ever see you much or not, I think I can never fail to derive a secret comfort and companionship from the thought of you. I believe I shall always respect and love you whether we see much or little of each other. . . .

For two or three months I debauched o' nights in philosophy. But now it is law — law — law. My *magnum opus* was reading the *Critique of Pure Reason* and Schulze's *éclaircissement* — which on the whole, though an excellent abridgment, does n't much by way of *éclaircissements*. . . .

Assumed that logic exhaustively classifies judgments according to their possible forms, it [Kant's *Critique*] has then implicitly classified concepts in like manner. But all experience to be thought must be thought through concepts. The forms of concepts, then, are inherent in all organised experience as an *a priori* element. Hence it is explained *inter alia* why, given phenomenon *A*, we say it must have had a cause in an antecedent phenomenon. The phenomenon only became thinkable through that form and others. You see how ingenious and audacious was his attempt — yet its fallacy seems obvious when the reasoning by which it was arrived at is grasped.

Thus, the logical categories have reference only to the form in which judgments are expressed. The conceptions of substance, causal relation, etc., belong to the content and are not given in the form. Thus, take the hypothetical judgment, 'if *A* then *B*.' This form is not coterminous with the

causal judgment, as Thomson (reasoning *alio intuitu*) points out; e.g., 'if this be poetry, poetry is worthless,' is as much hypothetical in form as 'if the moon attracts in the same line as the sun the tides are at their highest.' Thomson says the only case of causal relation is when the four terms are all different: 'if *A* is *B* then *C* is *D*.' But whether even this last is always so may be doubted — e.g., 'if I am right then tomorrow will be warm.' Again, he and Mansel have both shown — I should think successfully, but I am no logician — that all of these can be reduced to categorical judgments. And then what becomes of a theory based on their fundamental distinctions? But the other objection is, I think, insuperable — that if the concept cause and effect be only a form of thought corresponding to the hypothetical judgment, that judgment ought never to express any but causal relations. . . . It's puerile stuff enough, I admit, to waste energy on. But it seems necessary to read a good deal of useless stuff, in order to know that it is so and not to depend only on a surmise. At present, I say it's nothing but law; though, by the by, I am reading Tyndall's book on *Heat* — what a yellow-whiskered, healthy, florid-complected, pleasant English book it is, to be sure. Are n't the foreigners simpler than we? See what one of the great lights of English law says in the preface to a book I'm reading (he is speaking of Savigny): 'I have used great exertions, but without effect, to make myself sufficiently master of the German language to read this work in the original.' If a man here had three cents' worth of second-hand knowledge would he confess that he did n't know anything under the sun? Talking of Britons, there have been a lot here of late — one, a Mr. Henry Cowper — brother of the present Earl C., made a decided impression on me. He had the cosmos at heart, it

seemed to me, and we hammered at it late into the night several times. . . .

Oh! Bill, my beloved, how have I yearned after thee all this long time. How I have admired those brave, generous and magnanimous traits of which I will not shame thee by speaking. I am the better that I have seen thee and known thee, — let that suffice. Since I wrote the last word I have been to see your father. By a rather remarkable coincidence, your last letter referred to Kant and to Schulze's books. It is rather strange, is n't it? It is now evening and the whole day has been yours with the exceptions noted and meals. I expect Gray directly. May this get to you in time to wish you a Happy New Year. By Heaven I do, — *vis viva* must wait. There are stickers I can't answer. But I rather think you found difficulty — at least I did — in the insufficiency of facts. As one is shaping his views he wants to say, Is this experiment so or so? I got more out of Cooke on terms by way of translating mathematics into English than anyone else. But I found my first explanations in great measure *chimæra bombinans in vacuo* when I went into the matter a second time in order to write you. As it is I just see that force is n't destroyed, without having mastered the formulæ. What a passion your father has in writing and talking his religion! Almost he persuadeth me to be a Swedenborgian, but I can't go it so far — will see whether the other scheme busts up first, I think.

Good-bye, dear Bill — don't forget me quite.

Affectionately yours,
O. W. HOLMES

BERLIN, Jan. 3, 1868

MY DEAR WENDLE, —

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin, tonight. The ghosts of the past all start from their unquiet graves and keep dancing a

senseless whirligig around me so that, after trying in vain to read three books, to sleep, or to think, I clutch the pen and ink and resolve to work off the fit by a few lines to one of the most obtrusive ghosts of all — namely the tall and lank one of Charles Street. Good golly! how I would prefer to have about twenty-four hours' talk with you up in that whitely lit-up room — without the sun rising or the firmament revolving so as to put the gas out, without sleep, food, clothing or shelter except your whiskey bottle, of which, or the like of which, I have not partaken since I have been in these longitudes! I should like to have you opposite me in any mood, whether the facetiously excursive, the metaphysically discursive, the personally confidential, or the jadedly *cursive* and argumentative — so that the oyster-shells which enclose my being might slowly turn open on their rigid hinges under the radiation, and the critter within loll out his dried-up gills into the circumfused ichor of life, till they grew so fat as not to know themselves again. I feel as if a talk with you of any kind could not fail to set me on my legs again for three weeks at least. I have been chewing on two or three dried-up old cuds of ideas I brought from America with me, till they have disappeared, and the nudity of the Kosmos has got beyond anything I have as yet experienced. . . .

I don't know how it is I am able to take so little interest in reading this winter. I marked out a number of books when I first came here, to finish. What with their heaviness and the damnable slowness with which the Dutch still goes, they weigh on me like a haystack. I loathe the thought of them; and yet they have poisoned my slave of a conscience so that I can't enjoy anything else. I have reached an age when practical work of some kind clamors to be done — and I must still wait!

There! Having worked off that pent-up gall of six weeks' accumulation I feel more genial. I wish I could have some news of you — now that the postage is lowered to such a ridiculous figure (and no letter is double) there remains no *shadow* of an excuse for not writing — but, still, I don't expect anything from you. I suppose you are sinking ever deeper into the sloughs of the law — yet I ween the Eternal Mystery still from time to time gives her goad another turn in the raw she once established between your ribs. Don't let it heal over yet. When I get home let's establish a philosophical society to have regular meetings and discuss none but the very tallest and broadest questions — to be composed of none but the very topmost cream of Boston manhood. It will give each one a chance to air his own opinion in a grammatical form, and to sneer and chuckle when he goes home at what damned fools all the other members are — and may grow into something very important after a sufficient number of years. . . .

I'll now pull up. I don't know whether you take it as a compliment that I should only write to you when in the dimmest of dumps — perhaps you ought to — you, the one emergent peak, to which I cling when all the rest of the world has sunk beneath the wave. Believe me, my Wendly boy, what poor possibility of friendship in the crazy frame of W. J. meanders about thy neighborhood. Good-bye! Keep the same bold front as ever to the Common Enemy — and don't forget your ally,

W. J.

P.S. Jan. 4 [Written on the outside of the envelope]. By a strange coincidence, after writing this last night, I received yours this morning. Not to sacrifice the postage stamps which are already on the envelope (Economical W!) I don't reopen it.

But I will write you again soon. Meanwhile, bless your heart! thank you! *Vide* Shakespeare: Sonnet XXIX.

Boston, April 19, 1868

DEAR BILL, —

The icy teeth have melted out of the air and winter has snapped at us for the last time. Now are the waters beneath my window of a deeper and more significant blue than heretofore. Now do the fields burn with green fire — the evanescent hint of I know not what hidden longing of the earth. Now all the bushes burgeon with woolly buds and the elm trees have put on bridal veils of hazy brown. Now to the chorus of the frogs answers the chorus of the birds in antiphony of morning and evening. Now couples, walking round Boston Common Sundays after sunset, draw near to each other in the dark spaces between the gas lights and think themselves unseen. Now are the roads around Cambridge filled with collegians with new hats and sticks and shining schoolboy faces. Now the young man seeks the maiden nothing loath to be pursued. Spring is here, Bill, and I turn to thee, — not with more affection than during the long grind of the winter, but desiring if it may be to say a word to thee once more.

Since I wrote in December I have worked at nothing but the law. Philosophy has hibernated in torpid slumber, and I have lain 'sluttishly soaking and gurgling in the devil's pickle,' as Carlyle says. It has been necessary, — if a man chooses a profession he cannot forever content himself in picking out the plums with fastidious dilettantism and give the rest of the loaf to the poor, but must eat his way manfully through crust and crumb — soft, unpleasant, inner parts which, within one, swell, causing discomfort in the bowels. Such has been my cowardice that I have been almost glad that you

were n't here, lest you should be disgusted to find me inaccessible to ideas and impressions of more spiritual significance but alien to my studies. Think not, however, that I distrust the long enduring of your patience. I know that you would be the last of all to turn away from one in whom you discerned the possibility of friendship because his vigils were at a different shrine, knowing it was the same Divinity he worshipped. And the winter has been a success, I think, both for the simple discipline of the work and because I now go on with an ever increasing conviction that law as well as any other series of facts in this world may be approached in the interests of science and may be studied, yes and practised, with the preservation of one's ideals. I should even say that they grew robust under the regimen, — more than that I do not ask. To finish the search of mankind, to discover the *ne plus ultra* which is the demand of ingenuous youth, one finds is not allotted to an individual. To reconcile oneself to life — to dimly apprehend that this dream disturbing the sleep of the cosm is not the result of a dyspepsy, but is well — to suspect some of the divine harmonies, though you cannot note them like a score of music — these things, methinks, furnish vanishing points which give a kind of perspective to the chaos of events. Perhaps I am fortunate in what I have often made a reproach to myself.

Harry never lets up on his high aims, — somehow it connects itself with the absence of humor in him which himself avows. *I do*. There are not infrequent times when a bottle of wine, a good dinner, a girl of some trivial sort can fill the hour for me. So for longer spaces, work, — of which only at the beginning and the end do I perceive the philosophic *nexus*, and while performing forget the Great Task Master's Eye. This makes life easier

though perhaps it does not deserve approval.

Let me give another example of 'if *A* is *B*, then *C* is *D*' (in my last letter) which does not denote a causal connection — the one I gave was open to objection as standing on peculiar grounds. Take all judgments of universal or assumed universal concomitants: 'If the barometer falls suddenly, there will be a gale'; 'If the sun shines in Boston, the stars are out in China.' In these, etc., there is no causal connection between protasis and apodosis, although *by going outside of the judgment* to an induction we may say with more or less confidence that where two facts are always found together, if one is not the cause of the other then they are both (probably) referable to a common cause. . . . Is it not clear that . . . the relation of the *if* and the *then* to a common cause is not in any way given in the form of the judgment, and that said *if* and *then* don't stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect? . . .

Dear old Bill, I have n't said anything about your illness to you — there is nothing, perhaps, which particularly belongs to me to say. But for God's sake don't lose that courage with which you have faced 'the common enemy' (as you well have it). Would that I could give back the spirits which you have given to me so often. At all events doubt not of my love.

Let me not be sad, — at least for this letter. There is a new fire in the earth and sky. I, who through the long winter have felt the wrinkles deepening in my face and a stoop settling in my back — I, who have said to myself that my life henceforth must and should be given only to severe thought, and have said to youth, '*procul esto*,' — I feel the mighty quickening of the spring.

The larches have sprouted.

I saw a butterfly today just loosed from the bondage of winter, and a bee toiling in sticky buds half opened.

O! passionate breezes! O! rejoicing hills! How swells the soft full chorus — for this earth which slept has awakened and the air is tremulous with multiplied joyous sound.

Sing, sparrow — kissing with thy feet the topmost tassels of the pines.

Cease not thy too much sound, O! robin. Squirrels, grind thy scissors in the woods. Creak, blackbirds. Croak, frogs. Caw, high-flying crows, who have seen the breaking of the ice in northern rivers and the seaward moving booms.

A keen, slender, stridulous vibration — almost too fine for the hearing, weaving in and out, and in the pauses of the music dividing the silence like a knife — pierces my heart with an ecstasy I cannot utter. Ah! what is it? Did I ever hear it? Is it a voice within, answering to the others, but different from them — and like a singing flame not ceasing with that which made it vocal?

Dear Bill, to whom should I vent this madness but to you? Good-bye. You know my sentiments — I will not repeat them.

Affectionately yours,

O. W. HOLMES

Apr. 25. It is snowing again. S' help me.

DRESDEN, May 15, 1868

MY DEAR WENDELL, —

Your unexpected letter has just burst into my existence like a meteor into the sphere of a planet, and here I go for an answer while the heat developed by the impact is at its highest. I have got so accustomed to thinking of you as not a writing animal that such an event rather dislocates my mind from its habitual 'sag' in contemplating the world. I have of late been repeatedly on the point of writing to you

but have paused ere slipping o'er the brink. It is easy to write people whom you have been steadily writing to, for one letter seems to continue the previous ones. But to fire off a letter point blank at a man once in six months has an arbitrary savor. There are so many things of about equal importance for you to tell him that there is no reason for you to begin with any particular one and leave off the rest. Consequently you don't begin at all. However, heaven reward you for this inspired effusion and help you to another some time. It runs through the whole circle of human energy, Shelley, Kant, Goethe, Walt Whitman, all being fused in the unity of your fiery personality. Were I only in the vein, O! friend, I would answer in the same high strain, but today I grovel in prose. That you firmly embrace like a *Bothriocephalus latus* the very bowels of the law and grapple them to your soul with hooks of steel, is good. That the miasmas thence arising do not forever hide the blue Jove above, is better. I am firmly convinced that by going straight in almost any direction you can get out of the woods in which the young mind grows up, for I have an idea that the process usually consists of a more or less forcible reduction of the other elements of the chaos to a harmony with the terms of the one on which one has taken his particular stand. I think I might have fought it out on the line of practical medicine quite well. Your image of the ideals being vanishing points which give a kind of perspective to the chaos of events, tickleth that organ within me whose function it is to dally with the ineffable. I shall not fail to remember it, and if I stay long enough in Germany to make the acquaintance of any a philosopher, I shall get it off as my own, you bet!

Your letter last winter I got and acknowledged on the cover of one I had just written you. Your criticism of

Kant seems perfectly sound to me. I hoped to have got at him before now but have been interfered with. I have read only his *Prolegomena* and his little *Anthropology* (a marvellous, biting little work), and Cousin's exposé of him (and of himself at the same time, darn him and the likes of him! — he is a mere politician). I hope soon to begin with the *Kritik*, for which I feel myself now quite prepared. And I reserve any half-ripe remarks I may have made on Kant till after that is done. I think a good five hours' talk with you would probably do me more good than almost any other experience I can conceive of. I have not had any contact out of books with any soul possessed of *reason* since I left home, except, perhaps, Grimm — and I did not, owing to the linguistic wall between us, succeed in putting myself into communication with him. And in personal contact, Wendell, lies a deep dark power. I say 'reason,' but I have no idea what the thing is. I have slipped so gradually out of sight of it in people that I did not know any particular thing was gone, till the day before yesterday I made the acquaintance of a young female from New York who is here in the house, and suddenly noticed that an old long-forgotten element was present (I mean in her way of accepting the world). It has been a beneficent discovery, and the suddenness and quasi-definiteness of it almost shatters one's empirical philosophy. But probably it, too, may be resolved into other more vulgar elements.

The fact is, my dear boy, that I feel more as if you were my ally against what you call 'the common enemy' than anyone I know. As I am writing a grave statement of facts and not an effusion of friendliness, I may say that Tom Ward seems to me to have as great an intuition of the length and breadth of the enemy (which is the

place in which most people fail), and perhaps a greater animal passion in his feeling about it, but poor Tom is so deficient in power of orderly thought that intercourse with him hardly ever bears fruit. With Harry and my Dad I have a perfect sympathy 'personally,' but Harry's orbit and mine coincide but part way, and Father's and mine hardly at all, except in a general feeling of philanthropy in which we both indulge. I have no idea that the particular point of view from which we spy the fiendish enemy has *per se* any merit over that of lots of other men. Such an opinion we recognize in other people as 'conceit.' But merely because it is common to both of us, I have an esteem for you which is *tout particulier*, and value intercourse with you. You have a far more logical and orderly mode of thinking than I (I stand between you and T. Ward), and whenever we have been together I have somehow been conscious of a reaction against the ascendancy of this over my ruder processes — a reaction caused by some subtle devilry of egotism and jealousy, whose causes are untraceable by myself, but through whose agency I put myself involuntarily into a position of self-defense, as if you threatened to overrun my territory and injure my own proprietorship. I don't know whether you ever noticed any such thing, — it is hard to define the subtleness of it. *Some* of it may have been caused by the feeling of a too 'cosmo-centric' consciousness in you. But most of it was pure meanness. I *guess* that were we to meet now I should be less troubled with it. I have grown into the belief that friendship (including the highest half of that which between the two sexes is united under the single name of love) is about the highest joy of earth, and that a man's rank in the general scale is well indicated by his capacity for it. So much established, I will try in a few

brief strokes to define my present condition to you. If asked the question which all men who pretend to know themselves ought to be able to answer, but which few probably could offhand, — ‘What reason can you give for continuing to live? What ground allege why the thread of your days should not be snapped *now*?’

May 18th. Wendell of my entrails! At the momentous point where the last sheet ends I was interrupted by the buxom maid calling to tea and through various causes have not got back till now. As I sit by the open window waiting for my breakfast and look out on the line of *Droschkas* drawn up on the side of the Dohna Platz, and see the coachmen, red-faced, red-collared, and blue-coated, with varnished hats, sitting in a variety of indolent attitudes upon their boxes, one of them looking in upon me and probably wondering what the devil I am, — when I see the big sky with a monstrous white cloud battenning and bulging up from behind the houses into the blue, with a uniform copper film drawn over cloud and blue, which makes one anticipate a soaking day — when I see the houses opposite with their balconies and windows filled with flowers and greenery — Ha! on the topmost balcony of one stands a maiden, black-jacketed, red-petticoated, fair and slim under the striped awning, leaning her elbow on the rail and her peach-like chin upon her rosy finger tips! Of whom thinkest thou, maiden, up there aloft? Here, *here!* beats that human heart for which in the drunkenness of the morning hour thy being vaguely longs, and tremulously, but recklessly and wickedly, posits elsewhere, over those distant housetops which thou regardest. Out of another window hangs the form, seen from behind and centre of gravity downwards, of an intrepid servant girl, washing the window. Blue frocked is she, and like a spider fast holding to

his thread, or one that gathers samphires on dizzy promontory, she braves the danger of a fall. Against the lamp-post leans the *Dienstmann* or *commis-sionnaire*, cross-legged and with tin-badged cap, smoking his cheap morning cigar. Far over the *Platz* toils the big country wagon with high-collared horses, and the still pavement rings with the shuffling feet of broad-backed wenches carrying baskets, and of short-necked, wide-faced men. The day has in fact begun, and when I see all this and think that at the same moment thou art probably in a dead sleep whirled round through the black night with rocks and trees and monuments like an inanimate thing, when I think all this, I feel — *how?* — I give it up myself! After this interruption, which on the ground of local color and my half-awake condition you will excuse, I return to the former subject. But here’s the breakfast! Excuse me! Man eats in Germany a very light breakfast, chocolate and dry bread, so it won’t take me long.

‘T is done, and a more genial glow than ever fills my system. Having read over what I wrote the day before yesterday I feel tempted not to send it, for I cannot help thinking it does not represent with perfect sincerity the state of the case. Still, if I do not write to you now, it may postpone itself a good while, and I let it go for the general spirit which animates it rather than for the particular propositions it contains. The point which seems to me unwarranted was my assumption of any special battle I was fighting against the powers of darkness, and of your being allied with me therein as the ground of my esteem for you. The truth is painfully evident to me that I am but little interested in any particular battle or movement of progress, and the ground of my friendship for you is more a sort of physical relish for your wit and wisdom, and passive enjoy-

ment of the entertainment they afford, than anything else. Much would I give for a constructive passion of some kind. As it is, I am in great measure in the hands of Chance. Your metaphysical industry and the artistic satisfaction you take in the exercise of it, gives you an immeasurable advantage. In the past year if I have learned little else, I have at least learned a good deal that I previously did not suspect about the limits of my own mind. They are not exhilarating. I will not annoy you by going into the details but they all conspire to give my thoughts a vague emptiness wherever feeling is, and to drive feeling out wherever the thought becomes good for anything. Bah! My answer to the question I asked at the end of sheet two would be vague indeed; it would vary between the allegation of a dogged desire to assert myself, at certain times, and the undermined hope of making *some* nick, however minute, in the pile which humanity is fashioning, at others. Of course I would beg for a *temporary* respite from the inevitable shears, for different reasons at different times. If a *particular* and passionate reason for wishing to live for four hours longer were *always* forthcoming, I should think myself a very remarkable man, and be quite satisfied. But in the intervals of absence of such a reason, I could wish that my general grounds are more defined than they are. . . .

I am tending strongly to an empiristic view of life. I don't know how far it will carry me, or what rocks insoluble by it will block my future path. Already I see an ontological cloud of absolute idealism waiting for me far off on the horizon, but I have no passion for the fray. I shall continue to apply empirical principles to my experiences as I go on and see how much they fit. One thing makes me uneasy. If the end of all is to be that we must take our sensations as simply given or as

preserved by natural selection for us, and interpret this rich and delicate overgrowth of ideas, moral, artistic, religious and social, as a mere mask, a tissue spun in happy hours by creative individuals and adopted by other men in the interests of their sensations, — how long is it going to be well for us not to 'let on' all we know to the public? How long are we to indulge the 'people' in their theological and other vagaries so long as such vagaries seem to us more beneficial on the whole than otherwise? How long are we to wear that uncomfortable 'air of suppression' which has been complained of in Mr. Mill? Can any men be trusted to dole out from moment to moment just that measure of a doctrine which is consistent with utility? I know that the brightest jewel in the crown of Utilitarianism is that every notion hatched by the human mind receives justice and tolerance at its hands. But I know that no mind can trace the far ramifications of an idea in the mind of the public; and that any idea is at a disadvantage which cannot enlist in its favor the thirst for conquest, the love of absoluteness, that have helped to found religions; and which cannot open a *definite* channel for human sympathies and affections to flow in. It seems exceedingly improbable that any new *religious* genius should arise in these days to open a fresh highway for the masses who have outgrown the old beliefs. Now ought not we (supposing we become indurated sensationalists) to begin to smite the old, hip and thigh, and get, if possible, a little enthusiasm associated with our doctrines? If God is dead or at least irrelevant, ditto everything pertaining to the 'Beyond.' If happiness is our Good, ought we not to try to foment a passionate and bold will to attain that happiness among the multitudes? Can we not conduct off upon our purposes from the old moralities and theologies a beam which will invest

us with some of the proud absoluteness which made them so venerable, by preaching the doctrine that Man is his own Providence, and every individual a real God to his race, greater or less in proportion to his gifts and the way he uses them? The sentiment of philanthropy is now so firmly established and apparently its permanence so guaranteed by its beneficent nature, that it would be bold to say it could not take its place as an ultimate motive for human action. I feel no *confidence* (even apart from my doubts as to the theoretical finality of 'sensationalism') that society is as yet ripe for it as a popular philosophy and religion combined, but as I said above, no one can measure the effects of an idea, or distribute exactly the shares which different ideas have in our present social order. And certainly there is something disheartening in the position of an esoteric philosopher. The conscientious prudence which would wish to educate mankind gradually instead of throwing out the line, and letting it educate itself, may be both presumptuous and timid. Do you take? I only throw out these as doubts, and would like to know whether you have been troubled by any similar ones on the matter of policy. The breath of my nostrils is doubt, and that is what makes me so the slave of chance. . . .

I have been reading lately in Teplitz in Schiller and Goethe. The possession of those two men's lives and works by a people gives them a great advantage over neighboring nations. Goethe at last has shot into distinct individual shape for me, which is a great relief, and an enormous figure he is. . . . I am sensible to your expression of sympathy with my stove-in condition of back. I shall *endeavor* (by jerks) to keep the upper lip rigid even if the vertebral column yields. An account of a man in a western settlement which I heard from a traveler on the ship coming over has afforded me much

satisfaction ever since, and served as a good example. The traveler stopped at a grocery store to get some whiskey, and alarmed at the woebegone appearance of the storekeeper, asked him what was the matter. 'Do you see that man sitting in the back shop?' said the other. 'He's the sheriff, and has attached all my goods.' He then went on to tell his other misfortunes, ending with the story of his wife having run away the day before with another man, but presently wiped his eyes, and with a smile of sweet recollection said: 'I don't know, though, as I have any right to complain — I've done pretty well on the whole since I came to this settlement.' Comment is needless.

There, my dear boy, I hope you have not begun to thank your stars I don't write oftener, since I write at such length. I wanted to give you a report of my mental condition, I have done so more or less, and trust you will respect the affection and confidence which dictated it. I'd rather my father should not see it. Use your own judgment about showing it to Harry. I leave here in a month or so for Heidelberg. Get my address from Harry whenever you write. And for God's sake do so again before too long. I got a letter in Teplitz from Miss Fanny Dixwell which was a great godsend. Please remember me to all your family, and believe me thy friend

WM. JAMES

As is intimated in this letter, James's affection for Holmes was not untroubled. He felt a certain constraint in his presence, which was perhaps due at bottom to a difference of emotional 'wave length.' James would let himself go, and then recoil when he felt that the circuit was not completed. He was more impulsive, headlong, self-forgetful — Holmes more firmly resolute and self-contained, as well as more ironical. James was sometimes led by this ex-

perience to attribute a certain hardness and self-seeking to Holmes. The latter is said to have remarked of another of his friends, 'I'm afraid Brandeis has the crusading spirit. He talks like one of those upward-and-onward fellows.' So did James, and he never wholly relished the air of flippancy or dry cynicism with which Holmes masked his own service of mankind. After James's return from Europe, Holmes continued to be a familiar intimate of the James household. 'W. Holmes rings the bell as usual at eight and one-half o'clock on Saturday evenings, and we are all falling into our old ways,' wrote the elder Mrs. James to her son Henry. But James was constantly baffled by him — found him 'composed of at least two and a half distinct human beings.'

That there was something about Holmes's very adherence to his chosen task which was appalling to the other members of the James family, as well as to William, will be seen in this paragraph from a letter written to Henry James by his mother in 1873: 'Wendell Holmes dined with us a few days ago. His whole life, soul and body, is utterly absorbed in his *last* work upon his Kent. He carries about his manuscript in his green bag and never loses sight of it for a moment. He started to go to Will's room to wash his hands, but came back for his bag, and when we went to dinner, Will said, "Don't you want to take your bag with you?" He said, "Yes, I always do so at home." His pallid face, and this fearful grip up-

on his work, makes him a melancholy sight.'

As time went on there was a weakening of the philosophical bond that united the two men. Already, as early as 1868, James had felt that their divergent specialization had seriously diminished their community of interest. He had remarked to Ward that 'the mystery of the *Total* is a rather empty platform to be the only one to meet a man on.' And even within the field of this common interest there was a profound difference which was bound to widen with the years. James and Holmes had been drawn together chiefly through their common negations and defiances, and through their participation in the common problems of youthful emancipation. When James recovered from his weakness he recovered from his doubts; sensationalism and utilitarianism, as is clearly to be seen in all of his momentary avowals of them, were never more than a counsel of desperation. As he grew more constructive and speculative, as his beliefs multiplied, he traveled farther and farther from that crossroads where he and Holmes had met. The latter never lost his philosophical interest, and when James became a writer of books Holmes read them and sent his comment. But he could rarely agree on any point of doctrine. The two men were divided, morally and metaphysically. Their deepest and most durable bond was that 'physical relish' for one another's 'wit and wisdom' to which James had alluded in his youthful confession.

FLOWERS FOR MR. FISCHER

BY GERTRUDE SCOTT

I

MR. FISCHER loved to dictate. He frequently paused for little manœuvres of the mouth, as though smacking his lips over each delicious word.

'Date this yesterday, Miss Martin. Now! Called and offered the subject the facilities of our bank.'

Mr. Fischer would not have admitted how much he enjoyed this transfer of thought to his secretary's notebook. He would have insisted it was to increase her speed that he talked just a trifle faster than lumpy, spectacled Miss Martin could write. He would have denied it was soothing to distill 'Hezout!' into 'Very cordial reception by Mr. Brown's secretary.'

And he would never have acknowledged that this hour of authority was an ivory tower high above these humiliating truths: Mr. Fischer was forty-five, titleless, and earning an income well within the limits of the shorter tax form.

For the last two of these facts Mr. Fischer would have claimed no more responsibility than for the first. During the past few years the pattern of his thoughts had become grooved in his mind, a network of grievances. He was not fairly paid. He was not recognized as a man of ability. His college degree, intelligence, and superior background were ignored. Circumstances, the depression, the officers, of course, — not he, — were at fault. And at least

Mr. Fischer could assure himself he had never stooped to play politics.

A page laid a half sheet of onionskin on his desk. Mr. Fischer said to Miss Martin, 'That will be all for the present,' and pulled the small slippery piece of paper toward him. It was a memorandum from Mr. Frey, Vice President.

To Mr. Fischer, New Business Department:

To-day ran into Captain Steele, President-Treasurer, American Cotton Company, commission agents, who states their business is very inactive and they have at present large sums in their various banks. The writer, having been friendly years ago with Captain Steele's father and having been soliciting this account for some time, asked why he did not favor us with some of their surplus funds and he said he had often considered favoring us and this seemed an opportune time and told the writer he would call at an early date and favor us with an account.

Will keep you advised.

Mr. Fischer rang for the page and requested the file of the American Cotton Company. He had not known Mr. Frey was soliciting the account. He himself had been calling on Captain Steele for two years.

'Thank you.' He accepted the folder and leafed through it without finding any record of Mr. Frey's calls. His own memoranda were in the new-business section, at least a dozen, at regular three-month intervals. Per-

haps — he bit his underlip — perhaps he should go right up there this morning. He had worked hard on this account. There must be no question of losing out on the credit. First he had better speak to Mr. Frey.

Mr. Frey, stout, elderly, his head set stemless on his shoulders, was manicuring under cover of an open drawer.

'Well?' he inquired, laying aside his penknife.

Mr. Fischer squirmed into a comfortable position and said, 'I see you called on Captain Steele.'

'I ran into him over at the Rathskeller. He's going to give us a nice account.'

'Did you know,' Mr. Fischer hesitated, 'I had been calling on him for the last two years?'

'You did n't do no harm, did you?'

'Certainly not!' said Mr. Fischer, quickly.

'Well then,' said Mr. Frey curiously, 'what's troubling you?'

Mr. Fischer plucked at his vest buttons. 'I thought it might be a good idea,' he said finally, 'for me to stop in and see the Captain.'

'What good'll that do?'

'Just to remind him.'

'He's promised us.'

'What I mean is, he may think just because he's made a promise that's all there is to it. In other words —' Mr. Fischer paused, fishing in his mind.

Mr. Frey smiled without opening his mouth and, rocking gently, said, 'I'll take Captain Steele's word any day.' He nodded his head and repeated, 'Yes, sir, I'd take his word any day.'

'But if I went up to see him,' Mr. Fischer leaned forward, 'and took the papers, the cards and resolution, he might do something for us right away.' He winked confidentially. 'Does no harm to check up on these fellows, you know.'

Mr. Frey said tartly, 'You'll not

check up on him! He's too busy a man to see every traveling salesman that happens up the pike. Now you stay away from him.' He added, 'How many times've you actually got to see Captain Steele in these two years you say you been calling on him?'

'He's usually out,' said Mr. Fischer with dignity, 'but his secretary always sees me. She's a very bright girl and —'

'Course she is! That's the reason you never get to see the Captain. She's smart, that girl.'

'But —'

'Fiddlesticks.' He turned to his secretary. 'Call the chiropodist, Miss Camoys.' He wrinkled his nose and sniffed. 'Stop fussing. Say I'll be there at one. Ever have any trouble with your feet, Fischer? This fellow's a wizard. I tell you, m' boy, when you leave him your feet are working like wheels.'

'Thanks,' said Mr. Fischer, rising stiffly, 'mine are perfectly satisfactory.'

He returned to his desk. 'Who turned off this fan?'

'I'm not going to sit under any electric fan and catch pneumonia,' his secretary protested. 'It's enough to —'

'I'm going out now,' Mr. Fischer said, not listening. 'Be back at the usual time.'

II

In the locker room, Mr. Fischer removed his coat, brushed little snowflakes of dandruff from the collar, and, wetting his pocket comb, parted and smoothed his hair, which surrounded his small baldness as woods about a lake. He went through these slight ceremonies rather pettishly. Did Mr. Frey consider himself the new-business man? Did he actually believe he could prevent Mr. Fischer from calling where he chose? Being alone, he carefully examined his round pale face and

scratched cautiously at a tiny bulge over his drooping mouth — zinc ointment. He slipped on his coat and, taking his hat, walked out into the lobby.

He paused as he passed his desk, where Miss Martin and two other girls were discreetly comparing hose. 'Only seventy-nine cents,' he heard in an ecstatic whisper. 'Oh, and so sheer! Where?' 'Wholesale, near Philadelphia.' They scattered like chickens as he approached. Mr. Fischer glanced quickly at Mr. Frey, who was telephoning, holding the French mouth-piece gingerly from him, then hurriedly opened his centre drawer and withdrew two folded resolutions and signature cards. He placed these in his inner pocket and left the bank, pulling on his gray gloves.

He walked to the corner opposite City Hall and turned up Broadway, with its pompous dowdy buildings and lurching trolleys. A pleasant day — they were few enough. In the summer the tar melted at the crossings and clung to his shoes. In the winter the wind galloped up from the Hudson and sent him scurrying for his hat. But this was spring. A pushcart piled with cinder-specked jonquils — 'Daffs 5¢' read the sign — stood at the curb. Was it true they came from the undertakers? He supposed not.

Pipey, the tobacconist's advertising pony, with the huge meerschaum strapped to his back, loitered near the sidewalk, his keeper close by to ward off sugar donors. He worried constantly over Pipey's catching diabetes. Mr. Fischer considered it great sport to slip sweets to the little pony when the keeper was n't looking, and he reminded himself to have a lump of sugar for Pipey on his return.

As a rule, Mr. Fischer had his morning's calls carefully mapped out. But to-day, he apologized to himself, he had been too ruffled to form plans. He

could turn back to Barclay Street, and see some of the church bookstores. But what was the use until offerings picked up? That young attorney who had rented a safe-deposit box yesterday might be a prospect, though he doubted it. Lawyers were busy now, but it was all work and no pay.

Or, he could call on Captain Steele. Mr. Fischer presented himself with this suggestion quite casually, as if it had popped into his mind by the merest accident. He was in the neighborhood, with time on his hands. Why should n't he call?

At Pearl Street he turned toward the river.

The American Cotton Company occupied a sprawling five-story brownstone, generously carved with Victorian whimsy. Mr. Fischer stepped out into the street, around a loading truck, mounted the hollowed stoop, and entered through the double doors. A small wooden cage bounced him to the offices on the third floor.

The private offices of the officials, formed by partitioning off the space about the windows, were at the front of the floor-length room. Mr. Fischer picked his way through scratched pine desks, billing machines with long trains of white paper, chattering girls with celluloid cuffs, and paused at a door, half ajar, marked 'President.'

A young woman with long eyebrows that met across her forehead, who wore a hand-knitted suit, sat at the desk, before her a checkbook and a neat stack of bills. She looked up, quickly tapped her cheek, and, after a second's hesitation, said, 'Oh, Mr. Fischer! Good morning. I suppose Mr. Frey asked you to come up.'

Mr. Fischer, who had removed his hat, bowed slightly and said, 'Good morning, Miss Anderson.'

She rose, deftly scooping the bills beneath the book, and said, 'Come in, won't you? Sit down. I suppose Mr.

Frey has told you Captain is going to give you an account.'

'Yes, he mentioned it,' said Mr. Fischer, smiling.

'Captain is very glad to do it,' said Miss Anderson. 'His father and Mr. Frey were friends for years.' She laughed. 'I think they used to do Niblo's Gardens together in the old days.'

'From what I've heard of Niblo and his Gardens, that was a real basis for friendship.'

They both laughed.

'But what's necessary, Mr. Fischer?' she asked. 'I suppose there are papers to be signed. Must Captain go down to the bank?'

Mr. Fischer considered. 'No, that won't be necessary. I'll leave the blank papers and you can mail them in with the check.'

'Perhaps we could fill them out while you wait. Then you could look them over and make sure they're all right.'

'I'd be glad to,' said Mr. Fischer, 'but I'll have to have a resolution authorizing the signatures.'

'This will be a good time, then; I think everybody's in.'

She took the papers, glanced over them rapidly, then, nodding, opened the door to the next office. 'I'll be out in a minute.'

Mr. Fischer sat down, sliding the chair out of the sun. He brushed the dust from his hat, laid it on the telephone stand, and picked the morning paper from the basket. He wondered if Miss Anderson would give him the check. Very nice if she did. But why could n't Captain Steele come out and speak to him? It would n't cost him anything. He crumpled his lips peevishly, shook out the newspaper and glanced through it, reading as the headlines caught his fancy.

'I think you'll find these in order,' said Miss Anderson, coming out of the

inner office. She handed him the signed papers and a check.

Mr. Fischer examined them carefully, and made the entry in the pass-book — \$25,000.

'We're going to use this as a surplus-funds account,' she explained. 'There'll be no checks against it, and only a few deposits.'

'I'll send you a checkbook anyway,' Mr. Fischer promised. 'Will you tell Captain Steele how much we appreciate this, and if he wants to borrow any money, tell him to be sure and let me know.'

'If he did, he would n't be opening this account,' she said, smiling, 'but I'll give him your message.'

III

Mr. Fischer, after several polite good-byes, again made his way through the clutter of clerks and machines and left the building, much pleased. Mr. Frey, of course, would probably strike an unreasonable attitude, but nevertheless it was a very nice piece of business. He congratulated himself. He must have a milkshake on his success. In the drugstore he ordered and sipped his drink quickly, filching a lump of sugar for Pipey, whom he spied outside. He paid his check and left, walking out to the curb.

'Beautiful morning,' he remarked to the watchful keeper, who jerked his head gloomily.

'And how is Pipey to-day?' Mr. Fischer asked, patting the little pony's back.

'Not very good. He gets so much sugar I don't know what I'm going to do.'

'Oh, that won't hurt him.'

Mr. Fischer edged his hand innocently toward Pipey's head, patting as he went along.

'I have a friend who's a milkman,' the keeper went on. 'What a time

he has! He's right on a school street.'

He rested his elbows on the pipe bowl and stared morosely across Broadway. Mr. Fischer slid his hand quickly over Pipey's head and slipped the lump into his mouth.

'But at least he can tell 'em to stop,' the keeper continued with a vicious look at Mr. Fischer's back. 'Now with me, the boss won't let me say a word. Everybody's a pipe prospect, he says!'

'Oh, I would n't let it bother me,' said Mr. Fischer good-humoredly. He nodded good-bye and turned off Broadway to the bank.

At his desk once more, Mr. Fischer pounced upon the slight accumulation of the morning, the blurred carbon announcement of an A. I. B. banquet and a circular on German reichsmarks. The one he placed beneath a paper-weight for reply when Miss Martin returned from her lunch, the other he checked without reading and tossed into the file basket. Then from his drawer he took a pad of forms headed 'New Account Sheet' and in his careful cramped writing, laborious as drawing, he wrote at the top, 'American Cotton Company,' following it with the address, the amount of the check, and the clearinghouse number of the bank on which it was drawn. At the space marked 'Introduced by,' Mr. Fischer paused and, sucking in his lower lip, bit it with a silky *s-s* sound.

'Why did n't you tell me you were going up there?'

At Mr. Frey's mild question, Mr. Fischer concentrated even more intently upon the half-filled new-account sheet. Mr. Frey rose, and with his eyes slanted toward his feet, an old habit when in motion, stepped across the platform. Resting his hands on the arm supports, he slid easily into the chair at Mr. Fischer's desk.

'I say, why did n't you tell me you were going up there?' He gripped his

nose between thumb and forefinger, shaking his head, and looked squarely at Mr. Fischer.

Mumbling that it was stuffy, Mr. Fischer reached up and turned on the electric fan, then said, 'How'd you know I was there?'

'Captain phoned me.' Mr. Frey closed his lips firmly.

'Oh.'

'If you'd told me I'd have gone, too. Then you could have met the Captain.' He tugged at his nose. 'How'd you happen to go up?' He asked the question with a sort of bewildered curiosity.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mr. Fischer, looking down at his hands. 'I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd drop in.'

'Well, I wish you'd stayed away,' said Mr. Frey. He added kindly, 'That's no way to do business, m' boy. You can't go running after people as if they were pushcart peddlers and would n't be there the next day. Give 'em time!'

Mr. Fischer said obstinately, 'I don't know about that. A promise comes easy. They say they'll do something and then they forget. This way we're sure.'

'The other way we were sure, too,' said Mr. Frey gently.

'That may be so,' said Mr. Fischer, 'but I'm working for the bank and I can't afford to take chances.'

'I know Captain would have been down here within the week. And if he had n't been we could have phoned him.'

Mr. Fischer said doggedly, 'When I've been soliciting an account for two years, I'm not going to take any chances.'

Mr. Frey opened his mouth and exhaled huskily. 'You waited two years. You could have waited a week.' He pulled himself out of the chair and walked haltingly to the window. In

the frank northern light his jaunty striped shirt, his pin-dot tie and buff tweeds, accented the unhealthy saffron of his skin and the shriveling of his chubby figure. 'Yes,' he repeated, 'you could have waited a week.'

He stood there, twisting his head to see the sky, mumbling that his feet hurt, it was going to rain. Mr. Fischer watched him with the patronizing sympathy of a younger man, hoping that he would forget now about the Captain, congratulating himself upon winning their little skirmish. A nice piece of business. He was really quite happy about it.

Mr. Frey turned and, with his meandering gait, circled Mr. Fischer's desk. He stood facing him, switching on and off the bulb which lighted the little bronze sign, 'New Accounts.'

'Remind me sometime,' he said with unusual garrulousness, 'to tell you a favorite story of mine, the story of two hunters, in Africa. I think you might find it interesting.'

'Oh, yes, I would — *now*, in fact,' said Mr. Fischer, who hoarded wit in a pocket notebook.

'It's a very simple story,' Mr. Frey went on in his high, cawing tones. 'One day one of the hunters tracked down a lion. His only weapon was a stick, with which he tapped the lion. The lion fell dead.'

Believing it time to laugh, Mr. Frey opened his mouth and made thin forced sounds of amusement.

'That's all there is to the story, really,' Mr. Frey said apologetically, 'except that standing behind the hunter was his friend, with a gun.'

Although puzzled, Mr. Fischer again laughed appreciatively, and Mr. Frey, giving the little sign a final emphatic twitch, turned and walked slowly from the platform toward the locker room, his gnarled old feet in their bright tan shoes carrying him closer and closer to the homely peace of the chiropodist's.

Mr. Fischer shifted the new-account sheet and opposite the words 'Introduced by' wrote his own initials. He rang for the page, asking her to deliver the deposit ticket and check to the rack, and he made a pencil memo on his calendar: 'Checks — A. C. Co.' The cards and resolution he placed in his lowest drawer, and to the slight pile of pending dictation beneath the paperweight he added the new-account sheet.

As he performed these details, Mr. Fischer's mind, only briefly diverted by the excitement of his new account, slipped into its accustomed pattern. Around and around spun his thoughts, the thoughts of this morning, yesterday, and last year. He deserved a title. He was underpaid. He was overworked. He was unrecognized. He was a victim of the depression. He had fooled the pony's keeper.

Around and around, like a toy train under a Christmas tree, whirled Mr. Fischer's little thoughts.

A REALIST LOOKS AT ETHIOPIA

BY CARLETON S. COON

I

THE ambitions of Italy to build up an empire in East Africa were evident even to such a casual visitor as I was.

My reasons for being in Addis Ababa were strictly scientific, but if one is to do scientific work in a country like Ethiopia one needs permits. In order to obtain them some observation of local politics is necessary, and while waiting for such permits the daily events in a strange city cannot pass unnoticed. In Ethiopia there is a normal, permanent tension between the native inhabitants and all whites; but toward Italy this latent animosity was already in 1933 flaring into the dangerous hatred which it has since become.

By November 1933, mutual murders had begun. There was no lack of incidents of Ethiopian aggression. For example, one member of the Italian service, while on caravan in the western part of the country, had already been assassinated, presumably for being a spy. His son and daughter, attractive young people in their early twenties, were considered martyrs and heroes by the rest of the Italian colony. In citing his list of provocative acts perpetrated by Ethiopians, Mussolini has no need to resort to his imagination. Citizens of other nations, notably Americans and Frenchmen, have also suffered, but their countries have been content to make formal protests. It is Italy's place, apparently, to avenge the grow-

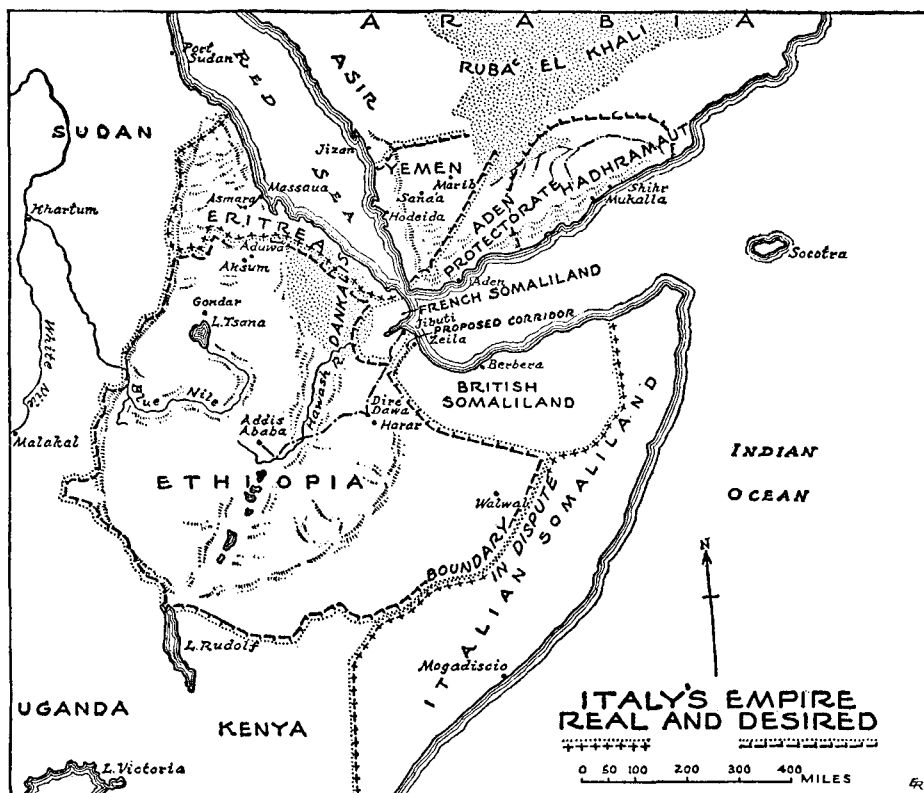
ing xenophobia which Haile Selassie seems unable to control, despite his seven-o'clock curfew law in Addis Ababa, and despite his efforts to prevent white men, when possible, from traveling about the country.

Italy has other excuses than incidents of aggression to bolster up her case against Ethiopia. Chief among them is her oft-repeated intention to civilize Ethiopia, just as the Roman ancestors of the Italians conquered and civilized Britain. The Britons in those days were wont to paint themselves blue, as do the Southern Arabs to-day, while the Ethiopians delight, upon ceremonial occasions, in the consumption of raw meat and the acquisition of tapeworms. The idea of civilizing people who already have an ancient culture is perhaps a noble one, but we must hope that Italy does not follow the policy which she instituted in Libia. The ultimate result of such practices may be an increase in civilization, but the immediate result is nausea. Italy's best excuse is her intention to uproot the Ethiopian institution of slavery, which definitely deserves destruction; but if all Ethiopian slaves were offered freedom from their masters at the price of political domination by Italians, few if any would be willing to change their form of servitude.

As I have already indicated, Italian designs on Ethiopia's political integrity were, as far back as the fall of 1933, be-

coming increasingly obvious. The most evident external sign of this was the presence in the Ethiopian capital of numerous horsemen, Eritreans by birth, dressed in well-cut khaki uniforms, and crowned with high red fezzes surmounted by elegant pheasant plumes. These horsemen rode about fully armed, de-

their nation fluttering over the front fenders. In addition to this, however, the ministerial coach was usually preceded by a troop of lancers clattering down the street, kicking up clouds of dust into the envoy's proudly arched nostrils. The sight of these gayly caparisoned troopers aroused the mirth



living messages for the Italian Legation and running its errands. It was impossible to go out upon the street without seeing at least one of them, and their presence was a constant psychological affront to Ethiopians. An innocent stranger newly arrived in Addis Ababa, and seeing these ornate messenger boys for the first time, might well imagine them to be some crack corps of native police.

Like the representatives of other countries, the Italian minister and his aides rode about in cars with the flag of

of a sporting member of the Addis Ababa foreign colony, who in derision dressed his two grooms as bellboys, with a double row of brass buttons running down the front of each tunic and with tiny pillbox caps perched on their fuzzy craniums.

II

At this point one may ask, what is all the fuss about? Why should a sane European nation wish to pick a fight with Ethiopia?

The economic position of Italy is well known. Mussolini's success in building up both industry and agriculture is admired by most of the world. The need of resources, then, is one potent reason; population pressure increased by Mussolini's distaste for 'gymnastic love,' as well as by the closing of the American gates, is a strong second. Ethiopia, from the European point of view, is a sparsely settled country, and her highlands are no hotter than summertime in Sicily. The third reason is the one which leads a calm observer to suspect that Italy may not be entirely sane, for it is purely an emotional one. It is revenge for Aduwa. The picture of Italy's cherished thousands lying on that hot and gory field, their emasculated corpses the prey of kites, is one that is firmly engraved in the Italian imagination.

Spain, after four hundred years, was ready to avenge herself upon the Moors in the persons of the Riffians. Why, then, should not Italy seek revenge after forty? 'We Italians have always defeated the black races in battle,' says Mussolini, with accuracy sometimes characteristic of the contemporary historian. The Ethiopians, recalling their only important combat with Italian troops, hold an opposite opinion.

In justice to Italy it must be said that all of the great colonizing powers have taken their extra-Continental territories with as flimsy excuses as those which Italy now broadcasts, if not flimsier. Old Menelik himself needed no justification to conquer the Gallas, Somalis, and Shankallas. All that Italy now lacks is a Kipling to glorify her rapacity. The chief trouble is, however, that Italy has begun fifty years too late; the civilized world is becoming decadent, for it now has developed what one may hesitantly call a conscience.

Two years ago Italy's ambitions in Ethiopia were, without doubt, well

formulated, and everyone was aware of their existence; but they could not have crystallized in their present form because Italy had not, at that time, given up her ambition to turn the Red Sea into a Mare Nostrum. At that time Italian agents in the Yemen were leading the Imam about by the nose, a procedure his pious Majesty found most distasteful but highly unavoidable, since he needed their guns sorely, though he bitterly resented their intrusion into his private affairs. In the summer of 1934, however, after the Imam's abortive war with Ibn Saud had flickered out and after King Abd el Aziz, with the backing of the British, had taken over the Yemen in a mild sort of protectorate, Mussolini's agents were forced to leave Sana'a, while the British, from behind the scenes in Aden, emitted vigorous cheers.

The Italians wanted control of the Yemen, and almost obtained it; at the same time they wished to extend their influence into the Hadhramaut, which lies just across the Gulf of Aden from the eastern tip of Italian Somaliland. To the notion of Italian interference in the Hadhramaut the British were inalterably opposed; the brief sojourn of one hardy Italian in Mukalla, whence he was speedily ejected by the minions of the local Sultan, aroused much talk of espionage and provocation.

Having lost out to Ibn Saud, and incidentally to King George, in their attempt to control the Yemen; having been warned off the turf in the Hadhramaut, the Italians saw, by the fall of 1934, that the eastern half of their projected Red Sea Empire had been definitely withdrawn from their grasp. This left the African half open for them; here they could concentrate their attempts at the building of empire, and their ante-bellum campaign against the Lion of Judah had then its definite inception. Few persons other than diplomats realize the importance of this

abortive Arabian interlude in the formation of Italian policy.

Even before this it was rumored in Addis Ababa that England and France had agreed to let Italy step in, partly as a means of blocking Japanese commercial ambitions in the Red Sea region, and partly as a sop to keep Mussolini from making trouble elsewhere. France has hundreds of thousands of Italian subjects in North Africa, and nothing would delight Mussolini more than to control Tunisia and Morocco, if not Algeria. England has hundreds of thousands of idle spindles in Lancashire, and to replace Japanese sheeting, from which almost all Ethiopian costumes are made, with stouter but more expensive British cloth would bring a smile to John Bull's face. The Japanese angle of the situation is one of extreme importance, and one which, for various reasons, has not been overemphasized.

So far the Italian colonies in Africa are largely desert, and Italy has no colonies anywhere else. Only in Cyrenaica, where the indigenous farmers are already as thickly settled as the land will permit, has she acquired good agricultural land. In contrast with Libia, Eritrea, and Italian Somaliland, the rich, green meadows of Ethiopia, high and cool, are infinitely desirable. Here olive oil would replace Galla butter, spaghetti would nourish a civilization which *teff* (native cereal) failed to stimulate, and the axe and fagots would shatter in pieces the slender and more graceful spear.

III

Through the winter and spring of 1934-1935, the world was not allowed to ignore Italy's preparations for war in Ethiopia. At first France and England were ominously impassive, but, with the arrival of Italian troops in Eritrea, England began to take action, for it is now her desire to prevent a war

if possible. She has given up the idea of financing the Lake Tsana dam, over which American engineers struggled so mightily; and this renunciation is a tacit admission that trouble appears inevitable.

Furthermore, much to the amazement of newspaper readers in June of this year, a British envoy offered to give Ethiopia an outlet to the sea through British Somaliland, in compensation for proposed concessions to Italy on the part of Ethiopia. The House of Commons rose as one to protest. This was plainly against all British traditions. But the envoy was authorized by his government to make the proposal, and the envoy was unquestionably months ahead of the members of Parliament in his knowledge of the situation. England has never been known to give land away willingly, and why she has become so eager to preserve peace, when two years ago she was apparently reconciled to an Italian conquest of Ethiopia, her diplomats will probably not reveal until after the Italian-Ethiopian episode has become history — if they ever do reveal it.

Nevertheless there is no harm in guessing, and many will probably guess the same answer. The first and most obvious conclusion is that England is no longer sure that Italy will win — or, at least, win easily. Conditions in Europe are shakier than they were two years ago. There are Hitler and the Hapsburgs. There are the Balkans.

Italy cannot afford to leave her own borders unguarded, and cannot divert her entire strength to the conquest of Ethiopia. If Italy, through necessary caution or actual defeat, suffers a second Aduwa, her prestige as a world power will suffer immensely; furthermore the tenuous prestige of white men in all of Negroid Africa will sink to so low a level that black men will no longer come running with newly shined

boots or whiskey and soda at a snap of the fingers; and even in some of England's territories, especially in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where Britons admittedly suffered their one defeat at the hands of black men, centres of revolt, born of new confidence, may conceivably arise.

Even if, in the event of an Ethiopian victory, none of King George's subjects or protégés rebel, a puffed Ethiopia, crazed with victory and entirely out of the control of the intelligent and peace-loving Hailie Selassie, might strive to extend Menelik's empire by invading British territory. In many parts of Africa, and especially in the Sudan, the white man holds his supremacy by a very narrow margin, and thousands of Negroes and Negroids over large areas are administered by single Europeans. Obviously these Europeans do not rule by physical strength alone, nor by superior armament. They rule because they personify a threat, that if their charges do not obey them other white men with terrifying weapons will arrive in swarms to avenge their kinsmen.

A victory of Ethiopia over Italy would destroy the notion that all European powers can necessarily defeat all Africans. It would destroy the conviction of the inevitability of white vengeance. Unless the administration of the purely native parts of Africa is to become more expensive than the returns warrant, the belief in this inevitability must be maintained.

Any reasonable person will admit that England could, if she so desired, conquer Ethiopia, but few now feel the same regarding Italy. Italy may well have the advantage, but the outcome is not inevitable. The Italians are not used to colonial wars in the British sense. There is no great North-west Frontier tradition in their heritage. They conquered Libia, but to do so was costly, and the conquest involved butchery rather than strategy. It is

one thing to drive tanks, armed with machine guns, across flat desert; it is another to make them climb cliffs and dart gracefully down precipices. Mountains, ravines, bogs, deserts, deep river canyons, poisoned wells, heat, and distance all stand against Italy, not to mention men. Italians must bring with them their food and most of their water. The Ethiopians carry nothing but cartridges and a pouch of grain. Living off the country may prevent large concentrations, but it greatly increases mobility. Italians receive a few months of training in broken-country fighting; Ethiopians have been fighting that way all their lives.

IV

Although I would not trade one Riffian for ten Ethiopians, it may not be out of place to compare the Rif of 1922 with the Ethiopia of 1935. Roughly speaking, the Rif was to Spain as Ethiopia is to Italy, in numbers, in resources, and in degree of modern training. The Riffians fought in much the same way as the Ethiopians do, except that they were even more individualists and less given to mass emotion. They inspired terror by practices basically similar to those of Ethiopians. All of the Riffian munitions were either captured or smuggled, mostly captured; the leadership in their army was almost entirely native; they had possessed no national unity before the struggle; and yet the forces of the King of Spain melted before them, and disappeared with a splash into the sea. The Rif was free, the Christian vanquished, and the Riffians would have remained free had not the French stepped in. Even with the whole strength of the French army against them, they did not yield to the superiority of modern mechanism until 1926.

The one thing that raised havoc with the Riffians, and ensured their eventual

defeat, was the airplane. In 1935 the airplane is an even more effective arm of offense than it was in 1926. Italy has one of the best air forces in existence; Ethiopia has, or had, the most photographed single plane in the world. Italy could easily blow up Addis Ababa, but Addis Ababa is not, for the most part, worth blowing up. A new capital of straw *tukuls* could soon be erected elsewhere, and, with the railroad destroyed as the first overt act, the city would be isolated in any case. The airplane, then, could prevent concentrations, but it could destroy nothing of irreparable value except the railroad. It could knock down churches at Gondar and Axum, and it could maim a few thousands of women and children as it did in the Rif; but maiming women does not defeat a nation.

In the United States much sympathy has been aroused for the plight of Ethiopia. This is felt especially by the American Negroes, whose concern is most accurately voiced by the very articulate burghers of Harlem. Let our Negroes remember, however, that the Ethiopians do not consider themselves to be Negroes; that the Ethiopians have always discouraged, and often illtreated, American Negroes in Ethiopia; and that the Ethiopians hold in bondage thousands of persons blacker than themselves. Then let our Harlemites glance at any of the current portraits of Hailie Selassie, who is far from being a Negro. If the Harlemites do all of these things, their enthusiasm must seem, upon reflection, a hollow and groundless form of idealism, based entirely on misconceptions. They are

much better off on the island of Manhattan, where they can throw bricks at an occasional Italian who probably has no use for Mussolini, than in Ethiopia, where, if the Italians do not kill them or at least make their lives miserable, the Ethiopians will.

It is rather difficult to imagine what England would do in the event of an Ethiopian victory. But one thing is comparatively certain, that she would not sit back and see Hailie Selassie disregarded, the Ethiopians running rampant over East Africa, and her own colonies jeopardized. Either England will follow the rôle of France in the Rif, and take and be obliged to keep land which she does not particularly want, — otherwise she would have had it already, — or she will, before the climax, find some means of ejecting Ethiopia from the League of Nations, and, with the consent if not the help of France, step in and help Italy.

At this stage of the game it would be foolish to predict the outcome of a purely Italo-Ethiopian conflict, if such a conflict is really to develop. Italy has many advantages, but they are mostly things that can be bought with lire, and lire are not inexhaustible. Ethiopia's advantages are of the earth, which cannot be bought, and of men, who in the present crisis are probably not for sale, although one cannot be too sure even of this. Ethiopia's greatest advantage is the memory of the battle of Aduwa, which her bards and artists never permit the victors to forget. Sensitive Latin flesh quivers at the thought of emasculation, and the Ethiopians still wield the bloody knife.

ARTHUR LEE, THE VOLUNTEER DIPLOMAT

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

I

THE Declaration of Independence put a new face upon American negotiations with European powers. Until July 4, 1776, there had been no independent nation. All the time that Arthur Lee had been intriguing with Beaumarchais, his country was still nominally acknowledging British sovereignty; naturally colonies had no claim to diplomatic standing. In March 1776, Congress appointed Silas Deane business agent at Paris; but he was not entrusted with formal diplomatic powers.

The Declaration, however, — at least this was the American pretension, — transformed thirteen dependent provinces into so many independent sovereign states. Their relationship to foreign powers now became a matter of legitimate importance, and something in the nature of a diplomatic corps became essential. Certain leaders in Congress even then regarded American envoys as hardly desirable. What could such emissaries accomplish? To send ministers to the great capitals of Europe, with no assurance that they would be hospitably received, — gentlemen who would trudge wearily from door to door, only to have the doors more or less politely slammed in their faces, — such adventures, it was urged, were unnecessarily foolish and humiliating. 'Militia diplomacy' John Adams called such representation, evidently having in mind its amateur and volunteer character, as contrasted with the

efficiency of a regular establishment. To Franklin also the proposal seemed revolting. 'I have not yet changed the opinion I gave in Congress,' Franklin wrote Arthur Lee on March 21, 1777, 'that a virgin state should preserve its virgin character and not go about suit-ering for alliances, but wait in decent dignity for the applications of others. I was overruled; perhaps for the best.'

At the time Franklin wrote this protest he was himself a 'militia' diplomat, head of the American Commission in Paris, and Arthur Lee was sojourning in Vitoria, Spain, engaged in one of the amateur excursions which the philosopher so disapproved. However, the 'militia' character of outposts at France and Spain did not utterly besmirch the 'virgin' purity of the new United States. Both of these nations had already made half-shamefaced approaches to America. At the time of Franklin's letter their subsidies amounted to 4,000,000 livres; cannon, mortars, and powder were being stealthily removed at nighttime from His Most Christian Majesty's arsenals, whence they were transported to French harbors and loaded on ships that presently cleared for parts unknown. Gifts like these might make the most maidenly country suspect that she was an object of interest to distinguished 'suiters.' The love affair embellished by these sumptuous gifts was an illicit one, yet it manifestly gave promise of some-

thing ultimately more regular and aboveboard. When, in October 1776, the American Commission to France was appointed, with Franklin as head and Silas Deane and Arthur Lee as his associates, Poor Richard evidently saw no reason for not accepting. At his first meeting with Arthur, however, he expressed surprise that his former deputy in the Massachusetts agency should surrender an excellent position in London and identify his lot with Revolutionists.

'You are making a great sacrifice,' said the prudent Benjamin. 'Your employment here is only temporary. When this war is over you will be left without establishment. You will be proscribed in England.'

Lee thanked him for his consideration, but was determined to go on.

That the embassy to France rested on more substantial grounds than contemplated missions to other powers presently appeared, for the three men were cordially received by Vergennes, the Foreign Minister, assured the protection of France, and promised a new gift of 2,000,000 livres — which was duly handed over in installments. The stipulations surrounding this subsidy made it clear that Franco-American friendship still continued on a back-alley basis. 'Such was the King's generosity,' the Commissioners wrote Congress, 'he exacted no condition or promise of repayment. He only required that we should not speak to anyone of our having received their aid.' At the first meeting with Vergennes, Arthur especially was most cordially greeted. 'Yes,' said the Minister, with a smile, 'I have heard much of Dr. Lee.' Figaro's correspondence of the preceding months was clearly still in mind.

II

And now the question arose of approaching that other power which had

made friendly gestures in the direction of America. Besides being one of the Commissioners to France, Franklin found himself slightly embarrassed with similar credentials to Spain. The season was midwinter; Franklin was now seventy years old; his letters at this time are full of references to his increasing feebleness. Would not Lee undertake this journey in his stead? Arthur demurred. He had no authority from Congress to visit the Court of Madrid; certainly his usefulness in that capacity, doubtful at best, would be handicapped by this fact. Franklin insisted. He would write Congress, resigning the post to Madrid, and ask for Arthur Lee's appointment in his stead; meanwhile, in view of the pressing circumstances, he thought the Commissioners had power to make this change.

'I am really unable, through age,' Franklin wrote Arthur, 'to bear the fatigue and inconvenience of such a journey.' Lee has left a written record of his experiences — still in manuscript form; this indicates on every page that Franklin's apprehensions were well founded. In this journal one catches glimpses of the sturdy Virginian crossing the Pyrenees in his slow-going chaise, his servant following on horseback, traveling night and day, snatching such sleep as was possible in the jolting conveyance or in the shelter provided by that unprogressive country. There were no inns, even of rudimentary sort; now and then this primitive ambassador of a primitive nation found lodging in the second story of some barn, the ground floor having been preëmpted by horses, cows, hens, swine, rats, and other friendly companions. Arthur, always famous for his complaints, was not sparing of them on this occasion. The backwardness of the country and the dirtiness of the people made him groan. The noble Castilian, as a human being, he rated lower than the American Indian, and

further than this dispraise could not go. 'There is no accommodation for travelers,' he wrote, 'or the least attention shown them but by the fleas and other vermin who pay their compliments in troops.' The natives, however, 'are alert enough at demanding your money for their dirt and at picking and stealing.'

When the American reached Burgos, halfway to Madrid, another shock awaited him. The Spanish Ambassador in Paris had given him a passport to the Spanish capital, and letters of introduction to important officials there. But here was an impassioned plea from the Marquis Grimaldi not to advance beyond Burgos; that gentleman was himself on his way to the historic city and the negotiations must wait his arrival. Arthur did not appreciate the fact at the moment, but his peregrinations had caused little less than a panic in the Spanish Court. Spain was at war with Portugal over an obscure boundary dispute in La Plata, South America; England was Portugal's historic ally, and was displaying much interest in this dispute; that she might take a hand in the fray and send her mighty navy crashing on Spanish ports was a momentary fear in Madrid. The presence of Arthur Lee in the capital would probably give British statesmen the excuse for which they seemed to be searching.

Besides, the Declaration of Independence, which had increased French enthusiasm for the American cause, had had the contrary effect in Spain. Spanish statesmen feared — and developments amply justified their suspicions — that an independent Republic in North America would in due course be followed by similar political sovereignties in South America, with the result that the great Spanish Empire would materially shrink. Spain cared nothing for John Locke and 'the state of nature'; the minister who sent

this peremptory message to the bland Virginian innocently approaching his capital was that same Grimaldi who had written the letter to Vergennes envisaging in the War of Independence a kind of cockfight, in which, he said, it was to be hoped that both contestants would destroy each other. He was willing to give money to the Americans for this purpose, but for no other.

III

There was nothing of this in Grimaldi's manner when the two men met at Burgos. His greetings were marked by Latin warmth and sympathy. The whole Spanish Court was afire with zeal for the noble Americans! Underneath all this fervor, however, another emotion was distinctly perceptible — a desperate wish that the representative of Congress would speedily remove himself from Spanish soil. There were personal reasons involved, for Grimaldi's tenure of office was precarious; he had recently been elevated from marquis to duke, a promotion that usually heralded a statesman's sequestration to private life; in fact, soon after this meeting with Arthur Lee, Grimaldi did retire, for good, to Naples, and Arthur's appearance at Madrid would probably have resulted in bringing about this dismissal even earlier.

As these considerations seeped into the American's consciousness, he decided to turn them to diplomatic advantage. The trip to Madrid was not really essential, from the revolutionary point of view. Neither did Lee and his coworkers especially care at this time for recognition and a treaty with Spain. But this land that impressed the Potomac grandee so unfavorably could still be useful to the cause. It had large supplies of that powder and those muskets which keep constantly coming to the front as the prime necessities of transatlantic revolution. It

even had considerable supplies of cash; at this very moment one of those *flotas* that annually brought tribute from South America was crossing the ocean with treasure to the extent of \$40,000,000.

All these things the ragged Continentals sorely needed. They were far more important in American eyes than the international courtesies implied in recognition. True enough, when Grimaldi asked Señor Lee in what way Spain could best assist the Americans, there came murmurs of 'recognition,' but when the Duke replied that 'this was not the moment' the talk cheerfully passed to more tangible forms of friendship. 'You should consider in what way we can help without committing ourselves,' suggested Grimaldi.

And now another of those experts in illicit traffic who contributed so largely to American success steps on the scene, for Grimaldi had brought with him a merchant of Bilbao, son of the great mercantile house of Gardoqui, a firm already well known in Great Britain and America and showing great partiality for America. Gardoqui, indeed, fulfilled a rôle for Spain not dissimilar to that which Beaumarchais performed for France. He was a very different character, however, for he was a solid, matter-of-fact man of business; a gentleman, greatly admired by Americans, who afterward served Spain as minister to the finally recognized United States.

The first time Gardoqui came into association with the nation with which his career was to be so pleasantly identified was at this meeting of Grimaldi and Lee in March 1777. He came, at the instructions of the Catholic King, to discuss with Arthur the details of that aid which Charles III was only too anxious to give. At Grimaldi's request, Lee furnished Gardoqui with a list of the material then most needed. It was a queer assortment: 'large artillery, large anchors, coarse linens and

cloths, white and yellow metal buttons, needles and sewing thread, stockings, shoes and hats, tent cloth, sail cloth and cordage, gun locks, gunpowder muskets, bayonets, tin, copper, lead and "white iron." Both Grimaldi and Gardoqui promised Lee that shiploads of these articles would be presently embarked from Bilbao. Besides there were three thousand tons of powder at New Orleans; the Americans could have this any time they sent for it. At Havana also large supplies of war materials were at the disposition of Congress.

Arthur then suggested a new subject. The United States was building ships of war in Holland, for preying upon British commerce. A credit in Amsterdam to pay for these vessels would be most acceptable. America was also obtaining loans in Europe — or at least she hoped to do so; a credit to assist in meeting interest payments would lubricate these negotiations.

At this Grimaldi hesitated; it was a new idea; he would go back to Madrid and consult the king, and meet Señor Lee at Vitoria on the twelfth of March. He exacted only one promise: Arthur must not go to Madrid. British spies were everywhere; Arthur's presence would at once be reported to London and such a step would infuriate England and probably ruin the whole plot.

IV

So Arthur Lee philosophically spent a few quiet days at Burgos whiling away his time writing reports of his success to the Secret Committee and a memorial to the Spanish king. The latter Arthur composed in Spanish; it set forth the American situation and the reasons why Spain should accede to the Republican cause. It is quite reminiscent of the letters which Beaumarchais had written, in coöperation with Arthur, to Vergennes and Louis XVI. Those same threatening argu-

ments were again pressed into service. Spain also had great sugar islands in the West Indies — Cuba, San Domingo, Porto Rico, and many smaller possessions. These possessions gave her reasons in plenty for wishing the Americans well. If England subdued the colonies, she would at once pounce on the Pearl of the Antilles; if she should lose her American empire, the Spanish West Indies would be taken as 'compensation.' Should America and Britain be reunited, all Europe could not resist them. 'America,' Arthur Lee admonished the king, 'has been felt like Hercules in his cradle. Great Britain, knit again to such growing strength, would reign the irresistible though hated arbiter of Europe. This, then, is the moment in which Spain and France may clip her wings and pinion her forever.'

No record exists of the emotion of His Catholic Majesty on reading this pronunciamiento, but Grimaldi, returning to Vitoria for the promised rendezvous, brought royal assurances that all Lee's proposals — except recognition of independence — would be acceded to. Gardoqui would, from time to time, ship war materials from Bilbao to a colonial destination. The large supplies at New Orleans and Havana could now be regarded as American property. Spanish ports would be opened for the reception and sale of American prizes. A credit would be established in Amsterdam for American use.

'What amount will that credit be?' asked the practical Lee.

This point had not been settled, but, said Grimaldi, it would be paid in installments.

Another comforting fact was adduced by the Minister. No payment for these advances was expected; they were to be regarded as free gifts. This, like a similar stipulation made by France, looks like philanthropy, but

it was also statecraft. Both nations wished surreptitiously to aid America in her excellent work of harassing England, but desired no contracts and no agreements in return. Lending money and munitions on promise of reimbursement would amount almost to the recognition of the insurgents as a sister nation; the deal might easily rise to plague them; after the aid was once extended, the Bourbon princes wished to have the whole thing sink into forgetfulness. They were simply willing to gamble small sums and count them among their war expenditures against the ancestral foe.

Grimaldi exacted only one favor from Arthur: he must immediately get out of Spain. And here was another case where Arthur Lee's 'suspicious' nature proved an asset to his country. All these promises seemed almost too good to be true; perhaps they were only promises, to be forgotten as soon as he had transported himself across the Pyrenees! So Arthur quietly sat himself down in Vitoria, determined not to leave until Grimaldi's pleasant gifts had made fair progress towards fulfillment, evidently reasoning that his mere presence on Spanish soil would make the traditionally procrastinating Spaniard get into action.

And for once the Castilian temperament did move expeditiously. That caravan of war materials which proceeded steadily, in the next two years, from Bilbao to American battlefields now set in. And presently Arthur Lee, satisfied that the end had been gained, ascended his creaky chaise, once more braved the mud of Pyrenean roads, and in early April again reached Paris. Soon after arrival, his fondest wishes were realized. The first cash subsidy, of 400,000 livres, came to the American Commission. How personal the transaction had been appeared from the fact that these bills were made payable to Arthur Lee.

V

Arthur's next adventure in 'militia' diplomacy has engaged the pen of Thomas Carlyle; it forms the subject of a most inaccurate chapter in his *History of Frederick the Great*. This expedition had certain qualities of confusion and bleak humor which naturally appealed to that sardonic genius.

That the Americans should approach the Hohenzollern was inevitable. Frederick the Great hated England and its king, and any injury they might suffer, from any source, only afforded him gleeful satisfaction. With rebels he had no more sympathy than had the courts of France and Spain, but, like them, he saw that rebels whose activities weakened the enemy could serve the royal purpose. The position of Frederick, however, was quite different from that of his Bourbon confrères. Prussia was a military, not a naval power; she had no colonies in the West Indies or elsewhere, not much of a mercantile marine, and very little commerce. Prussia therefore was not greatly interested from a material point of view in the outcome of the struggle. The humiliation of Great Britain, on general grounds, would be welcomed, but advantages in trade and possessions, which France and Spain might anticipate, held forth little promise to the Prussian Court. Therefore to win Prussia to the American side and obtain from Berlin the money and supplies that had been wangled out of the Bourbons was about the most discouraging mission that 'militia' diplomacy had yet presented to its devotee.

Arthur Lee left Paris on May 15, traveling in an English post chaise, painted a deep green, embellished with his initials in cipher — the nearest approach to diplomatic insignia that it was safe to use. With him, as companion and secretary, went Stephen Sayre, an entertaining character who

years before had been William Lee's partner in London. As Sayre and Arthur wheeled out of Paris that May morning in 1777, Sayre told his friend that, after Berlin, he intended to assail Petersburg to try his powers on Empress Catherine. Her interest in handsome men, said Sayre, was well known, and not unlikely she might satisfy her curiosity in an American cavalier. Arthur's humor was not so gay. The route to Berlin was uncomfortable and circuitous. So many of the German states were in alliance with Great Britain, selling their peasants to King George as soldiers in America, that this American embassy was forced to make the trip in most roundabout fashion. Their carriage, drawn by two horses, went first to Strassburg, then to Munich, then to Vienna, and finally, by way of Prague and Dresden, to Berlin.

The roads were almost as bad as those on the Spanish expedition; and the reception from official quarters, while polite, was more disheartening. Baron von Schulenburg, Frederick's chief minister, was courtesy itself; he promptly returned Arthur's call, invited him to dinner, and offered the hospitality of Berlin and its protection. The king had not the slightest objection to the envoys' presence in Berlin — unofficially — and any purchases they might make from German merchants, even for war purposes, would not be interfered with. But His Majesty could not receive the envoys, for that would be an unfriendly act toward Great Britain, a nation with which he was on terms of amity; neither could he make loans or supply munitions — for the same reason. Lee and Sayre were forced to spend their time visiting manufacturers, inquiring about tent cloth and linen, — closely followed by English spies, — when an event suddenly took place which has made this trip one of the most famous

on the lighter side of diplomatic history.

The English Minister at the Court of Frederick the Great was a scion of the House of Minto — Mr. Hugh Elliot, then twenty-five years old, an age that naturally inspired adventurous deeds. Mr. Elliot's legation was not far from Baron Schulenburg's house; every time Arthur Lee's chariot drew up before the mansion His Excellency had a perfect view; and naturally these evidences of friendly association of Frederick's chief minister with the arch American rebel proved exasperating. To learn what took place in confabulations of this sort was one of the things for which Elliot had been sent to Berlin, and presently the less delectable side of the diplomatic trade began to function.

A German servant in the British Legation was taken into Elliot's confidence; he, in turn, made friends with several retainers in the Hotel Corzica, where Arthur lodged, 'gaining' (that is, bribing) them. How did the American emissaries pass their time? Lee, it was reported, spent many hours, especially in the evening, with his pen; in particular he was accustomed to make nightly entries in a journal, evidently an abstract of his day's proceedings — the same Journal which forms the basis of our knowledge of his voyagings in Spain and Germany. 'I would give two thousand ducats,' exclaimed Elliot, in the hearing of servants, 'for that journal!' Presently he and a German lackey completed plans.

The diary was kept in a *portefeuille*, with other papers, in a locked bureau. Arthur's room was also kept constantly locked, but the making of duplicate keys was a simple matter. On the afternoon of June 26, Elliot's trusty spies reported that both Mr. Lee and Mr. Sayre had left for the country to dine with friends; on such expeditions they usually returned about eight in the

evening. Mr. Elliot's German servant immediately made his way to the back of Arthur's hotel, climbed up to the window, entered the room, unlocked the bureau, seized the portfolio, and rushed with it to the British Legation. It was four o'clock: the Minister was entertaining several guests, all of high rank, at dinner — such was the dinner hour in those days; all these gentlemen instantaneously dropped their knives and forks, seized goose quills and paper, and began furiously copying the American's documents.

While these writing implements, in the hands of members of the British aristocracy, were transcribing the stolen matter, the British Minister blandly sauntered over to Arthur's hotel on the pretext of visiting a friend. About eight o'clock Arthur Lee and Stephen Sayre came in. Mr. Elliot greeted them pleasantly, and in a few moments all four men were engaged in conversation. The British Minister was delighted, he said, to meet travelers who spoke his language; it was a rare experience; the talk, ingeniously prolonged, lasted for two hours — thereby giving the lightning-like scribes, a short distance away, just that much more time for their labors.

At ten Arthur rose; he must be excused, he said, for he had some writing to do (that is, he must make the customary entry in his Journal). A minute or two afterward, sounds of tumult were heard from the general direction of the Virginian's room. In the hubbub such words as 'Thieves! Robbers! Police!' struck the Englishman's ear. In a few moments Arthur himself appeared, in a high state of mental disorder, and, seizing the landlord, rushed from the hotel, shouting that his papers had been stolen and that he was to lay an information before the authorities.

Arthur's disappearance gave Elliot another opportunity; the Minister hurried to his own mansion, grabbed the

papers from the noble scribblers, — whose work was practically finished, — disguised himself (the statement is made on the authority of an official British report), and hastened back to Lee's hotel. Soon the servants gathered in the public room heard a knock, and a smothered voice through the loophole: 'Here are the papers of your American.' The landlady went to the door and presently returned with the *portefeuille* in her hands. 'No one was there,' she said, 'but I found these on the step.' The story was not accurate, for the landlady was in the plot, having been 'gained.' In reality, in opening the door, she had been confronted by the 'disguised' British Minister, who handed her the parcel and sprinted home.

When Arthur and Sayre returned, with officers of police, his precious papers were surrendered. Copies, however, were soon on their way to the Intelligence Office in London. All of these documents repose at the present time among the manuscripts of the Public Record Office.

VI

Many of the most hardened diplomats of the day — a day not especially squeamish in method — thought this proceeding a little beneath the dignity of the British Empire. Even that great practitioner of realistic statecraft, Frederick the Great, was disgusted. In a letter to the Prussian Minister at London, the king relates the episode, with the following comment: 'What a worthy pupil of Bute! What an incomparable man is your goddam Elliot! In truth Englishmen should blush with shame for sending such ministers to foreign courts.' But Elliot fared better with his own royal master. He was reprimanded, of course, for 'excessive zeal,' but a few months following this letter came another from Lord Suffolk, Colonial Secretary, con-

veying his congratulations, and enclosing a draft from the king of £1000, as a reward.

'This astonishing mass of papers,' writes Carlyle, relating the incident, 'is still extant in England; — the outside of them I have seen, by no means the inside, had I wished it; — but am able to say, from other sources, which are open to all the world, that seldom had a supreme council board procured for itself, by improper or proper ways, a discovery of less value.' This is only one of many inaccuracies in Carlyle's account. The present generation can see the inside as well as the outside of the packages. They contain information that must have been of great importance to the British Government. Arthur's Journal itself is a mine of secrets. It tells all about the reception of the American Commissioners by Vergennes, of the French promises of supplies and of the 2,000,000 livres additional subsidy, of Arthur's negotiations with Grimaldi in Spain, of the Spanish plans and aid, and many matters of similar consequence. That British spies in Paris had reported many of these proceedings is true, but Arthur Lee's portfolio must have been invaluable as corroborative evidence and as giving precisely the light the British service needed as to the reliability of its agents. Indeed, as one surveys this packet, the tip of £1000 which Hugh Elliot received from his royal master seems an inadequate reward.

Only one event was necessary to crown this tragi-comedy. Many years afterward, when the United States had become a free nation and was on terms of amity with Great Britain, the post of Minister to Washington fell vacant. Hugh Elliot, now in mature years and a distinguished member of the British corps, was suggested. However, Washington's memory was still active, and word was conveyed to London that Mr. Elliot was not acceptable.

MY CLIMAX

BY SACHA GUITRY

I

OCTOBER 1904 to July 1905 represented for me a succession of revelations, each more instructive and important than the last. This was without doubt the crucial year of my life.

For several months things had been going from bad to worse. Not that I was bored: quite the contrary. Life was a little too interesting. The fun was bound not to last.

I must have been going through what is called a bad period, for I was very happy. We all know that to other people our happiness is rather disquieting, something not entirely normal. What irritated me, now and then to the point of ruining my fun, was that the more likable I grew in the eyes of people I scarcely knew, the more antipathetic I became for people I knew very well.

It is a fact that I was moving in frivolous circles, and that in such circles one soon acquires a superficial manner and an elliptical vocabulary which exasperate those who are both too old and too busy to join in one's fun. Not that I intend to defend the world of frivolity. But from the fact that it has its laws, its customs, its fashions, its manners, — its bad manners, — as well as its own language, I incline to believe that it may be better to have known and observed it in one's youth than to deny blindly that it exists. After all, it is only one more school — at least so far as it partakes of misery and unhappiness. And it

really is a world, a world apart, and one lacking in neither wit nor heart. What you may find harder to credit is that it is something of a closed world. Not everybody is allowed in. It might be compared to a club, or a circle; perhaps a vicious circle, since it is equally hard to get out of. And since I am convinced that, once out of it, one never goes back into it, there is perhaps some virtue in having swung round it at the age of twenty, rather than to run the risk of a tardy curiosity and regret later on.

I can very well hear a son saying to his father, 'If you deprived yourself of it, Papa, your lack of experience may disqualify you as judge. And if you did not deprive yourself of it, why do you want me to do so?'

For my part, when I think of it I am delighted to have made the rounds at the age of eighteen years.

At any rate, after the summer of 1904, I changed overnight. Farewell, pleasures; hail, joys . . . and sorrows, too.

In October of that year Eugène Demolder, the author (almost unknown) of an admirable book (almost unread), *La Route d'Émeraude*, guided my father and me through the museums of Holland.

What he said was, 'Come: I want to show you some pictures.' And this man, this little butterball of a man, this Belgian who was all wit and talent

and heart, who had married the daughter of Félicien Rops and looked like a person out of Manet's *Bon Bock*, led us on a marvelous tour, for he knew how a museum should be shown.

I can see him in my room, at The Hague, come to wake me in the morning and sitting on the foot of my bed; and I can still hear his voice.

'This morning you will see Paul Potter's little bull, Vermeer's view of Delft, and perhaps the most beautiful of the Holbeins. That will be all for today. It will be more than enough. And you are going to promise that you will not try to look at any other pictures. We'll see the others some other time. You will be two hours with the three pictures, and they will be with you all your life. And now, let me tell you who they were — Potter, and Vermeer, and Holbein.'

How right he was! A man can read all Baudelaire's poems in a single night, — though he should n't, — but as they are there to be reread the next day, it does n't so much matter. But the man who boasts that he has seen two hundred pictures in a morning is a man who never looked at the pictures he saw. Demolder knew the important place that painting can and should take in a man's life. He knew that in certain moments of sadness the memory of a face painted by Memling can be as soothing and comforting as the murmuring of ten lines of Ronsard under one's breath. He showed us only three or four masterpieces each day, but he showed them so intelligently that we got them by heart and never forgot them. It is because of them that I go back to Holland every year.

II

'You are going to have a part in Donnay's play,' announced my father. 'Really!'

'Yes. Your part is not long: ten

lines. But you'll be able to read them well, for they are charming.'

I could n't believe my ears! I was going to act; I was going to act in my father's theatre! I was going to make a name!

'You will play under the name of Lorcey.'

'Why?'

'Because.'

Well, maybe he was right. It was certainly safer. And did n't I say I wanted to make my name? Why not make the name of Lorcey? The main thing was to be acting and earning one's living.

'You'll be paid three hundred francs a month.'

'Three hundred?'

'Yes, it's good pay.'

I could live on it. Not as I lived at home. But since I was living at home anyway . . .

'Do I have a scene with you?'

'No, with Guy.'

'Oh.'

Guy was an excellent actor, but I should have preferred to play with my father. As a matter of fact, I did play with my father, only it was Guy who was playing my father. To say that I was a success would be too much. To say that I was not would be inaccurate. Nobody said, 'Well, well!' Instead: 'That Guitry is really extraordinary. He'd let anybody into his company.'

After *L'Escalade* my father produced Jules Lemaître's enchanting *La Massière*. The cast was remarkable — Anna Judic, Marthe Brandès, and my father. It was the story of a father, a famous man, in disagreement with his son. For one moment there was a notion that I might play the son. I learned the part, but it was Maury who played it. Fortunately for the play! But I was cruelly disappointed and I hated that charming Maury.

Happily, *La Massière* did not fill the whole evening, and my father proposed

to Lemaître to do his one-act play in verse, *La Bonne Hélène*, as a curtain raiser. This also was very well cast, with Arquillière, Noizeux, the beautiful Nelly Cormon, and that exquisite actress, Marthe Ritter. As for me, I played Paris. I have no idea how I played it, but I had a magnificent costume. A photograph was the cause of the trouble I got into one night. Courteline himself had a hand in it.

The boots I wore took hours to lace up. Meanwhile, I wanted a souvenir of this costume of which I was so proud. My intimate friend, Nadar, a son of the eminent photographer and himself a photographer of eminence, said to me, 'Come round one Sunday after the matinée. I'll photograph you; you'll dine at the house; and you'll be dressed and ready for the evening performance.' The idea was not bad, and we carried it out.

Now, Courteline's *La Conversion d'Alceste* had just appeared, and the author had sent a copy to Nadar. Over the coffee, I was asked to read it aloud. It was eight o'clock; but I was dressed, and therefore I had the time. Time passes quickly when you read a play of Courteline's. I let it pass. Suddenly the half hour struck and I left Nadar's on the run, my wig in my helmet and my helmet under my arm. There was n't a cab to be seen in the rue d'Anjou, and the people I crossed must have wondered where that gladiator could be running. I remember squabbling with an old lady over a prehistoric four-wheeler at the corner of the rue des Mathurins and the rue Tronchet.

'I must be at the barracks before nine o'clock. Have pity, madame!'

She had pity, and did not seem to be at all astonished by the new uniform of the French infantry.

It was ten to nine when I reached the Renaissance. I was twenty minutes late. The theatre staff, scattered along

the rue de Bondy, raised their arms to heaven when they saw me.

'I warn you that your father is in a state,' one of them said.

'The audience has been stamping for ten minutes,' said another.

I took the stairs four at a time. The three knocks came, announcing that the curtain was about to go up. Heavens! I had forgotten my wig in the cab. That wig was enormous, and without it my head went so deep into the helmet that both eyes and ears were lost in it. Dranem could come on that way and be funny; I could n't.

The curtain rose and I came on in the helmet. The audience was properly astonished, particularly as Helen welcomed me with the words, 'Here comes my beautiful Paris!' The rest of the cast, who had had no warning, took one look at me and burst into laughter. None of them could speak a line, with the exception of Noizeux, who was able to 'ad lib': 'There is something different about Paris to-night.' At first the audience gave us the benefit of the doubt and sat smiling pleasantly. Then it became restless. Soon it grew angry over not having been let into the joke. Finally it began to stamp in unison.

When my scene was ended I went off and someone led me to the call board. There, under 'Remarks,' my father had written: 'Monsieur Lorcey, fined one hundred francs for arriving twenty minutes late and going on without a wig in order to make the cast laugh.'

I had arrived late and I had played without a wig, it was true; but I was earning ten francs a day, and a fine of one hundred francs seemed to me too much. I told my father so. He was furious and refused to listen. I must have been very blundering, for he cut me off with, 'You can take it or leave it.' I left it.

A few hours later I was in the train on the way to Tamaris, near Toulon, to stay with Alphonse Allais. And this —

yes, this is why my father and I went for thirteen years without seeing each other.

III

In April 1905, I was again in Paris without a sou in my pocket, but I had visited the museums of Holland, I had devoured Demolder's library, I had seen how Alfred Jarry lived, I had acted in comedy, — badly, but acted, — I had spent four weeks with Alphonse Allais, and I had fallen in love with the writings of Jules Renard.

Let me be frank. I had from childhood thumbed the pages of a good many books; I had read a few, but had never reread one. Literature seemed to me a thing particularly dull. When I was a child Jules Verne did not appeal to me, nor did Alexandre Dumas. All novels seemed to me too long and I simply could not become interested in the events in which fictional characters were concerned. I loved reflections, maxims, and the form of literature known as *pensées* — and verse. But I had an unfortunate mania, which was that I wanted to get by heart all the poetry I liked. This is why I read poetry; it is also why I have a good deal of it by heart.

As for the classics, I avow to my shame that I had no taste for them. They had too often been the cause of my punishment; and besides, how illogical you were, my dear teachers! You kept me in class after hours because I had not learned a given fable by *le Bonhomme*,¹ and when I did n't know where Bermuda was you ordered me peremptorily to copy out *Le Chêne et le Roseau* twenty times. In French class it was a crime not to know the poem; in geography class it was a punishment to copy it out. It seems to me you should have made up your minds one way or the other.

¹ La Fontaine is so known in France — where Shakespeare is known as *le grand Will*. — EDITOR

My first loves were Jules Renard, Laurent Tailhade, and Alphonse Allais. My earliest writing showed this rather painfully. The influence was only too evident. Thereafter, without in the least meaning to, I did the contrary to what most people do. As one goes up a river towards its source, so I went from Jules Renard back to Montaigne. I traversed the same road as Renard, but in the opposite direction.

Several months after my return to Paris I was handed a number of brochures containing the plays in which I was to appear during the summer season at Saint-Valery-en-Caux, and among them I found Henry Becque's *Amoureuse* and *La Parisienne*. I had seen *Amoureuse*, but I did not know *La Parisienne* at all. Both plays I had heard spoken of — and had spoken of them impudently myself. I knew they were masterpieces, but out of guilty and incomprehensible negligence I had never read either. It took three readings of *La Parisienne* to make me understand its importance. At first I thought it the work of a remarkable man, but a farce that had missed fire. When I read it a second time the power of the dialogue and its veracity became clear to me. You can imagine what I felt on the third reading.

Well, there I was, in June 1905, making my first appearance at the Casino in Saint-Valery-en-Caux. I was to play Simpson in *La Parisienne* and the lead in *Les Joies du Foyer*, — what lack of sense! — but I was not to play in *Amoureuse*. I was to have one crime less on my conscience. But it was in *Le Député de Bombignac*, an excellent old comedy by Alexandre Bisson, that I gave the full measure of my capacity.

My part in *Bombignac* was the Vicomte de Morard. I was to come on in the middle of act one, announced by a footman and greeted by a very flattering 'Ah!' from everybody on

stage. Then, having bowed to them all, I was to say, verbatim, the following: 'Really, ladies, I scarcely know how to thank you for so cordial a welcome. I have just spent three weeks at Poitiers with an aged uncle, and if my call is somewhat matutinal it is because I was in great haste to see Raymond again and shake him by the hand.'

A terrible and interminable opening speech. Only an author who stuttered could ask others to make such a speech. As it happens, I did not make it. God knows why, I had stuck on my face a pair of mustachios and a small beard. I was wearing white linen trousers which the laundry had already shrunk excessively. One of my gloves had got lost, and just as I was about to go on my mustachios came loose, so that I pulled them off — forgetting the beard. I looked like a bartender in an old Nevada print.

'Monsieur le vicomte de Morard!'

I was announced and I came on as I have described myself. Instead of the flattering 'Ah!' directed in the script I was greeted by a chortle from the troupe which found an immediate echo in the audience. I lost my nerve. When I tried to say the mouth-filling 'I scarcely know how to thank you,' and so forth, I did not mumble it, I did not splutter it — I made a complete hash of it. I seemed to be speaking no known language. The audience did the only thing there was to do, the logical thing: it broke into a roar of laughter and followed that by stamping with happy violence.

I felt lost, saddened, in bits.

Between the acts Edmond Sée, André Picard, and other friends came back to my dressing room to tell me how wrong I was to permit myself to be overcome by stage fright and how stupid I was to take things so seriously. They bucked me up a little, but not much.

Presumably nothing happened in the second act, for I remember nothing about it. But in the third act my misfortunes exceeded my worst fears. I was on stage, seated. I was to rise, run to a window, open the window, lean out, then turn my head and say, 'A carriage has just stopped before the steps of the château!' From the rise of the curtain I had surprised the audience agreeably by taking several cues without muffing them. Confidence was re-born in me. I noticed in all my 'business' a delightful ease and grace which induced in me the firm expectancy of making handsome reparation by the end of the act. How far I was from suspecting what was about to happen! When the moment came for me to go to the window, open it, and lean out — I went resolutely. How could I know that the back wall of the set was glued to the wall of the building? I ran my head smack into the wall, was thrown back, caught my heel in the rug, and measured my length on the floor.

Well — despite, or perhaps because of, the pain I felt, I wanted to be the first to laugh. I laughed like a fool and no power on earth could have prevented me from taking the thing this way. I had no notion what was to become of me, but I was very sure I should never be an actor. The thought induced in me a sort of raging joy. I felt myself delivered of an immense burden. I was never again to know the constant fear that I might tarnish the brilliance of the name I bore.

IV

The next day my contract was annulled. On my way home, I stopped and bought some drawing paper and pencils. When I got home I sat down with my pencils and my paper before me and wondered what sketches I should make.

Renard, Capus, Donnay, Tristan Bernard, my father — all of them were sketched. They were all more or less good likenesses, but the best was that of my father, as was natural. Thinking of him, trying to reassemble his features, his look, the idea suddenly came to me of writing a play for him. Mind you, it was not an idea for a play, it was the idea of a play for him. Pure madness, since we had not spoken or communicated for six months; but it was a pretty dream, though it took all of thirteen years for it to come true, when I wrote and he played *Pasteur*. I believe I may say that my first five or six plays were written with him in mind. Those that succeeded owe a great deal to him, since he inspired them; and those that failed might have been saved had he played in them.

I folded my drawing paper in eight, and, without realizing the implications of the act, I began to write on this octavo a violent scene between a man forty years old and his mistress: the woman is importunate and the man has had enough of her. I had witnessed such a scene in my childhood, and it has never gone from my memory. Horribly cruel words were spoken by two people who ten minutes before seemed still to adore each other: it was bewildering. Such a thing still bewilders me.

I did not try to write my scene in the manner of Porto-Riche, or of Renard, or of anybody else. I was trying to remember all the things I had heard, making a deliberate effort to forget all those I had read. On the other hand, I said to myself continually, 'Careful! Renard has got to like this . . . and Porto-Riche must not dislike it.' It is no tribute to my memory that I can recall this, for what I said to myself that day I have never stopped repeating to myself.

Two hours later I had finished the first act of *Nono*.

Edmond Sée had the villa next to

mine. We had chopped out a gap in the hedge by way of a short cut between our two houses. What had happened at the Casino the night before upset him for my sake, and he came across to ask me what I was going to do now.

'What am I going to do? I don't know. However, here is what I've done — an act.'

He asked me to read it to him. May I say that I should have read it to him anyway? And there is another thing you must let me say, for I shall never forget it: he liked that act very much. I never expected to hear such encouraging things as he said. He has often spoken of that reading, and in terms which have touched me infinitely. His memory refreshing my own, our conversation remains very clear in my mind. When he counseled me not to stop halfway, but to go on immediately, I told him that I firmly intended to write other plays.

'Before you write others you must finish this one.'

I looked at him open-mouthed. He went on: —

'Is n't this a play in three acts?'

'*Nono?*'

'Yes.'

'Of course it is.'

'That's what I say. Before you write others you must write acts two and three of this play.'

'Naturally.'

I said, 'Naturally,' and I had said, 'Of course'; but the truth was that there had been no 'naturally' about it one second before. To my mind, *Nono* was finished; it was a one-act play, not the first act of a play. But I said, 'Of course' — and I wrote the other acts.

I owe Edmond Sée a handsome candle, almost a taper.

I ask permission to say that *Nono* was a very great success. Do not mind: I shall now tell you what a flop was *La Clef* the following year.

La Clef was a comedy in four acts which I had written for Réjane and which she had read with enthusiasm. Rehearsals took place in an atmosphere of the greatest good humor and we were looking forward to the opening night in a spirit of gay confidence.

It was a disaster.

The first act went badly — despite one laugh, one only, and due only to Réjane's incomparable acting. During the third act the audience stamped and even hissed. As the fourth act progressed, the house slowly emptied, drop by drop.

It was a horrible, a sickening evening — but very instructive.

In the first intermission only two or three intimate friends came backstage. I suspected that it was going badly, which is to say that I still clung to a small hope that it was not. The frozen smiles on the faces of my friends brought me certainty.

Nobody came back during the second intermission, and the cast were beginning to avoid me. The third act was being called when Feydeau came back from the front of the house.

I asked him what had happened.

'Nothing. I have come to see the third act with you.'

'Why?'

'Because. I'll tell you later.'

Later he told me. There were two reasons. First, he had had his fill of hearing me talked about as people were already talking out front. I had had two successes, the *Zoaques* and *Nono*; I was easy game.

Mind you, I am not defending my play. I have reread it, and it is certainly bad. Above all, it is bungling. But do not forget that when a play goes badly there are always, in any opening-night audience that respects itself, — does it always respect itself? — a score of playwrights who can never get a play accepted (accompanied by their loyal wives), a score of critics most of whom

dissemble their opinion only when it is favorable to the play, a score of friends helpless to save you, whose efforts in this sense always make things look worse than they are, and finally a hundred individuals come from God knows where, who ought to be somewhere else, whom you meet everywhere, and who are always present to 'sit up with the body.'

Feydeau had come back to be with me because he had sensed that my play was going to be hissed the first chance they got. He did not want to hear that any more than I did; and he did not want me to be alone when it happened.

The scene of the third act of *La Clef* is laid on board a yacht. There are three people on stage — husband, wife, and a young man. At the very moment when the husband discovers that his wife is deceiving him with the young man, he is seized by seasickness. The scene, I admit, is bizarre, because, whether it flops or not, it is not frankly comic. I thought this the best scene in the play; and yet it was precisely at the opening of this scene that the audience began to stamp in unison.

Stamping in unison, a characteristic of the French theatre, is a curious phenomenon. It is the spontaneous manifestation of an irritability which can no longer be kept within bounds. I speak now of true stamping in unison, the sincere collective thing, and not of isolated, deliberate — and vain — stamping. True stamping in unison is usually preceded by a laugh, a strange laugh, but a laugh which only the author can be taken in by. He says to himself, 'Well, there's a laugh I had n't intended.' Unfortunately this laugh is rapidly transformed into a sort of murmur out of which arises another, a more nervous, a snickering laugh, which, when it comes, leaves no room for doubt in the mind of the poor author. There are times when the murmur suddenly stops and is suc-

ceeded by a deep, terrifying silence. An unexpected, astonishing, extremely clear, or completely incomprehensible line may bring about this brief truce. And when, a moment later, the murmur starts up again, it rises to a rumble. And then somebody, the first man, hisses! What follows is horrible.

If you have never heard yourself hissed you can have no notion how physically painful it is. I can imagine that if one has committed an evil act, has been disloyal, has committed treason or a felony, one should bow one's head to the storm, beat one's breast, and say, 'I deserve this.' But to have written a bad third act is not really so reprehensible. I cannot agree that I deserved that chastisement — or at least that is what I said to myself when I heard the horrible sound that rang in my ears and shriveled my heart.

An audience should not hiss. It has the right to do it, and its right should be preserved; but it should never use this right. It is too much. It is barbarous. I can understand that if an actor conducts himself insultingly before an audience an immediate apology should be demanded; but to hiss an author when his play has done no one injury! It is too much. I repeat, it is barbarous. God knows, it is already terrible enough to have a flop!

I must have looked pretty sick backstage while the hissing went on, for Feydeau said to me gently, 'Don't listen. Come along.' He took me by the arm, as if I had been an invalid, and dragged me off the stage and into Réjane's dressing room.

'What is that?' he asked as we went in.

'That' was an espalier about six feet square, with peaches entwined in the latticework. On the floor stood a strawberry bush. I had sent them to Réjane myself, by way of thanks. Poor Réjane, who was now being hissed because of me! It was ten minutes be-

fore we observed that absent-mindedly, while we were talking, Feydeau and I had eaten all the strawberries.

At midnight the curtain fell, and with it the play. A score of friends came back with hands outstretched, all affectionate, kind, and sorrowful. Each had his formula: —

'Cut the third act.'

'I should open the play with act two.'

'Put the second in place of the third, change ten lines, and you've got a play.'

'The fourth is the dangerous one.'

'Set act three in a drawing-room and the play is saved.'

They all spoke at once. It was unbearable. Then one voice rose above the rest and addressed them all: 'Don't you think the poor chap has had enough as it is? For God's sake, leave him alone!' The voice was Jean Ajalbert's, and my friendship for him dates from that night.

A half hour later I went into Pousset's to 'take something' — as if I had not already taken enough that evening! I did not dare look at anybody as I made my way into the restaurant. I knew it was filled with theatre people, and I was as ashamed as if I had done something evil, although I had simply done something badly. Most of all, I was sad. Coming on foot from Réjane's to the Pousset my future had seemed to me problematic, to say the least. Someone called to me. I turned my head. It was Antoine, taking supper with five or six other people. I went over to him, trembling.

'Do me three acts for the Odéon. I'll take the play blind.'

I could have kissed him. I hereby do.

I had been applauded, I had been hissed. Now I considered myself a true playwright.

V

It was during the run of *Le Kurtz*, a piece of nonsense which I wrote in one

hour and which was performed at the Capucines in 1905, that there happened an extraordinary thing which I must tell you about.

Jeanne Granier, the star, was being paid eight hundred francs a night. Toward the fiftieth performance, the gross began to decline, and what was a normal honorarium in a normal house soon became a heavy burden in a small house whose maximum was two thousand francs. Mortier, the manager, thereupon proposed to Granier that she take 50 per cent of the gross. 'If we do sixteen hundred francs,' he pointed out, 'you will get your eight hundred. If we do only twelve, you get only six; but if we do two thousand — on a Saturday night, say — you'll get a thousand.' Being a woman of sense, she agreed.

But what did she do? Having learned that King Edward VII, who had made an official visit of four days to Paris, was planning to spend another week incognito, she had a common friend ask him to attend the performance. He had known her and liked her playing in London some years before. Out of feelings of friendliness and admiration, he promised to come, and he came.

The King of England at the Capucines! It was enough to drive up the gross instantly. The house was filled to capacity night after night, and our admirable Jeanne Granier was paid one thousand francs for each performance instead of eight hundred.

But what I want to tell you is the story of that famous night.

When he learned that the King of England was planning to attend his little theatre, Michel Mortier nearly went out of his mind. He had the partition removed between the two centre boxes and the Union Jack and Tricolor draped before them to draw the attention of such spectators as might not have otherwise remarked the incredible presence of the King. The

British Ambassador had sent word to Mortier that His Majesty desired his arrival and departure to take place as discreetly as possible. It goes without saying that Mortier paid no attention to this message. Before nine o'clock a small band was concealed in the courtyard of the Capucines, ready to attack 'God Save the King' when signaled to. Mortier, in a state of great agitation, paced back and forth before his tiny theatre. I was there, too.

Suddenly — we could not believe our eyes! — the tall figure of Leopold, King of the Belgians, rose before us. What had happened? There must be some mistake. This beautiful white beard doubtless belonged to somebody who resembled the Belgian King. No, there was no mistake. The beautiful white beard was actually that of the monarch who Emile Verhaeren said was 'a king too big for his little country.'

Mortier, completely out of his mind, went across to the astonished King and spoke these crazy words: —

'But . . . it's not you!'

The King of the Belgians, thinking doubtless that Mortier was a lunatic, walked straight past him into the theatre, accompanied by a blond young man. Two orchestra seats had been reserved for him in the first row, and he went directly down to them.

Mortier was still in a state of bewilderment when a landau, drawn by two horses, was driven into the courtyard. King Edward VII stepped out to the sound of a 'God Save the King' so thin that it was drowned out by the horses' hoofs. He strode into the theatre so rapidly that Mortier had no time to address to him the words of welcome he had certainly prepared. Indeed, his presence might have gone unnoticed had not Mortier thought it his duty to shout, '*Vive le roi!*'

At this cry everybody turned his head except King Leopold and his secretary, who whispered to each other

and seemed undecided what attitude they should adopt in the face of this unexpected acclaim. But when he heard 'God Save the King,' this time *forte*, played in the very vestibule of the boxes, King Leopold was completely mystified. Why would they play the British anthem for him? He turned his head and saw the whole house standing, and nobody looking in his direction. Thereupon he turned completely round and got up. As he was very tall it was easy enough for him to see the King of England, who at that moment saw him. There came over King Edward's face a look of delighted surprise. He raised his hand, and, following it, everybody turned and saw the King of the Belgians. There, in the smallest theatre in Paris, sat two Majesties!

Mortier continued to run back and forth shouting at the top of his voice, 'I have two kings! I have two kings!'

VI

I have already told how and why my father and I fell out in 1905. Following the opening of *Nono*, Jules Renard tried in vain to bring about a reconciliation. The years passed, and each year seemed to dig a little deeper the gulf between us. One evening, at the end of thirteen years, when I was playing in *Deburau* at the Vaudeville in 1918, the house manager came back to tell me that my father had taken a loge for that evening. I could not believe my ears; and although he insisted that he had himself seen and spoken to my father, that he had offered him the loge but my father had preferred to pay for it, I still thought there must be a mistake. My father come to see me act! Impossible.

It was true, though. He was there in his seat well before the curtain rose.

I have always been subject to stage fright on opening nights, terrible stage fright; but no mere opening has ever

affected me as did this. I saw him as soon as I walked on. My heart began to jump, and it was only by a real effort that I was able to utter a sound. I kept saying to myself, 'He has n't come to find out whether I can act or not. What *has* he come for?' The air of authority on stage that I generally evince, an air inherited from my father, vanished altogether. I felt suddenly very young, a mere child. It was not that I saw again my father and me as we were when we quarreled thirteen years before in his dressing room; I saw us really as father and child, myself in Russia at the age of five, in his arms.

When the play was over, Tristan Bernard brought me a letter I read with beating heart, in which my father asked me to come to lunch the next day. You can imagine what our meeting was and how little I was astonished to hear him say, 'While you were on last night, do you know how I saw you? As a child of five, in Russia, in my arms.'

We rose from the table and he took me to one side. 'Write me a play,' he said, 'quickly!'

I told him it was already begun, which was almost the truth. The idea of writing a play about Pasteur had haunted me for two years. What had stopped me was the difficulty of finding an actor able to incarnate such a character. Now the thing had become possible.

I wrote *Pasteur* in five days, an act a day. On the sixth day I went down to the Touraine, where my father was spending his holiday, and read it to him. Three months later we were in rehearsal at the Vaudeville.

I had meanwhile sent word to Monsieur Vallery-Radot, the son-in-law of the immortal scientist, that I had written a play round the life of his illustrious father-in-law and wished very much to read it to him and his wife. The coolness with which they received me made it plain that they disapproved

in advance of the very idea of a play about Louis Pasteur. I had sat down and was about to begin my reading when Monsieur Vallery-Radot said:—

‘Sir, I should like you to know that my wife and I will do everything in our power to prevent the performance of your play. It is a matter of principle with us, and we think it only fair that you know this before you read us your play.’

By the time I had finished reading the first act they said no more about preventing the performance of the play and were even good enough to express their thanks. When the whole play had been read to them Monsieur Vallery-Radot made only one request, which was that I delete a single speech because it was something Pasteur could not have said. I pointed out that the line was italicized in my script for the reason that it was quoted from an address Pasteur had delivered before the Academy of Science; but I struck it out nevertheless.

Madame Vallery-Radot did me the honor of attending one of the last performances of the play. I sat beside her. When my father entered, made up as Pasteur, she was so startled that she murmured, ‘Papa!’ I leaned over and whispered in her ear, ‘No—*Papa*.’

On the opening night I observed a modestly dressed man of pleasant appearance standing in the shadow of the wings. As each act began he would go closer to the set, listen eagerly, and peer between the walls of the scenery with such interest that I quite forgot to remind him that ‘only members of the cast are allowed backstage during the performance.’ But during the third act, when for the first time Pasteur is about to inoculate a small boy against the rabies, I saw my man open a door in the set part way in order the better to see what was going on. I asked him not to do that. He said:—

‘Excuse me, sir. I am the concierge

at the Pasteur Institute, and I particularly want to see this scene.’

I asked why.

‘Because that’s me.’

‘You? Which one?’

‘The little boy. That’s me. I was the first one whose life was saved by Monsieur Pasteur.’

This play, in which I had staged a character as little theatrical as can be, a man of science; this play, in which there was not a single part for a woman, was thought by many people to be doomed to fail. If anyone had asked my father whether or not he believed *Pasteur* was going to be a hit, he would undoubtedly have answered that the success of the play was the least of his worries. He was thinking of the success of the evening, not the success of the play. I have seen him at work on a score of parts, seen him examine them from every angle, labor over them in the day only to dream about them in the night; yet I may say that never has an actor, not even he himself, brought to the interpretation of a character so much conscience, so much love, so much genius.

On the opening night, when the cast had twenty curtain calls and someone finally cried, ‘Author!’ my father stepped down to the footlights and said, verbatim, the following:—

‘Ladies and gentlemen: I beg you to forgive and to understand the emotion which fills me as it becomes my duty to announce to you the name of the author of the play which we have had the honor of performing this evening. It would be impossible for me to precede his name with the word *monsieur*. I shall therefore not tell you who the author of this play is. But I shall owe you the greatest joy of my life if you will be good enough to allow me to show him to you.’

And now that I have told you the happiest memory of my life, suppose we leave it at that, and write FINIS.

LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT

THE pines do not stir. Not a wind
Nods the grass where she's sleeping.
No note of a bell can intrude
In the wood
That has her in keeping.

In gold she lay down, in tall broom,
Her long hair with its grasses
Confused and the sun with them both.
A white moth
Thinks it flame. No foot passes.

A bird soars in rings, in blue air.
Black are the wings that he's flapping.
No sight but a dream of the sun
Is with one
Who so deeply is napping.

Green woods, may she sleep and not wake.
Time is the bell that was ringing.
No moth, no dark bird, call her back
From the sleep
Where her heart is now singing.

LAWRENCE LEE

PARETO AS I KNEW HIM

BY MANON MICHELS EINAUDI

I

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry day when, after not a few traveling adventures due to our ignorance of the locality, we were set down by the local train Nyon–Geneva at a flower-covered little station in the open country. The name CÉLIGNY stood out boldly in white letters on a blue background. No one was at hand to show us the house of Vilfredo Pareto. Obviously we had to turn our steps toward the village, which greeted us from the hills. Meadows and fields spread out before us; behind, in the distance, was Lake Geneva—a narrow strip gradually widening as we ascended. The heat and the mounting road made the two travelers short of breath: one a very tall gentleman, armed with a suitcase filled mostly with manuscripts and books, my father; the other a little girl skipping along in spite of a heavy black leather bag that beat against her legs at every step, his daughter.

In the centre of the village, some peasants at the fountain could only show their startled appearance and grin. At the rustic inn, with its large dark bare rooms, we were finally welcomed with an '*Ah! mais, c'est de la villa Angora qu'il fallait demander! Personne ici ne connaît le nom du Marquis. . . . Du reste, on ne le voit jamais.*' We had to retrace our steps down to the station, and face another walk of a mile to the lake. Meanwhile it began to rain, and night fell rapidly.

Having reached the pier, we asked for further directions at the wharf café. We then followed the Lausanne highway, flanked on the lake side by high walls topped with ancient trees that made me think of the *Belle au bois dormant*, until we reached a low, simple, wrought-iron gate, with two brick pillars at the sides, and the legend VILLA ANGORA.

The Italian gardener who opened the gate explained that, as my father had been looked for on an earlier train, his hosts by now no longer thought he was coming. He took us into the villa, where we were immediately assailed by a strong scent of cats. And cats were also painted on the walls of the stairs leading to the second floor, while a flesh-and-blood cat, huge, gray and white, hurtled itself between our legs, streaking like a rocket to the kitchen below. We were ushered into the living room. Queer thumpings and other noises were coming from the room next to it. And to accentuate the sense of mystery that had been gradually developed in me by the night, the rain, the gardener's uneasy look when he saw me, and the unaccustomed sounds of a strange house, there came from the landing the noise of slamming doors and of a prolonged whispering, which ended when the door finally opened.

A lady of an assured, detached air, whose stiffly erect posture was perhaps due to the fact that her stays

had been drawn a little too tight, entered the room. Visibly perturbed, she took my father aside, speaking French to him in a low tone of voice. After she had brought us downstairs to our rooms she left us, urging my father to return upstairs as soon as possible, for Monsieur Pareto wished to welcome him and to make his acquaintance.

My curiosity was aroused. Who was that lady, from whose waist at least a score of keys hung tinkling? And why was she so mysterious in regard to me? Smiling, my father explained things: we had just met our host's second wife, called Madame Régis, and the whispering had been to warn Father that my coming was very embarrassing, since Pareto, unable to endure children about because of the noise they made, refused to allow them to cross the threshold of his house. He had been suffering from heart trouble for many years, and any unwonted noise upset him. Since I was already there, I could remain for the night, but I was to be very careful never to attract my elders' attention in any way, and above all I was to refrain from shouting, speaking only when spoken to.

However much I was piqued at being treated like any other child, I waited quietly to be introduced to the *maître de Céligny*. And when the time came I found myself before a tall personage, made more impressive by a cloak with double capes which rippled at every movement of his arms. What struck me most was not so much the flowing cloak (he had a supply of three or four of these, which he would don or take off according to the temperature; he rarely wore only one), nor the hat which remained almost always on his head, nor even the curling and graying beard; what struck me were his pair of flaming, piercing eyes, — *foreteurs*, as the French so well express it, — and

his two pale, nervous, fine hands, with the protruding blue veins, and the very long fingernails. At times the hands would beat rhythmically on the arm of his chair or on the table, the fingertips close together; I fully expected to see the chair arm or the tablecloth worn through.

He spoke a Tuscan Italian and a French colored with argot equally well, passing with absolute ease from one language to the other. He explained that, born of a Ligurian father and a French mother, a student at Turin, he had been an engineer for several years in Florence, before being nominated Walras's successor at Lausanne. Several times that evening at the dinner table I felt him stare intently at me, while my father, proud of his small traveling companion, tried to appease his illustrious colleague, bringing in evidence what were to him my good qualities. By the end of the meal, Pareto had become the most courteous of hosts even toward me, and when we went upstairs to have coffee his resentment at my intrusion had clearly melted away.

The best proof of it was that, not content with the choice foods with which he had regaled us, or with the French wine he himself had gone down to find in the cellar during dinner, — after he had discovered that my father, in spite of his Rhenish origin, did not care for the exquisite Rhine wine served especially in his honor, — he asked us to witness a scene most dear to him, to which profane eyes were not admitted: the feeding of his Angora cats. He opened the door of the room from which we had heard the thumping noises issue on our arrival, thus disclosing a long verandah, the exclusive domain of at least two dozen Angora cats, large and small, blue, gray, and white, with the silkiest and longest of fur. Pareto had a parcel of raw meat brought to him, and made the cats jump for the

pieces he threw them. Each cat had a name, and Pareto and Madame Régis told them apart with great assurance.

Only one of the cats, Fanfinou d'Amour, bolder than the rest, had succeeded in escaping since it was a kitten, and now it wandered about the house: it was the one that had almost knocked me down the stairs. All the other cats were kept on the verandah, Pareto occasionally allowing them free access to his study by another door. He even confessed (and at that time I firmly believed it) that he could not write a single line unless he had a cat on each shoulder to warm him and keep him company. Besides various boxes and baskets, there were on the verandah some straight chairs and easy-chairs, and an old desk, on which the Angoras voluptuously lounged. I saw all these details by daylight the next morning (without, however, being allowed to set foot on the verandah itself), when no one any longer thought of sending me away.

II

And thus began for me a series of extremely pleasant visits at the Villa Angora, during Easter or summer vacations, when my father would deposit me between a congress and a lecture, for days, weeks, and even months. Pareto after a while not only tolerated me, but even honored me by giving my name to one of his kittens.

It is difficult to say to what extent Pareto loved his cats: they were actually sacred to him, especially Angora cats, which he characterized as an independent, feline, and proud race. And independent, feline, and proud was Pareto himself, a lover of form, but capable, at times, of showing his teeth in dissatisfaction, only to become all of a sudden docile again. Independent, he was a friend to all independents and all rebels in conflict with their govern-

ment, whether exiled Italian socialists or French clericals, welcoming them to his home with the utmost generosity. Proud, he was conscious of his own value and his own originality, of the ancient origins of his family, as noble and venerable as that of Savoy. (For all that, he did not want to be called 'marquis'; at the most 'professor,' or better 'monsieur.' He used to say he was born a marquis, and had not earned the title; and he had become a professor by chance rather than by personal merit.) Feline was his glance, and his caustic tongue could work with devastating effects, whether he was railing at the Democrats, 'those parvenus,' or against the Pan-Germanists, who dared to claim even Dante as their own, or against the temperance agitators, whom he called pathological specimens, or against his countrymen allegedly united in a conspiracy of silence against him — or the thousand other enemies of his ideas or his tastes.

Pareto's cats, besides keeping him company and inspiring him during his long hours of work, served him sometimes also as an object of study. Perhaps he regretted being able to observe them only 'from the outside,' without penetrating their inner nature as he tried to do with men. We find his Angora cats already in the *Systèmes Socialistes* of 1902: 'Why are Angora cats more delicate than alley cats? Because they are smothered with care; we take pains to save every kitten in a litter of Angoras, while from the brood of a wretched common cat, roving and hungry, only the kittens with the best of health are saved.' In *The Mind and Society* Pareto mentions cats several times, whether to compare them to the Europeans who conquer and destroy the Africans as the cat eats the mouse, or to quote his favorite proverb, 'The hasty cat bears blind kittens,' or to consider man as bound by certain instincts like the cat, which, with no

mice to catch, plays with a ball of paper as if it were a mouse.

In general all animals enjoyed his sympathy. He had allowed Madame Régis to keep some dogs: a magnificent Saint Bernard, which to their great sorrow they had to give away, since the playful disposition of the enormous animal was dangerous to guests; and a female wolfhound, called Miquette, because she was surprised one morning while burying, in a remote corner of the garden, a part of her daily ration of bread. She was seen again the next morning digging up the piece of bread to eat it in spite of the fresh ration she had been given. Pareto utilizes the incident in his *Mind and Society*: 'A dog may be given all the bread it wants, but it will bury the leftover and later dig it up and eat it, though it has plenty of fresh bread at its disposal.' Nor did Miquette's contribution to the varicolored mosaic of *The Mind and Society* stop there. Taking advantage of the gate left open, one day she disappeared in the fields in front of the house. A peasant of the neighborhood soon popped up holding a chicken which had fallen victim to the dog. Of course Madame Régis had to pay a high price for it, and she did not refrain from complaining about it to Pareto at teatime; whence came these lines: 'A dog kenneled in a garden will not harm the cats and the poultry that belong there. Once outside the gate, he chases all the cats and hens he sees; and he will attack a strange cat that enters his garden.'

Pareto's cats and Madame Régis's dogs were not the only animal inhabitants of Villa Angora. There was a little zoölogical garden with an enclosure, four or five cages with little houses, overflowing with rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons, gold and silver pheasants, a peacock, two cranes, two brown squirrels, an Angora goat and some kids.

The goat, 'Mr. le Bouc,' became the

special pet of my father. During the *tour du propriétaire* which Pareto and Madame Régis had us make the day after our arrival, Mr. le Bouc, perhaps excited by the sight of so many admirers, lowered his head and charged toward my father; and Father rushed against him with both hands outstretched, repulsing the attack. From that day, every time we stopped outside the goat's pen and made him come out, the same performance would take place. Since the odor of the goat was extremely strong, my father, before the encounter, would put on a pair of gloves, fine French gloves, new and wine-colored; and even now, after so many years, when taken from my father's collection of souvenirs and trophies, they call to mind the scene of my father at grips with Mr. le Bouc, aided in the battle by Madame Régis, with Pareto looking on and having a world of fun.

The two cranes were the only free citizens of the enclosure, and ventured out on the lake, always faithfully returning to the villa. A third had flown away long ago, never to return. In the cage nearest to the villa were kept the squirrels, which had a stump with a little house at the top at their disposal. The gardener was strictly forbidden to give them anything to eat, a ministration reserved for Pareto alone, who early in the morning, before setting to work, went to the squirrels' cage, his pockets full of nuts. One of them would accept food from no one but his master; refusing to be fed even by Madame Régis, he let himself starve to death when Pareto died. The squirrels too have their little niche in *The Mind and Society*. Between the cages and an avenue of plane trees there was the kitchen garden, with fruits and greens, a patch of strawberries, white and red raspberries, red and black currants, and a fountain with a basin full of frogs and toads. I was

given permission to eat the fruit at my pleasure; the strawberries alone were reserved for Pareto.

But what was for me then a veritable earthly paradise was the part of the grounds at the right of the house, kept up as a garden. There were carefully tended green lawns, with flower beds, where the gardener gave his fancy free play at making stars of Italy and various geometrical designs in different colors; two banana trees, protected in winter by a little wooden house with a door which Pareto used to inspect methodically each autumn; a tiny pond with some ducks on it, surrounded by a fringe of gooseberry and currant bushes; majestic trees of the most varied species — willows, arbor vitæ, and extremely tall pines, in the shade of which we took tea at about five o'clock, when Pareto emerged from his study. A certain chair was reserved there for Pareto; like the cats, the squirrels, and the strawberries, woe to whoever touched it.

The farthest end of the garden I called my virgin forest. No voice from the house could pierce as far as that, to the exasperation of the maid Julie, who had to come and fetch me out at mealtimes. For Pareto did not allow delays: if I arrived barely a minute late, gasping for breath, he welcomed me smiling, with a '*J'ai failli attendre,*' à la Louis XIV, to freeze my blood.

Along the lake and for the whole length of the garden extended an avenue of those geometrical plane trees so typical of Lake Geneva. When the water was rough, the lake looked like a miniature sea in a tempest. On calm days the French shore was visible. The lake gave the villa a characteristic of its own, enveloping it with the uninterrupted murmur of its waves. The passing of a steamboat en route to Geneva or toward Nyon and Lausanne served to set the watch to the entire household with the exception of Pareto.

After having worked a part of the afternoon, Pareto frequently walked up and down the avenue, or had his armchair brought there, in the shade of a plane tree, and turned toward the lake. Losing himself in gazing far off, he meditated on men, in company with 'Mother Nature.' Even then he did not really rest. While he seemed to be dozing, his mind was kept working by the sight of the swans which would often float by: 'On the shores of the Lake of Geneva one may see flocks of swans, each of which occupies a certain area of the lake. If the swan of one flock tries to invade the territory of another flock, it is attacked, beaten, driven off. The old swans die, young ones are hatched and grow up, and the flock endures as a unit.'

III

When we were kept in the house by bad weather, especially after the interminable autumnal rains began, the villa offered a pleasant and varied refuge indoors. There was the small antechamber where old cloaks, caps, and canes accumulated, and the large room at the left with enormous cupboards kept under lock and key by Madame Régis, so that every time a sugar bowl had to be replenished or a napkin was needed for a new guest Julie had to fetch the mistress of the house, who came preceded by a great clattering of keys. This room was large and diverting, for from one of the wide windows, as one went about the housework, the various animals' cages were in plain sight. A service lift connected it with the kitchens below. On the ground floor were two rooms set apart for guests, with large comfortable beds and solidly bourgeois and uninteresting furniture.

The dining room at the right was cheerful, full of light, and boasting a view of the garden and a verandah full

of flowers. On the wall the same artist who had prevailed upon Pareto to let him ornament the staircase with cats had painted full-length figures of women, clad in veils of rose, pale blue, and white, with long, loose-flowing hair. Pareto's generosity, however, was perhaps not enough to excuse the vulgarity of those veiled women, who certainly did not speak for the æsthetic and artistic sense of anyone who tolerated their sight, day after day.

The fare at the Villa Angora was extremely refined, prepared by experienced cooks. In the rainy season we used to go hunting together along the hedges of the highways for snails to prepare *à la bourguignonne*, a dish my father relished. Pareto delighted in satisfying the appetites and fancies of his guests, he himself being rather sparing in his diet and rarely tempted by Pantagruelian dishes. While Madame Régis herself supervised the preparation of the food, Pareto, as was seen above, was the dispenser of the wines, chosen always with the discrimination of a real connoisseur. His cellar, plentifully stocked before the war, included wines of infinite variety, French, Spanish, German, Hungarian, and Swiss. Whenever he was expecting guests, he could be seen descending to the cellar, armed with candle and keys, to choose the kind of wine that seemed the most appropriate to the occasion. He never entrusted the task to anyone else, even after a hard day's work, or when his weak heart worried those about him.

Following his physician's advice, he drank very little, and only after having battled between the desire to drink the glass of wine and the fear that it might injure his health. He yielded, however, to the temptation, thinking that 'one considered but the effects, all probably bad, of wine on the physical health and paid no attention to the pleasure a man receives from its temperate use.' He took exception with anyone who

claimed that alcohol had the effect of diminishing brain power. His great admiration for Bismarck was increased when he discovered that the German statesman was a lover and connoisseur of wines, a taste he also shared with the great mathematician Abel.

At dinnertime, when there were guests, more than at any other time, Pareto gave free rein to his talents as a witty and learned *causeur*. When we were alone, Madame Régis made a brief résumé of the morning's or afternoon's happenings, while Pareto listened, ready to find reason for comment in the most trifling things and in the least interesting conversation. He used to say, 'Even an absurd and idiotic argument is a fact.' He enjoyed asking my opinion on the minor events of the day, listening attentively. In the same way he encouraged the servants to chatter away to him, and not even the recounting of a dream bored him. 'Facts which at first blush might seem insignificant or childish; tales, legends, the fancies of magic or theology, may often be accounted idle and ridiculous things. . . . They may be very helpful as tools for discovering the thoughts and feelings of men.' For the same reason, again, he was an assiduous reader of the sensational news columns in the papers, and would retell amusing bits from them, adapting his conversation to the mentality of a little girl.

After lunch, Pareto used to rest an hour before continuing his work, as did Madame Régis, who withdrew to her little sitting room, next to the dining room, where Pareto hardly ever set foot. To enter it one lifted a Gobelin tapestry; covering its walls were other French tapestries of the end of the last century representing the four seasons in rural settings. The only object of any artistic value in the whole villa was kept in this room: a Saxe porcelain group. In one corner was an ancient gramophone with a horn, and a few records,

— ‘Pagliacci,’ ‘La Fille de Madame Angot,’ ‘Carmen,’ ‘Les Cloches de Corneville’ — to which Pareto would unflinchingly refuse to listen, murmuring, ‘Music — I never listen to it. It tells me nothing. To me it is like the creaking of a cart passing in the street.’

Situated directly above the sitting room, on the second floor, was Pareto’s bedroom, a veritable cell, with one large bed of iron, I think, which almost completely filled it, and a few other pieces of extremely simple furniture. I never saw the two windows except when they were hermetically closed with Venetian blinds and shades, which added to the austere atmosphere of the room. The only lively decoration was Fanfinou d’Amour, who became a cushion at the foot of the bed at night. The appearance of the room typified Pareto’s character: bare of useless frills, simple almost to a Spartan degree. His frugal disposition, so evident in his personal tastes, caused him to be a very careful administrator: thus he settled at Céligny, in the Canton of Geneva, to avoid the taxes of the Lausanne Canton, where he taught. But at the same time he was lavishly generous with others, with all those who came to enjoy his hospitality.

IV

The centre of the social life was the living room on the same floor, where we gathered in the evenings: sofas, armchairs, tables, prints, pillows, laces. Here, also, a rather bourgeois and indifferent taste. In a corner there was a piano that Madame Régis opened sometimes to sing her favorite song, ‘Ma Normandie.’ Pareto would very politely listen, maintaining complete silence. Sometimes he would invite me to give a comedy, which he knew I liked to do. I would take some pillows, the laces from the chairs and tables, and with those simple properties make up

my sets, playing the various characters *à tour de rôle*. One pillow became a baby in swaddling clothes, two tied together represented a husband, a little one balanced on my head made me a hat, with a lace for a veil, and so on. Pareto laughed and enjoyed himself. As usual he was cataloguing in his mind what he saw: ‘Children are just trying to amuse themselves by humoring their instinct for combinations, just as they do when on a romp they make the strangest combinations of the things at their disposal.’ I can perhaps flatter myself that when Pareto wrote these lines his mind went back to the little child performer.

I remember one evening when, in order to interrupt a rather boring discussion which had started at dinner, Madame Régis unearthed a huge box of photographs of the most disparate people. There were pictures of Pareto and of his colleagues, of Madame Régis and her actress and singer friends of the Geneva theatre. From that box my father produced the handsomest photograph of Pareto that I have ever seen. It was taken at Florence during a masquerade ball, and Pareto appears about thirty years old, in Arab costume, with a hood covering part of the head, in an attitude of proud defiance, his large eyes glowing darkly, his beard black and curly. The photograph has passed into my father’s collection, enriched with a fine dedication. On that evening it recalled old memories. Pareto, leaving us for an instant, reappeared with a yellowed manuscript, giving it to me to read. It was one of his ‘sins of youth,’ a story he had written at Florence, when, as he put it, he dabbled in literature. As if ashamed of having brought to light old waste paper, he immediately left the room.

It was an animated tale of an evening passed at the Peruzzi house, or some other illustrious Florentine drawing-room of the period. Pareto’s clear,

simple, and not too small handwriting made it easy for me to read it aloud, later, to my father. Invited to a gala function *pour pendre la crémaillère*, Pareto, then a young engineer of modest means (he had not yet come into the inheritance which enabled him to live in comfort a life dedicated solely to science), having skipped his dinner, had arrived famished. He hastily went to the buffet, and, when no one was looking, filled the pockets of his coat-tails with chocolate éclairs, against the morrow. A cat, the only witness of his deed, started to miaow, and Pareto, to send it away, pulled its tail (this particular impressed me especially, for I mentioned it later to Pareto, who, with his sweetest smile, commented, 'By-gone days'). Pareto was about to leave when his hostess seized him by the arm, obliging him to sit by her side. Alas, he failed to part his coattails in time, and soon felt a rivulet of sticky wetness run down his legs. When the time to take his leave arrived, there remained quite evident traces on the armchair. The hostess, noticing these, and at the same time the spotted suit of her guest, was at first astounded, then begged a thousand pardons of him: Pareto must have leaned against a newly varnished moulding. How sorry she was that his suit had been ruined through her fault!

V

In rather marked contrast with the simplicity of Pareto's own room was Madame Régis's bedchamber, glowing with what seemed to me a profusion of mirrors, of sparkling perfume bottles and evening gowns. Often a guest, especially if English, would dress for dinner, and in this case Madame Régis would dress too, Pareto alone remaining as he was, in his sack suit of iron gray and his high boots with strips of elastic at the sides.

On the top floor was the room which

I considered mine, with a double ogival window and balcony, from which one could enjoy a magnificent view of the lake. Along the window frame, tiny but active spiders had made the finest of fabrics, in which thousands of little flies were imprisoned. I remember having asked the maid Julie why she did not remove the spider webs. It was forbidden, she replied, for Pareto did not allow a single spider to be killed or the webs to be destroyed. To myself I debated for a long time the reason for such an order: did Pareto perhaps think those laborious little creatures formed a protective netting against the flies and other insects? Or did he simply respect their industrious ability? And when, having forgetfully leaned against the balcony parapet, I found filmy gray veils dotted with black spots on my dress, I could not tell which feeling was stronger in me, disgust, or regret at having done something against Pareto's will.

VI

Pareto's study was on the second floor. Past its doorway, which no one dared to violate, Pareto was in his laboratory, surrounded by his tools, the books, and his muses, the cats. There were two rooms with high open and closed bookcases around all the walls up to the ceiling, with two and sometimes three rows of volumes on each shelf; and piles of books heaped everywhere, on tables, chairs, and even on the floor, arranged according to a system that Pareto apparently knew, for when he sought a book he found it without too great an expenditure of time. He had an iron memory, which made him independent of any catalogue. Woe to whoever should touch his books, or dust his desk, displacing his newspaper clippings or his papers full of hieroglyphics and mathematical problems which he amused himself by solving.

Pareto did not willingly lend his

books, because, as he read them, he filled them with loose sheets of paper on which he took notes. As he gradually progressed in his work, the hundreds of little sheets of semitransparent paper full of notes were thrown away, and my father has rescued several from the waste-paper basket. They enrich to-day his collection of autographs, together with the many and fine letters Pareto wrote him. Pareto liked personal correspondence with his friends, and answered at once all letters, with a special courtesy all his own.

Infinite in number were the newspapers and reviews that came to the villa, and the complimentary copies of books and reprints from colleagues and disciples. Of the periodicals, Pareto read with pleasure the *Travaso delle Idee*, a Roman comic weekly, and the *Baretti*, a literary journal edited by Piero Gobetti, perhaps because they satisfied his critical and satirical spirit. Besides Aristotle and Machiavelli, his favorite classics, Pareto liked to talk about Bismarck's memoirs, and to me, who had never read them, he warmly recommended *The Adventures of Pinocchio*.

In spite of his illness, he used to spend at his desk more than eight hours a day. He began the day at seven, and, when his work was urgent, ended it at eleven at night, at which hour he invariably retired. As an engineer, he had never refused, when the occasion arose, to perform even heavy manual labor; but when I knew him his physician, Jomini, who came all the way from Lausanne to see him and often used to linger with him at great length, talking rather of history and politics than of medicine, had prohibited the least physical exertion. Thus all of Pareto's enormous energies were turned toward his studies, permitting him to bring to an end his work on *experimental science*. There, in his study, he found himself in his element. Like the

Angora cats surrounding him, Pareto had need of special care. The verandah and the two studies were indeed the warmest places in the whole house, and there Pareto could permit himself the luxury of leaving off his outer wrappings and his hat. With these he laid aside also, he used to say, 'to an extent at least, his sentiments, preconceptions, and beliefs, resuming them on leaving the study.'

As simple as this, then, was the villa, with its elaborate park. And yet Pareto was proud of it, and used to say that at his death he would like to have the villa made into a museum, as in the neighboring Coppet had been done with Madame de Staël's house, and in the not far-off Ferney with that of Voltaire. Later, however, he bequeathed his library to the University of Lausanne; and to-day his cats and the other animals are dead or scattered, except one crane which struts in solitude the botanical garden of Lausanne; his villa is for sale, while the 'virgin forest,' having been already sold, has vanished to make room for a cottage. And nothing remains of Pareto at Céligny but a very modest tomb.

VII

Already before the war, Pareto no longer went to Lausanne to give lectures. During the war and immediately after, when I frequented the villa, he hardly ever left even the limits of his garden, and it was for this reason that for neighbors and peasants he was an almost legendary personage.

In 1917, however, in order to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to the chair of political economy, the University of Lausanne, which took the initiative, asked Pareto to give in the spring at least a short course of lectures. Thus, after an interruption of over eight years, Pareto made a few trips to Lausanne.

At that time he was entering on his seventieth year of life. The indomitable pride that he took in his work had become more marked in the solitude of Céligny, and he was addicted to a bitterness at times excessive and to an irritability perhaps made more acute by his illness. I remember that during the preparations for the celebration, which were prolonged and difficult on account of the war, and in which my father took part, having charge of all the Italian organization and a part of the Swiss, there was at least as much friction as pleasure. My father did all he could to bring about a decoration by the Italian Government, but when it came Pareto thought it insufficient, and refused it. Other sources of apprehension were Pareto's relations with some of his colleagues, and the coldness toward his best friend Pantaleoni, which ended, however, when Pantaleoni in person came to the jubilee to represent the Italian minister of public instruction, Ruffini, and the University of Rome.

At the ceremonies which took place on July 6 in a hall of the baroque De Rumine palace, Italian, French, German, American, and Swiss scientists were gathered together on neutral ground. Of the great number of telegrams and letters that poured in, the one that pleased Pareto the most, because it came from the enemy's camp, was that from the University of Frankfurt. Among the many speeches, I recall the eloquent and witty one by the representative of the University of Paris, Charles Gide, willing to forget that Pareto had treated him with some condescension as a 'literary economist.' Pareto's colleague at Lausanne, Rouguin, and Pantaleoni gave other long speeches, with some personal touches, not forgetting Madame Régis, to whose care Pareto owed in part his being able to continue his work. My father presented a parchment scroll containing

the names of over eighty of Pareto's Italian admirers, and another one from his colleagues and admirers living in Switzerland, among whom I remember the name of George Davis Herron, friend and counselor of Wilson.

VIII

In the thick of a war, then, whose outcome still seemed undecided, scientists from all over the world, forgetting partisan hates, had united to honor Pareto. Pareto's personal attitude toward the war was the same one he had proposed to maintain in his own work. Free of any political bias, he tried to clothe himself with the objectivity of the scientist who 'looks on the game, setting down the score.' He was a profound pacifist, however convinced he was, by his historical-sociological researches, that there would always be wars. He laughed at those who, at the beginning of the war, believed it would last only a short time and then, seeing it drag on, consoled themselves with the thought that here was the war to end wars. He spoke with profound contempt of those pacifists who suddenly became militarists, 'letting themselves be carried away, like a leaf in the wind, by the storm of warlike enthusiasms.' Of himself he said, bending down to me with a complacent smile, 'I am a defeatist,' and as my eyes widened in disappointment he turned to my father: 'Defeatist, to be sure, in that I do not share the beliefs and interest which to-day have obtained the upper hand.'

That his attitude was judged by the intolerant as being unpatriotic is shown by the following incident. The *Nation* had praised an article of his on the war and its principal sociological factors, published by Rignano in his journal, *Scientia*, in March 1915 — that is, before Italy entered the war, 'when a crumb or two of experimental truth

was still tolerated.' As a consequence, several American publishers wrote to him with offers to translate and publish the article. Pareto replied, sending it, but advising against its publication because it ran counter to the spirit of the times: 'And that I was right is proved by the fact that not one of those publishers pursued the matter further. . . . The article seemed too daring.'

To me, ardent in the cause of the Allies, Pareto, so impartial and unenthusiastic, appeared Germanophile — perhaps also because at first, before the entry of the United States into the war, he seemed to believe in the ultimate victory of Germany. To tease Madame Régis, who was a supporter of the Allied side, as befitted a good Frenchwoman, he used to tell her that his real name was Fritz Willy. I believed then that he had invented the name to annoy us. I learned later that he had actually used it in his doctor's thesis; but to this day I am ignorant of its origin. In any case, Pareto was no Germanophile, just as he was no Francophile either; and in spite of all his partiality for Bismarck, he had to read his memoirs in a French translation.

He had always been unrelenting in his criticism of the political life of his own country, Italy. But at bottom he loved it sincerely, in spite of all his ironies and the deep sense of grievance that the voluntary exile following the vexations he had suffered under Crispi's government had left in him. This love for his country manifested itself when the news of the battle of the Piave reached Céligny. The gardener had prepared for the table a centre-piece of flowers arranged in a star with

the word 'Victory.' Pareto, who had not yet read the newspapers, was thus apprised of the Italian triumph. As if propelled by a spring, he rushed at once down to the cellar to find a bottle of champagne worthy of the success of the Italian army.

IX

A lover of paradoxes, he himself used to say that, 'with many people of a contradictory turn of mind, to condemn a thing is a surer way of gaining its acceptance than to praise it.' 'I shall poke fun at the "Goddess Science," yet the fact stands that I have devoted my life to experimental science.'

A hater of adulation, he was sometimes blinded by the adulation of pupils or followers far from approaching his mental stature. Although he had meditated on all that was humanly knowable, he was often unable to judge those who were nearest him or who courted his favors. By temperament a lover of liberty in all its aspects, political and economic, when he wrote he leaned actually in the other direction: 'But in doing this it may be that I have gone too far, and that, for fear of giving too much weight to the arguments in favor of liberty, I have failed to give them enough.'

What a deep-rooted bitterness and sadness, a bitterness that even work could not make him forget, caused him to write to the small girl who had become his friend: 'May you, when nearing the end of your life, consider false the words in Ecclesiastes which say that all is vanity and a striving after wind. It is the best wish that could be made for one who is just entering upon life.'

BREAKFAST, OLD STYLE

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

'JUMPING Christopher!' I can hear my father say. 'What do you mean by setting pap down in front of me? Where's *breakfast*?'

I do not remember what it was that provoked this outburst, but it must have been some experimental item of the menu, a faintly suggestive fore-runner, perhaps, of the orange juice, cereal, toast, and coffee which have now become the standardized American breakfast. My father was not one to tolerate novelties, and when he came to the table in the morning it was with every intention of making a hearty meal.

My memories go back to a childhood in Southern Michigan fifty years ago, when men worked from sun to sun, and women longer. In the interval, food habits have changed in keeping with a changed way of life, and no meal reflects the transformation so strikingly as breakfast.

My father came to the breaking of his night's fast after a preliminary hour's wrestling with chores, and he went from the table to a day's work in which fields had to be ploughed, seed sown, hay cut, grain reaped, corn husked. To men like him, breakfast meant meat and potatoes — the chief staples around which the meal revolved. And meat usually meant pork in one form or another, commonly salt. Variations there were, to be sure. In the butchering season there was

fresh pork, and liver; later on there would be sausages, or smoked ham and shoulder. After a rainy day, when the men had not been able to work in the fields, there might be fish. But always there were potatoes. Sometimes they were boiled, with an accompaniment of milk gravy or creamed codfish; again they were sliced and crisply fried; or they might be baked, with pink slices of home-cured ham and gravy.

Our home-cured ham was like nothing I have seen or tasted since. Packing houses are hereby warned that it will be futile to bombard me with their highly renowned products, for I have tried them all and regard them with due approbation. The difference between their smoked hams and those cured in the little slant-roofed shanty out behind our house is traceable, I suspect, to the fact that they do not burn corncobs. Some of them burn hickory sticks, yes, but no corncobs. If you have ever smelled freshly shucked corncobs burning, you can imagine what that odor did to a ham.

When it came to cooking the ham for breakfast, my mother sliced it about one fourth of an inch thick and freshened it in cold water brought to warm on the back of the stove. It was then drained and wiped dry. In its own firm border of fat it was fried slowly to sweet perfection, and then removed to a hot platter. The remaining fat was allowed to reach a smoking heat, and

into this she sifted flour to a bubbling paste, stirring while it seethed and browned. When enough flour was added to absorb the fat, warmed milk was stirred in gradually and evenly to make a gravy having the consistency of heavy cream. It was then salted and peppered to taste.

This recipe, you see, is not modern. It does not tell you how much flour to use, nor how much fat, nor how much milk. But that is the kind of milk gravy men's memories cling to because it is the kind their mothers made, and that is the way they made it.

II

Our breakfasts did not begin with fruit or fruit juices. If we had fruit at all, it was eaten with friedcakes and cookies; but in general fruit was reserved for supper, fresh in season, preserved the rest of the year.

Friedcakes were always, month in and month out, as much a part of the first meal of the day as coffee. I think my father would have considered it a personal affront to ask him to make a breakfast without friedcakes. He did not 'dunk' them, and he did not hold with men who dunked them. I remember his once reproving a hired man who had the habit. 'Well, Curt,' he said, 'I see you been hobnobbing with the Lunkers.' (The Lunkers were a sort of Jukes family that lived down by the river and kept hogs, and were known for their slovenly habits.) I felt a little sorry for the man, who laughed awkwardly and soon after left the table.

Cookies, too, were a regular addition to the breakfast menu — molasses cookies and sugar cookies, which more favored children than I were allowed to 'soak.' Soaking a cookie is not the same as dunking it. Dunking is accomplished by holding one portion while dipping the other, but soaking is crumbling the cookie into a partly finished glass of

milk and eating it with a spoon. To this my father also objected. 'If you want *dough*,' he said, 'lick the dish. If you want cookies, then *eat* cookies.' I ate cookies at the table, but spooned them when the occasion allowed. I also licked the dish.

My father liked eggs for breakfast — two or three, at least — and he wanted them fried or boiled. If boiled, they must be boiled hard. But a hard *fried* egg was his abomination.

Few women can fry an egg as my mother could. Her technique was perfect, and the result was no leathery mass of frizzled white and broken yolk, but an intact globule of filmed yellow set in a circle of delicately congealed albumen. She fried eggs in the fat from bacon or ham, whichever happened to be in use. This fat was made hot — sizzling but never smoking; if it was too hot, it was drawn to the back of the stove until there was no danger of browning the thin edge of the white before the yolk was cooked.

Each egg (taken from the nest the night before) was broken separately and gently into the sizzling fat, and never were so many introduced into the spider at one time that their edges mingled. Then my mother stood by, spooning the hot fat over them until the yolks presented an opaque appearance and the whites were coagulated but not hardened. They were then, at the exact moment of perfection, taken from the spider with a pancake turner, and laid on a warmed platter along with the ham, rosily tender and faintly browned, or bacon, done to a curl but never to a crisp. An egg fried in this fashion, its qualities and verities instantly sealed within it by a hot, sweet coating of honest fat, cannot be too great a tax upon the digestive machinery. Numberless were the fried eggs my father consumed, and he bore up under them until well past his eighty-fifth birthday.

A poached egg is another dish ap-

parently difficult to achieve, but it was not beyond the scope of my mother's culinary art. The water, she maintained, should be at the hard-boiling point when the eggs are slid into it, one at a time, and after that it must be allowed only to bubble. This is accomplished by drawing the pan to one side of the stove, while the bubbling water is spooned over the eggs until the yolks are filmed and the whites 'set.'

III

'You have to stand over things,' my mother always said, 'to make 'em right.' She was none too fond of housework, often preferring a day in the garden or field, but she was extremely conscientious and 'stood over' her cookery until she herself, a critical epicure, could pronounce it good. Then she felt reasonably sure that my father would at least find no flaws in it. He was a man of just if not equable nature, little given to praise.

'If you think a thing's good,' I have heard my mother say, 'I should think you could say so.'

'If I don't say it *ain't* good,' was his reply, 'you'll know it is.'

Salt mackerel was one of my father's favorite dishes. It came in a 'kit,' a small wooden pail, and smelled to heaven when it was opened.

For breakfast, a fish was put in cold water the night before and set on the back of the stove to freshen. In the morning the water was changed, and the fresh water was brought forward to heat. When everything else was about ready to serve, the water was drained off and the fish was allowed to pan-broil for ten minutes or so. It seemed to require no more cooking than that. Dotted with butter and transferred to a platter, it made a most palatable dish.

Fried mush came along in the fall, after the first harvest of winter corn and before the pancake season set in,

and again in the spring when the batter pitcher was washed and put away. Fried mush for breakfast followed a preceding supper of mush and milk. My mother made her mush by sifting yellow corn meal, fresh from the mill, into an iron kettle of boiling salted water; with one hand she sifted the meal while with the other she stirred it with a wooden spoon. It was then drawn to the back of the stove to bubble and sputter and spurt for an hour or longer — and woe to you if it happened to spurt onto bare hand or arm while stirring.

Whatever mush was left over after supper was packed in a greased bread tin. In the morning this was sliced and fried in hot fat, and eaten with butter and syrup.

We did not often have maple syrup. There were a few maple trees on our place and my father would occasionally tap them to get enough sap for a drink; or, as a special treat, my mother would sometimes boil down a little sap into sugar. Although other farms about us boasted a 'bush,' and maple syrup was not an unknown luxury in Southern Michigan, it was not common as it is now. Instead, we had sugar syrup — white and brown sugar boiled together in a small amount of water — and it answered the purpose very well. And, of course, the covered glass dish of honey — honey in the comb and fresh from the hive — was as customary an accessory to the breakfast table as the butter dish.

IV

In winter, breakfast took on new meaning, for then the fried mush, johnnycake, or ordinary plain bread gave way to buckwheat cakes. There were differences in taste regarding the lacing of these cakes. Some insisted that the only proper sauce was melted butter; others preferred sugar and thick cream; still others liked to pour over

their cakes the hot brown fat from fried ham or pork. But the general preference was for butter and syrup.

After the buckwheat crop was harvested, my father, never a patient man, could hardly wait for the pancake season to open. My mother did not like to begin too early, for, like other habits, once started it was difficult to break, and the routine lasted until spring, without respite. This meant added details in an already crowded day of petty tasks: the cakes had to be 'set' the night before, and while the rest of us were at breakfast she had to stand over a hot fire to cook them, for she would not compromise with her belief that buckwheat cakes should be eaten direct from the griddle, a theory in which my father upheld her to the teeth. Ours was not a large family, but there was often a hired man, frequently a visiting relative, sometimes the itinerant preacher, or perhaps the ragman spending the night. And my father himself was no light eater. So, if my mother seemed to dally about beginning the ritual, she had good cause.

My father, however, was not one to let excuses stand in the way of the execution of his desires. 'It's about time to get the batter going, ain't it?' he would remark on a frosty night of late October. Each time my mother offered some reasonable objection to explain why that particular night was not the proper occasion. This went on into early November, my father growing more and more impatient. I remember once when, after he had repeatedly raised the pancake question without effect, he attempted to take matters into his own hands.

My mother was frequently called upon to sit up with some sick neighbor, and it was on one of these occasions that he tried to speed the pancake season. Unfortunately he had small knowledge of the chemistry of food and absolutely no imagination with which

to offset his lack. I, being a very small child, was put to bed before my mother left the house, and it was not until next morning that cataclysmic noises in the kitchen warned me that something untoward was afoot. I rushed in to find the whole top of the stove covered with a grayish, foaming mass which had gushed from the mouth of the batter pitcher to overflow upon the floor into rivulets, pools, friths, firths, lagoons, narrows, guts, and whatever other forms a seething fluid may take. Over it all stood my father, a heroic figure with bald head flushed, fringe of white hair and beard awry, steel-gray eyes snapping with temper and dismay.

At that moment my mother appeared. She opened the outer door and stood speechless on the sill.

My father faced her in belligerent but wordless challenge. Finally he exploded, 'How many yeast cakes do you *put* in the dang things?'

Without answering, she stepped inside the door and took from him the mop with which he had been trying to clean up the mess. 'Go along out,' she said tersely, 'and tend to things you know something about.'

He went, and when he had gone my mother burst into gales of laughter that fairly rocked the now-empty batter pitcher standing on the stove. 'He must have put in a dozen yeast cakes,' she gasped, and then, more soberly and not without some measure of scorn, 'Serves him right! Meddling with things he's got no business with!'

But it seemed to me that, however right it served *him*, it was she who bore the brunt of his unhappy venture.

That night after supper, while my father was doing his chores, my mother busied herself with the ingredients that go into buckwheat cakes. When we were finally seated about the lamp for the evening, my father perusing the weekly *Patriot*, my mother with her mending basket near, she remarked

casually, with a gleam of mischief in her mild eye: 'I set the cakes to-night.'

'Time!' said my father, and the incident was closed.

Sausage was a frequent accompaniment of buckwheat cakes. If any among you who ever ate sausage as it used to be made in the homes of Michigan has tasted its like in, say, thirty years, I want to know where. Its odor and flavor still haunt me, vivid reminders that some mystery that went into its making has been lost to mankind. As I pondered this culinary conundrum, the answer suddenly came to me. It was the *sage*. The whole secret lay in the *sage*. We grew our own in a neat little row along the garden's edge, picked and dried it, and crumbled it — aromatic, fresh, and pungent — into the meat. But, on second thought, perhaps the pepper may have had something to do with it, too. My mother ground her own pepper in a little wooden mill. I wish I had it now. If I had, and could grow some *sage*, I might make some of that sausage, just to prove that it could be done — if I had the sausage meat.

V

What did children eat at those breakfasts of meat and potatoes and pancakes? They ate meat and potatoes and pancakes. I never saw a cereal other than corn meal during my whole childhood, nor did I ever hear of it in the houses of my contemporaries. We drank quantities of milk, ate acres of bread, consumed butter by the pound (a pound pat was always put fresh on the table), and we also ate doughnuts and cookies by the dozen. My pleasantest memory is of breakfast in a nice warm kitchen on a cold morning, with my little glass mug of milk, a huge slice of bread all buttered at once (there was not a single book of etiquette in our community), some little pancakes

cooked just for me, and my eye on the cookie plate.

Men in those days certainly lived by their breakfasts, but not by breakfasts alone. Supper was the least important of the day's three meals, because by then the rigors of the day were done, but dinner — at noon — was a 'fillin'' meal, designed to sustain the menfolk through a lusty afternoon's work in the fields.

The dinner menu varied with the seasons. The best time of the year seemed to be the early fall. Then we would have fresh meat — spareribs, pork shoulder, loin, liver. And a little later in the season one neighbor after another would kill a 'beef,' sharing with one another and thus continuing the succession of fresh meat as long as possible.

In winter our diet was more monotonous, but we had the cellar to draw upon. Among the usual provisions were a barrel of salt pork, a keg of kraut, crocks of sausage and pickled pigs' feet, jars of mincemeat, a barrel of cider vinegar, smoked hams, bins of apples and potatoes, and shelves loaded with canned goods. At that time women did not know enough about canning to preserve any great quantity of fresh vegetables except tomatoes. But there were jars of chowchow and chili sauce, pickles of every description, both sour and sweet, and fruit of every variety, as well as jellies and jams. There was a barrel of flour in the pantry, and in the house of the 'good pervider' a barrel of white sugar and one of brown, with sacks of unground coffee and caddies of tea. And of course there were pans of milk, jugs of cream, pats or jars of butter, crocks of lard, and combs of honey. Between Christmas and the first 'greens' of spring our only vegetables were Hubbard squash, cabbage, 'beggies,' and such others as could be kept in the cellar or root house.

I spoke of the monotony of winter

meals, but as I reread the foregoing paragraph I cannot work up much compassion for our sad state. Within the past few years I have seen times when to have stepped into cellar or pantry such as we knew then would have seemed like entering Aladdin's caves of treasure. To be sure, we lacked the fresh vegetables which are abundantly available to-day in almost every market the year round, but, if we now have them, we do not have the butter fresh from the churn with which to dress them, or the bread fresh from the oven to accompany them.

VI

My mother and her contemporaries were as stubbornly partial to certain utensils in which they cooked their favorite dishes as my father was to the iron kettle in which he insisted dough-nuts must be fried. It made no difference, for example, that the iron spider was heavy and unwieldy, and that its handle was so short and got so hot that an inadvertent touch without a holder would sear the flesh as quickly as fire itself — all frying *had* to be done in the spider. Used as it was over a wood fire, the outside was encrusted with burned-on soot, but the inside was as smooth as the softest satin.

Every housewife of that day had such a spider, and she treasured it in the same way she did her pie tins after they had been slightly burned and browned. You could not, so my mother said, bake a good pie in a brand-new tin, so the tins were used for this and that until they were properly tempered and seasoned.

Then there was the iron kettle in which *only* could a proper Irish stew be made; and the well-seasoned dripping pan, into which went, in turn, the turkey for Thanksgiving, perhaps a goose at Christmas, and, at odd times between, a whole pig with an apple

in its mouth. Like the spider, these utensils were tempered by long use and marked by frequent scourings.

Cleanliness was a fetish with my mother. There were few commercial cleaners on the market when I was a small child, but there was the brick board onto which dust from a fine brick was shaved with an old knife, and with this and a piece of soft cloth the steel knives and forks for the table, as well as the kitchen cutlery, were scoured. Wood ashes were used to clean the spider when fish was fried — to remove the odor — and were generally employed for other purposes as well. Soft soap also had its part in keeping chopping bowls, cutting boards, and wooden-topped tables clean. Baking soda was used to remove stains from the inside of tea and coffee pots, and to sweeten milk pails and pans.

Keeping things clean in that day was a task not to be lightly undertaken. Water was heated in the teakettle (also of iron, pot-bellied and black as night), and in the reservoir at the back of the stove. You had to use it sparingly. The sink, if you had one, was of iron with wooden drainboards reduced to the splintery stage by much scrubbing. There was no smooth enamelware, no light-weight aluminum. Utensils were black, ugly, heavy, and unwieldy. Dripping pans, saucepans, and kettles had rolled edges under which grease and dirt could collect if allowed.

In spite of all this, my mother's creed was firm. 'Things *must* be clean,' she said, 'or food won't taste good. Don't think the coffee's to blame when it's the pot.'

VII

The hired help in those husky days were almost always the social equals of the family itself. There were no 'foreigners' in Southern Michigan at that time, the land being tilled by men bred

on the soil, all of them more or less akin. The hired girl came from some neighboring family where girls were plentiful enough so that one or more could 'go out to work.' They were trained by their mothers and grandmothers in housewifely ways, and there were few of the daily tasks that they could not perform. House cleaning was second nature to them. They could not only make a shirt, but also wash, iron, or mend it as the need arose.

The hired girl and the woman she worked for were always on equal terms. They worked together, sat and sewed together, and sometimes took turns in going to the little country church. They confided in each other and praised each other.

'Your bakin'-powder biscuits is always just a mite lighter'n mine, Miz Eddy, and I don't know how you do it. I use the same rule to a T.'

'Mebbe it's the oven, Marthy. But if they are, your piecrust's flakier'n mine. I just can't get a flaky piecrust the way you do.'

Sometimes the 'girl' married one of the boys in the family, and the two would set up their own housekeeping on a rented farm or in a small house on one of the parental acres. Sometimes a beau came wooing from another farm, to meet with jest and joke from the boys on *her* farm. Sometimes she never married, but just stayed on and on, cooking, washing, cleaning, attending her friend the mistress through childbirth, and nursing the children. And sometimes she nursed her friend the mistress through a final illness and then married the widower. If so, it was a satisfactory arrangement all around, and one approved by the neighbors. She was used to the house, the children were used to her, and a man with a family had to have someone — so why not her?

Equally friendly were the relations

with the hired man, although he was a little less likely than the hired girl to be taken into the bosom of the family. There was a subtle difference in caste. The boys on neighboring farms were needed at home, so that those who hired out were likely to be homeless men or wanderers. Just the same, they ate with the family on all occasions; they washed in the same basin and used the same comb. They held the baby, played with the older children, teased the girls, commented freely on family affairs, and asked to have their favorite dishes cooked. In short, the hired man was just as good as anybody else, and did not hesitate to remind the family of this fact if they chanced to forget it. An incident of my childhood illustrates the point.

My uncle Frank was what the neighbors called 'a little nigh.' He not only hated waste, as did all thrifty farmers, but he was a shade less than generous in all his dealings. His wife set a bountiful table, for Uncle Frank was a hearty man, and, while he was exceedingly hospitable in urging food upon his guests, he viewed the greediness of children with disfavor and the robust appetite of the hired man with hostility.

The hired man was particularly fond of butter. One day at dinner Uncle Frank watched him for some time as he plastered one knifeful after another onto bread, potatoes, and whatever else happened to be on his plate. At last Uncle Frank could contain himself no longer, and said, casually but pointedly: 'Tom, I see butter's gone up to twenty-five cents a pound.'

Tom, undismayed, affected a lively interest in the fact. He looked over at the depleted butter dish and, reaching across the table, took half of what was left onto his own plate, then remarked with the air of a connoisseur: 'Well, Frank, it's wuth it. That's danged good butter your womern makes!'

PROMOTION IN THE NAVY

BY REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS

I

FOR reasons given in this article, I believe that the morale of the Navy is not what it should be, that it is continuously declining, and that this is chiefly because of a fundamental defect in the method of selecting officers for promotion. Before 1900, all promotions were by seniority. This stifled initiative, produced mental stagnation, made progress difficult, and resulted in naval inefficiency in design, marksmanship, and training to a now almost unbelievable degree. Indignant public criticism forced a reform in the method, but the first bungling attempt was a failure. In 1916 the system was changed to that now in operation, and, though much good resulted, it has become apparent that many inevitable injustices are inflicted and the morale of the service is being injured. This is a very serious matter.

It is perhaps not generally understood how the rank of officers is established in the Navy. Officers enter the Navy in the order determined by the marks attained in their studies at the Naval Academy, and are numbered in succession from the highest officer down. Before 1900, as I have said, all promotions from grade to grade were solely by seniority — that is, the officers continued to move up regularly in the order in which they left the Naval Academy. This was the most comfortable method possible for the officers in general because it gave each officer a feeling of

security. It assured all officers promotion through all grades from midshipman to rear admiral. The only requirements were a reasonably good digestion and ability to pass the prescribed examinations from grade to grade. These examinations were of such an elementary nature and so little varied, and the questions became so well known, that they were no real test of an officer's qualifications. The examining boards could not, or would not, reject even the notoriously intemperate or the physically incompetent unless so designated in official reports. In my experience of fifty years, I can recall the name of only one officer, physically and mentally sound, who was rejected for professional reasons: he was so disagreeable that neither seniors nor juniors could do any business with him.

The deadening effect of promotion by seniority can hardly be realized by those not old enough actually to have witnessed its results. All but the very worst reached the highest grade. Obviously such a system put no premium on initiative and study, for the loafer or dullard was as sure of promotion as the really superior officer. There was no incentive to attain excellence. In fact, the Navy believed that it had somehow been endowed with superexcellence. An invincible smug conceit was the general atmosphere; ours was the 'finest commissioned personnel in the world'; every one of our then fearful

ships was the 'highest expression of naval architecture,' and the rest of it. The result was nearly complete mental stagnation. Moreover, this system necessarily restricted officers to not more than four years' service as rear admiral in most cases, while some were retired within a week after being promoted, according to whether they had entered the Naval Academy at the youngest or the oldest limit of age. It required a long and bitter press campaign to break down the pernicious system of promotion by seniority.

As something had to be done to increase the rate of promotion and supply admirals with a longer term to serve, a yearly board, the notorious 'Plucking Board,' was constituted in 1900 to relegate to the retired list the poorer candidates who reached the upper end of the grades. Those not thus eliminated were promoted by seniority. This plucking out did much good, as it placed some premium on merit, or at least on absence of unfitness. But as it pilloried before the public those selected out, and later began to cut into good timber, it was abandoned in 1916 in favor of a system of selecting up instead of selecting out. With certain minor changes this is our present system.

II

The Navy Department appoints each year a board of nine admirals to select — from near the top of the upper grades — those officers whom the Board believes best qualified for promotion. For making selections in the lower grades a board of officers of less rank is appointed. This is, of course, a great step forward from the method previously in operation, as it is a genuine attempt to select really superior officers for the higher grades.

There can be no doubt of the integrity and conscientiousness of the officers of these boards, but the admirals on any

one board are only nine of the sixty admirals on the active list; before them come the names of the officers eligible for promotion to the two highest grades, rear admiral and captain, and with so many officers now in the Navy it is obviously impossible for all of the admirals on the Board to know personally all the candidates to be considered. Thus it may happen that a candidate is not actually known by any member of the Board. In such a case, upon what information do the admirals base their decisions?

In the first place, they have the reports of fitness of the various officers, reports written by the senior officers under whom the candidates have served, and compiled at the end of each half year. Major faults of officers are shown by these reports, — extreme intemperance, inefficiency, courts-martial, and so forth, — but for the most part the reports are uniformly good and furnish insufficient information to the Board. It may be pointed out, for instance, that 80 per cent of them state that the officer in question is above the average, which is of course a mathematical impossibility. Moreover, there are so many of these documents to be considered by each board that it is impracticable for each member to examine all of them; the Navy Department, recognizing this, has officially stated (Navigation Bulletin No. 172) that each member need examine only one ninth of the fitness reports. This having been done, each member gives the other members of the board his opinion of the candidates for whose records he has been responsible, and each admiral very naturally favors in his comments those whom he knows. It requires six votes to promote an officer, and under these conditions the conclusion is inevitable that if a candidate is unknown to many of the Board he has little chance of selection, while if he is known to none of them he has practically no chance.

Let me repeat that the naval service believes that the selection boards do the best they can under present conditions; that they act, as they necessarily must, upon the information with which they are supplied; that they must vote for the candidates whom they happen to know and believe to be good men. The service likewise believes, however, that they do not have sufficient information for a just estimate of those officers whom they do not know even by reputation.

Though practically all agree that the principle of selection has greatly increased the efficiency of the service, still it is generally believed that the present method has certain defects and limitations which render inevitable many very regrettable injustices — that it results too often in the rejection of officers very highly regarded by their contemporaries and the service in general, and in the promotion of much less able ones.

Ever since the present system has been in operation these criticisms have been increasing. If the service does believe that injustices result from the system as at present administered, it is apparent that the responsible authorities should do something about it, for it is, of course, recognized that if the system of selection does not have the confidence of the service, the morale of the personnel must necessarily decline.

III

In order to determine whether or not the present method of selection had the confidence of the service, I published in the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings* of June 1934 an article on Promotion by Selection, discussing the alleged defects of the present system and suggesting certain measures designed to eliminate them. Reprints of this article were sent to one thousand officers of the four upper grades and

their opinions were asked. Replies were received from 36.7 per cent of the officers addressed, an unusually large percentage from any questionnaire, and particularly so from officers, who are always reluctant to express their personal views on important official questions. Fifty-three flag officers (admirals), 103 captains, 126 commanders, and 85 lieutenant-commanders replied. Of these 367 officers, over 76 per cent approved my suggested changes and many others criticized the present method of selection.

Briefly, the change I have suggested is that each officer of the grade above the candidates for selection be required to submit to the Navy Department a list of those who he believes should be promoted. For example, if ten captains were to be selected for promotion to the grade of rear admiral, each of the fifty admirals not on the Board would recommend the ten captains whom he considered the best qualified to be rear admirals. Thus no outstanding officer could fail to be brought to the attention of the Board. These data would be tabulated for the Board, who would then have the consensus of opinion of all the admirals to supplement the facts contained in the official records and their personal opinions, together with all the other official information available — the medical record, commendatory letters, records of courts-martial, and so forth.

It is not claimed that the change I have suggested, although it apparently has the general approval of the service, would remedy all the defects that have grown up since selection for promotion was adopted. Far from it. But, as evidenced by the replies received, the service apparently believes that it would avoid the injustices inevitable under the present system and restore the confidence which is so wholly essential. There are many other more or less complicated features of selection that

will require the attention of technical experts when the subject comes to be considered by the Navy Department and the Congress. Certain of these complications were set forth in a letter from one of our younger officers; they concern the present policy of retiring 40 to 60 per cent of whole classes, the loss by retirement of expensively trained and able-bodied officers while at the same time the Congress is asked for additional midshipmen for an expanding Navy, and the consequent great expansion of the retired list, which now numbers about 1500. At present, naval officers have not the reasonable security of position necessary to efficiency; the naval career has ceased to be a life profession and become only a temporary job. As a consequence I suspect that less desirable boys will apply for admission to the Naval Academy.

The yearly selection boards have no standard requirements for promotion. Each year, when the list of selections is published, the service is profoundly stirred by the advancement of officers with indifferent service reputation and the passing over of distinguished men. As one captain wrote me: 'The selections made in the last three or four years have certainly mystified and amazed the Navy. The service believes that the present system makes injustice inevitable, and this belief is unquestionably very detrimental to morale all down the line. It is beyond a reasonable doubt undermining morale and reducing confidence in our high-ranking officers.' One of our senior admirals on the active list is reported to have said: 'Our morale is declining; we should adopt the Japanese system and have two promotion lists to flag rank — one for service afloat and the other for the retirement of deserving captains who are in excess of the number of flag officers required in the service.' Incidentally, this suggestion

is frequently made in the letters — that captains who are not promoted should be retired as rear admirals, but without increase of retired pay. This should be done in the interests of morale. It is probably almost impossible for the civilian to realize what service rank means to a commissioned officer. When an officer enters the service he is obliged to subordinate to a large extent his individuality, his family life, and his possibility of financial gain to the requirements of the service, and in a sense his military title expresses the government's appreciation.

It is really distressing to read the comments of some of the officers who are passed over. One captain writes: 'As captain I served under sixteen admirals; all gave fine reports, but none could vote for me as none served on selection boards, and fourteen of the sixteen had retired by the time I came up for promotion.' Another captain reports that he had served with only one member of his selection board, three were total strangers, and three casual acquaintances. Another reports: 'Unfortunately, I did not have an admiral with whom I had served and who knew me thoroughly on the Board.' Still another: 'I had not been at sea with any member of that selection board. All the flag officers under whom I had served had been retired.' And another: 'Out of eighteen admirals on my two boards, there were only two with whom I had been shipmates. One was a lieutenant, junior grade, at the time and I an ensign. The other was with me only twelve days.' Similar cases came under my personal observation.

IV

The principle I have recommended is simply a means of determining the best officers to be promoted by soliciting the consensus of opinion from the

grade directly above them. A similar consensus taken of all the flag officers on the active list would enumerate the men best fitted to train the Navy in peace and to lead it in war. It is doubtful if the country is aware of the importance of this subject, although every citizen will agree that the service must have confidence in its leaders and respect for the fairness of the method by which they are selected.

This applies not only to selections in the ordinary course of promotion, but also to the vitally important selections for the key positions in the fleet and in the Navy Department. At times the officers assigned to these positions have been notoriously inefficient — officers who had neglected their education for high command, who had never been to the Naval War College, who were appointed through political or social influence or through personal influence with the Secretary of the Navy. Upon two occasions when such officers were appointed the cases were such flagrant flouting of service opinion that I characterized these appointments in the press as a crime against the people of the United States. A fleet that is not ready for war is of no use, and one that is under a commander known to the whole service as incompetent is a positive danger. There is no use in building a fleet up to

treaty strength unless measures are taken to ensure that it is in the hands of officers in whom *the service has confidence*.

It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to contemplate the results of an unexpected outbreak of war at a time when the fleet and the Navy Department happened to be in the hands of officers who lacked the essential confidence of the service. If the President of the United States or the Secretary of the Navy should initiate the practice of calling upon all the active admirals of the navy to indicate the officers whom they would like to see in chief command in time of war, and should assign these officers to train our fleet in time of peace, the Navy would be much better prepared for any emergency. And the feeling of confidence in the leaders thus chosen would do more for the morale of the service than any other measure possible.

In effect, this whole question is not simply one of justice or injustice to a few officers each year. It involves the basic principle without which efficiency is impossible. I submit that the whole subject should be studied, criticisms and constructive proposals weighed in the balance, and, if a revision be indicated, it should be prepared for the necessary legislation in Congress.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY — PARALLELS AND CONTRASTS

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

SOVIET RUSSIA and Nazi Germany are usually thought of as complete antipodes. The type of mind that sympathizes with Hitler's régime almost invariably views Communism with utter aversion; the radical who is inclined to justify or at least to condone arbitrary arrests and executions in Russia habitually professes horror and indignation when the same methods of administration are applied in the Third Reich.

But a detached observer who, like the present writer, has lived for fairly long periods of time under both régimes can scarcely fail to see the numerous parallels, as well as the striking contrasts, between Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany. The similarities are most vivid and most obvious in such matters as political technique, administrative practice, and ruling-class psychology. The contrasts are most pronounced as regards theoretical philosophy, ultimate goals, and sources of class support.

One of the most important points of similarity is that both Russia and Germany are ruled by dictatorial parties, which avowedly tolerate no other political organizations. The Germans, in their methodical way, made this very clear in a law of July 14, 1933, the first paragraph of which reads as follows: 'There is only one political

party in Germany, and that is the National Socialist German Workers' Party.'

The Soviet Constitution is less specific; it does not formally prohibit the formation of different parties. But Lenin once gave expression to an unfailing maxim of Soviet administrative practice when he said that there might be any number of parties in Russia — provided that the Communist Party were in power, and all the other parties in jail. Side by side with the rule of the single party over the country goes an absolute dictatorship of the party leadership over the rank and file. Any dissident group of critically-minded or disillusioned Communists or Nazis receives short shrift. It is declared 'counterrevolutionary' (a cant term of abuse, both in Russia and in Germany, for anything that contravenes the will of the ruling group) and its members are punished by expulsion from the party, by exile or imprisonment, or by execution, depending on the seriousness of their offense and the urgency of the situation.

At the head of the two tightly disciplined parties one finds leaders whose authority is absolute and whose decisions are accepted as infallible. Indeed, such an absolute and infallible leader is an indispensable element in a system that provides for no democracy in the

ruling party, much less in the country as a whole.

Stalin wields more power than the Tsars who ruled Russia before him, just as Hitler's authority is more far-reaching than that of any Kaiser. But there is nothing traditional or hereditary about the backgrounds of these two men who have been placed in supreme charge of the destinies of the Russian and German peoples. Neither Stalin, the son of a Caucasian shoemaker, nor Hitler, whose father was an obscure Austrian minor official, enjoyed any advantage of aristocratic birth, wealth, or superior education. And neither has any prospect of handing down his unique power to a dynasty of descendants. Stalin's children are better known to American newspaper readers than to Russians. Hitler has no children, and, if he had, there is little likelihood that they would be regarded as candidates for the succession. In Germany, as in Russia, it is taken for granted that the place of the present dictator will be taken by the strongest man among his immediate associates. How this 'strongest man' will identify himself is a problem for the future.

It is my impression that Hitler possesses a larger measure of intimate personal devotion than falls to the lot of Stalin. Here it is not merely a question of individual temperament and character, of personal magnetism. It must be remembered that Hitler built his movement up from the first beginnings and necessarily came into direct contact with large masses of the people whom he was winning over to his cause. He has spoken to audiences in cities, towns, and villages from the Rhineland to East Prussia, from the Baltic to the Bavarian Alps. Stalin, on the other hand, took over a very strong weapon of power — the organized Communist Party — which had already been forged by Lenin. It is only within recent years

that he has caused the spotlight of publicity to be turned on him with full force. Until he had consolidated his power by adroitly playing off his main rivals, Trotzky, Zinoviev, and Kameniev, against each other, he preferred to remain in the background. The great majority of Russian Communists have never heard him speak, have never even seen him.

The infallible leader is not the only common feature of Communist and National Socialist Party organization. Both parties have found themselves confronted and perplexed by the problem of the careerist, of the man who wishes to join for the sake of the loaves and fishes that are associated with the possession of dictatorial power. And Nazi and Communist leaders alike, with varying degrees of success, have endeavored to preserve idealism within the ranks by means of periodic purges of unworthy members, by erecting bars against a too hasty and indiscriminate admission of new 'party comrades,' by giving preference to the party 'old guard' in appointments to posts of responsibility. A member of the Russian old guard is a Communist with a record of revolutionary activity under Tsarism; Hitler's old guard consists of the men who supported him in the unsuccessful Munich Putsch of 1923, who joined his movement in the first years after the war, when it required strong faith to believe in ultimate victory. The Bolshevik old guard has been steeled and hardened by exile and imprisonment under the Tsarist régime, followed by the ordeal of the battlefields of the Russian civil war; the corresponding type in the Hitler movement is usually a World War veteran who subsequently fought in some of the numerous obscure skirmishes which marked the suppression of extremist revolts in Germany in 1919 and 1920. The 'old Bolshevik' has many psychological traits in common with the 'old

Nazi': fanatical faith in his cause, willingness to kill or be killed for it, personal sincerity combined with great ruthlessness when the supposed interests of the party demand it.

II

To one who comes, as I did, to Berlin with a background of Moscow experience, many features of life in the German capital seem strikingly, even boringly familiar. It is not novel or surprising, for instance, to find that Germans with even the mildest taint of political oppositionism are often unwilling to come into contact with foreigners, and are always naturally and pathetically eager to be certain that their views will not be quoted. A casual social evening with a few Germans of the educated class and of the pre-war generation was strongly reminiscent of Moscow. Conversation flowed along distinctly critical lines, in regard to the existing régime, until a young man who displayed a *Hakenkreuz* in his buttonhole entered the room. Thereupon the former free exchange of views promptly ceased and a distinctly chilly atmosphere was perceptible. It all suggested very much the behavior of a group of Russian professors upon the appearance of a Young Communist, a graduate of the Institute of Red Professors.

The anomalous situation that arose when Germans were dependent on foreign newspapers for information about important events in their own country — such as the shootings of June 30 and subsequent days and the Church controversy, which could not be reported with any freedom or accuracy in the German press — also inspired recollections of Moscow. It may be said, however, that the Germans possess at least one advantage over the Russians in being able to buy foreign newspapers freely. Even Swiss news-

papers, printed in the German language, are available on German news stands and are eagerly bought, for obvious reasons.

The Russian, on the other hand, must either read the Soviet newspapers or go without. In general the Soviet system of regimentation is more complete than the German. This is partly because the Soviet régime has endured for a much longer period of time, and partly because Russia is much more outside the main stream of European life and travel. Consequently it is easier to isolate Russians from 'dangerous thoughts,' emanating from foreign countries, than it is to cut Germans off entirely from news which comes from non-Nazi sources.

Both in the new Russia and in the new Germany one finds much more genuine and unquestioning enthusiasm for the new order among the young than among the middle-aged. Russia now has a young generation that has grown up under the Soviet régime, that has been subjected to an unrelenting stream of propaganda on its behalf since the cradle, and that naturally, with some unavoidable exceptions, sings Communist songs, thinks along Communist lines, repeats Communist phrases and slogans. The Hitler régime has not had time to train a similar generation in Germany, although it is taking vigorous steps in this direction by training the young teachers along one-hundred-per-cent National Socialist lines. But in Germany the youth was mostly caught up with the frenzy of nationalist faith that swept Hitler into power; and there are unmistakably more genuine Nazi enthusiasts under thirty than over that age.

Both in Germany and in Russia one is struck by the number of young men in high positions. The youthful German recruits for the *Arbeitsdienst*, or labor service on such public works as roadbuilding, land reclamation, and so

forth, are the unconscious counterparts of the Russian Young Communists, who are often mobilized for 'shock work' in timber camps, mines, and new construction enterprises. Both the Communist and the Nazi organizers of this labor are adepts in the psychological methods which Tom Sawyer found so useful in persuading the other boys to pay him for the privilege of whitewashing his aunt's back fence.

A moving-picture film which would show in quick succession a group of Young Communists being sent off to grub in the peat fields near Moscow and a band of young Nazis leaving Berlin to dig potatoes in East Prussia would certainly reveal amusing similarities. Both groups would be told that it was their high mission to work for the upbuilding of their country; the chief difference in the speeches of exhortation would be that the Soviet spokesman would throw in a few lines about the sovereign rôle of the proletariat, while the Nazi agitator would emphasize the brotherhood of all Germans in race and blood.

There is more similarity than is generally realized between the social measures of the two régimes. Both have done excellent work in promoting sport, outdoor life, and organized recreation. The German *Kraft durch Freude* (Strength through Joy) organization performs many of the functions of Soviet trade-unions by organizing cheap or free vacation trips for workers and more poorly paid employees and by making it possible for the poorer classes to attend operas, concerts, and theatres at reduced prices.

Both Communism and National Socialism possess many psychological traits of fanatical religious faith, notably the reassuring conviction that the end justifies the means and the firm will to believe in spite of the most convincing evidence to the contrary. They are often eminently successful in

communicating these traits to foreign admirers. The admiring tourist in Russia who spends two days in Leningrad, four days in Moscow, and comes away convinced that all stories of hunger and forced labor are lies, has a worthy companion in the occasional pilgrim to Germany who sees that the German towns are clean and orderly, that the German countryside is well kept and smiling, and uncritically infers that all tales of ugly happenings in concentration camps, general poverty, and espionage are mere inventions of non-Aryan malice.

Propaganda is a very important element in cementing the structure of both the Russian and the German dictatorial régimes. And the organization of propaganda in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kharkov, in Berlin, Cologne, and Munich, falls into very familiar and very similar patterns. With all critical opposition effectively gagged, it is a simple matter for the Communist or the Nazi agitator to magnify successes, to gloss over failures, to exaggerate the distresses of countries under other systems, to stir up mob hatred against minorities which are large enough to be identified and too small to defend themselves, such as the Jews in Germany and the more loosely defined 'kulaks' and 'bourgeoisie' in Russia. Propaganda is most effective when administered in wholesale rather than in retail doses. Talk quietly in his home to any individual German or Russian who has been shouting with enthusiasm at a mass meeting and, in nine cases out of ten, you will find that the temperature of his enthusiasm has cooled by many degrees. There is a saying in Germany that expresses this unmistakable psychological fact quite clearly. It runs as follows: —

'One German, two Germans, three Germans — complaints and grumbling. Fifty Germans, a hundred Germans — the Nazi salute and Heil Hitler.'

The technique of repression in the two countries is so similar that one is tempted to wonder whether the Nazis have been taking lessons from the Communists, or vice versa. The entire setup of the mysterious Reichstag Fire Case, especially Goering's assertion that it was to be the signal for a general Communist uprising, no sign of which ever materialized, was in the best tradition of the notorious Soviet sabotage trials, where, on at least one occasion, two men who had been dead several years were solemnly mentioned in a bill of indictment as participants in a formidable conspiracy against the Soviet régime. The killings in Russia after the assassination of Kirov last December, which, according to official statements, took 117 lives, were a remarkably faithful imitation of the June 30 'purge' in Germany. The procedure in the two cases was virtually identical: summary wholesale executions without open trial, followed by ambiguously worded official and semi-official statements accusing of all sorts of terrorist schemes, and of treasonable association with the agents of hostile foreign powers, the persons who had already been conveniently put out of the way. To cap this particular parallel, it may be noted that an American liberal editor who used language of approximately equal vigor in condemning both sets of killings received two large batches of protesting letters, one from Communists, the other from Nazis, all employing remarkably similar arguments and phrases in attacking him.

A skeptically-minded German in Moscow once discovered the diversion of reading to a limited circle of trusted acquaintances citations which, in their cocksureness and dogmatic violence, sounded as if they came from the leading Soviet newspapers, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. Then, to everyone's surprise, he would name the newspaper in the

new Germany from which they were taken. In somewhat the same fashion I cite the following passage, in a book about National Socialism, which would apply, with even more emphasis, to the Soviet Union: —

'The National Socialist state of the future rests upon general poverty, relieved by enthusiasm and maintained by terrorization.'

III

All these elements, poverty, enthusiasm, terrorization, are most characteristic of Russia under the Soviets. Contrary, perhaps, to a general impression abroad, the degree of terrorism is far greater in Russia than it is in Germany. While individual cases of outrage and torture in Germany have doubtless been as bad as anything that occurred in Russia since the Revolution, there can be no comparison between the numbers of sufferers from governmental terrorism under the two systems.

In the summer of 1933 the Soviet Government, in an unusual burst of frankness, stated that 71,000 prisoners employed on the construction of the canal between the Baltic and White Seas had received complete or partial amnesty. At the worst period of terrorism in Germany, I do not think there were as many as 71,000 persons in all the German concentration camps; the figure is now certainly much smaller. And the beneficiaries of the complete or partial amnesty constituted only part, probably the smaller part, of the prisoners in one of many Soviet concentration camps.

It is difficult to verify with certainty allegations about inhuman treatment in concentration camps. The Soviet Government has never permitted an independent foreign observer to visit one of the camps under the control of the Gay-Pay-Oo, and impressions de-

rived from brief conducted tours of German concentration camps cannot inspire much confidence. But one thing is certain: the better-known Soviet places of exile and forced labor — the Solovetzky Islands, the Narim Territory, the Baltic-White Sea Canal, during its period of construction — inspired as much terror in Russians as the Nazi concentration camps with the worst reputations — Oranienburg, Sonneberg, Dachau — excited in Germans. And the Soviet camps held vastly more inmates.

One may also, in this connection, compare the experiences of two groups which fared worst as a result of the upheavals: the Jews in Germany and the kulaks, or formerly well-to-do peasants, in Russia. The Jews were certainly dealt with very cruelly. Numbers of highly trained and educated men, as a result of the rigorous application of National Socialist racial dogmas, were abruptly deprived of the opportunity to practise professions, were expelled from posts in science, art, music, journalism, teaching, and the civil service. There were cases of murder and gross maltreatment of individual Jews; tens of thousands of Jews emigrated or fled from Germany.

Ruthless as this record is, it pales by comparison with the treatment which the Soviet Government meted out to the kulaks, who, with their individualist psychology, stood in the way of the general establishment of collective farming. A law promulgated during the winter of 1929-1930 authorized the 'liquidation' — that is, expulsion from their homes, with confiscation of property and deportation to forced labor — of all kulaks in regions where collective farming had been generally instituted. This would now refer to every part of Russia. There are about twenty-five million peasant families in the Soviet Union; of these about a million fell under the kulak

category. Making every allowance for loopholes and means of escape in individual cases, therefore, it seems certain that hundreds of thousands of these unfortunate families were uprooted and driven from their homes, being subsequently herded in timber and construction camps, where food and housing conditions were often revoltingly bad.

No one who is well acquainted with the circumstances of the two cases would be likely to deny that the kulaks — men, women, and children alike — fared even worse than the German Jews. That the plight of the latter has aroused far wider international attention and protest is attributable partly to the greater severity of the Soviet censorship and still more to the fact that Jews in other countries protested vigorously against the treatment of their co-racialists in Germany. The kulaks had few relatives or friends in other lands. Moreover, the German Government, apart from a few exceptions dictated by political considerations, made no effort to prevent Jews from leaving the country, whereas the luckless kulak had to run a formidable gauntlet of barbed wire, armed frontier guards, and police dogs if he endeavored to quit the Soviet Union. Consequently very few of the kulaks escaped to tell what had happened to their fellows.

Another bond of kinship between Moscow and Berlin to-day is the widespread circulation of 'anecdotes,' or satirical stories — the sole consolation of the critics of the existing régimes who possess no other means of expressing their feelings. The following two anecdotes, one of which I heard in Moscow, the other in Berlin, could easily have been interchanged.

The Gay-Pay-Oo and the 'confessions' which it always contrives to produce in sabotage trials are neatly hit off in the Russian anecdote, which represents an old professor of music as

complaining to a Gay-Pay-Oo official that not one of his students knew who wrote Tchaikovsky's famous opera, *Eugen Onegin*. The official promises to look into the matter and comes to the professor a few weeks later, beaming with enthusiasm and observing: 'We settled that case satisfactorily, Professor. We arrested the whole class, and, after we had held them in prison for a few weeks, four or five of the students signed confessions that they had written *Eugen Onegin* themselves.'

The German fable tells of a Jew who writes to relatives abroad as follows: 'Germany is enjoying unheard-of prosperity under the Third Reich. Not a hair of a Jew's head has been touched. Uncle Moritz, who expressed a contrary opinion, has just been buried.'

These stories are similar enough; but some anecdotes are actually common to both dictatorships. I have heard the following imaginary story told both of Stalin and of Hitler. The dictator proposes to inspect a lunatic asylum. The inmates are marshaled for the occasion and cheer with all the requisite animation. One of the dictator's guards notices one member of the audience who has not joined in the cheering and walks over to ask the reason for his abstention. The nonparticipant replies: 'Oh, that's simple enough. I am one of the warders, not one of the inmates.'

IV

Where the element of parallel and the element of contrast begin to blend is in the attitude of the Russian and German régimes toward the unlucky groups which are singled out for discrimination and persecution. Such groups exist, both in Russia and in Germany. But the basis of selection is different, although the treatment, in some respects, is strikingly similar. Russia is dominated by class fanaticism, Germany by race fanaticism.

Those Jews who came off worst under the Hitler dispensation are in much the same position of social ostracism, personal insecurity, and deprivation of almost all means of making a living as were the class victims of the Soviet system — priests and ministers of religion, former aristocrats and merchants, kulaks, and the like. If, as press reports foreshadow, Germany disfranchises the Jews and forbids them to serve in the army, she will be copying exactly the Soviet method of discriminating against Russia's pariah classes.

The idea of a kulak being appointed to manage a state farm in Russia would arouse in good Communists just the same automatic reaction of horror that the discovery of a Jew in a responsible state post would excite in good Nazis. The question of the personal qualifications of the kulak or of the Jew simply would not enter into consideration.

A shelf of the nonsensical books which have been written in Russia since the Revolution seeking to interpret literature, art, philosophy, even science and mathematics, on a 'class basis' could be usefully placed side by side with a shelf of equally nonsensical books which have appeared in Germany since 1933, seeking to impart an Aryan certificate to every manifestation of German culture. Russia boasts of its 'class justice,' as Germany boasts of its 'race justice'; an outsider often finds it uncommonly difficult to discover any cause for pride in either.

There are significant differences, as well as ironical and important similarities, between the Bolshevik and National Socialist systems. The most significant of these differences is the attitude toward private ownership of property. Amid all its changes, shifts, and modifications of policy, there is one economic principle to which Bolshevism, up to the present time, has been faithful: the abolition of private owner-

ship of factories and mines, banks and railroads, shops, and, more recently, even of small peasant land holdings, and the consequent elimination of the motive of private profit (although not of private material reward) from economic life.

Hitler, on the other hand, has never been a socialist, in the scientific sense of the term. His socialism boils down to moral generalities about the dignity of labor, the desirability of breaking down class lines among Germans, and so forth. As early as 1922, long before there was any question of the restraining influence of office, Hitler offered the following extremely original definition of what constitutes a socialist: —

‘Whoever is prepared to make the national cause his own to such an extent that he knows no higher ideal than the welfare of his nation, whoever, in addition, has understood our great national anthem, *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*, to mean that nothing in the wide world surpasses in his eyes this Germany, people and land, land and people — that man is a socialist.’

By this definition the richest landowner or manufacturer, if he were a public-spirited nationalist, could also be a socialist; and Hitler has always found adherents among the wealthy classes. There have been strong undercurrents of social radicalism in his movement, which have found expression in the pronouncements of individual subordinate leaders and in some of the Twenty-five Points, drawn up by Gottfried Feder, which for a time were regarded as the authoritative Nazi programme on social and economic questions. But Hitler has never committed himself to any programme of general expropriation, and, especially since the sanguinary ‘purge’ of the more extreme elements among the Storm Troopers last summer, the economic trend has been toward the right.

Detailed regulation of many aspects of business life, especially in the field of foreign trade, has indeed been developing in Germany ever since the beginning of the severe financial crisis in 1931. But, if this can be called socialism at all, it is socialism dictated by economic necessity, not socialism in pursuit of a conscious plan.

Largely because of its more tolerant attitude toward the private ownership of property, the National Socialist upheaval has uprooted vastly fewer individual existences than the Bolshevik Revolution. A German under Hitler is far more likely than a Russian under Stalin to be going about his prerevolutionary trade, profession, or business. This is especially true in the country districts, where life in Germany flows along in very much the old channels. In Russia, on the other hand, what with collectivization, liquidation of the kulaks, wholesale destruction of livestock, and the introduction of new machines and working methods, the life of the peasants has been turned completely topsy-turvy, and large numbers of them have been physically eliminated by exile or famine.

There is a pronounced contrast between the classes which, in the main, support Hitler and those which are most loyal to the Soviets. Both régimes, to be sure, have entrenched themselves to a considerable extent among the younger generations, irrespective of class. But the typical rank-and-file Communist in Russia is a manual worker in a factory, while the typical rank-and-file Nazi is apt to belong to the middle class, especially the poorer middle class, or to the peasantry. Enthusiasm for the new régime in Germany strikes an observer as more general, more genuine, more unforced in the country districts and in the small towns than in the large cities. This situation is precisely reversed in Russia.

V

On some points the ideals of the two systems are diametrically opposed. National Socialism wishes to put woman back in the home; Bolshevism tries to push her into factory or office. National Socialism exalts Old Germany as unreasonably and as extravagantly as Bolshevism denounces Old Russia. Bolshevism is militantly atheistic; National Socialism started out by professing allegiance to 'positive Christianity,' although the recent fostering of a kind of romantic paganism in Germany and the sharp conflicts which have arisen between the state and representatives of both of the major Christian communions may raise some doubt as to the substance of this 'positive Christianity.' The extreme claims of any totalitarian state, whether it be Communist or Fascist in character, tend to come into conflict with those of any religion that lays stress on individual conscience and judgment.

Bolshevism is theoretically international (although in practice it is becoming increasingly nationalist), while the first article in the creed of the National Socialist is passionate, exclusive German nationalism. Yet it is a paradox of contemporary world politics that National Socialism is a more explosive, more revolutionary, more disturbing influence in international affairs to-day than is Bolshevism. This is because the emotional appeal of National Socialism is far more compelling to Germans outside of Germany—in Austria and Czechoslovakia and Memel, for instance—than is the appeal of Bolshevism to workers outside of Russia. The Communist International is visibly in eclipse; only a few of the more unimaginative and uninformed die-hard reactionaries and die-hard radicals still take it seriously. The swastika, on the other hand, maintains its hold as a rallying symbol for Germans whom the

peace treaties placed under alien sovereignty.

A second paradox looms up if one attempts to foresee the future of these two most significant modern dictatorships. Bolshevism began with the wholesale spoliation and expropriation of the well-to-do classes and quite recently destroyed peasant small proprietorship with measures of extreme ruthlessness. National Socialism set out as a crusade against Marxism, a banner of hope to a middle class that violently resented the prospect of being proletarianized.

But to-day Stalin sees himself forced not only to permit but even to encourage widespread inequality of wages and salaries, which in time seems bound to lead to the emergence in Russia of new classes, with markedly different standards of living. The retreat from the pure doctrine of Leninism is equally visible in the international field. Stalin seeks security for the Soviet Union against hostile attack, not in the mythical 'solidarity of the world proletariat,' but in hard-and-fast military alliances with France and other 'capitalist' states. A minor sign of changing times in Russia was the recent statement of the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Mr. Troyanovsky, to the effect that the advice of 'broadminded business men' would be 'useful and available' in 'working out practical plans for the economic rehabilitation of the world, and especially for Europe.' This might well have aroused applause at a convention of the Rotary International, but it was calculated to arouse Lenin from the embalmed repose of his mausoleum in indignant protest. It was not in the advice of 'broadminded business men' that Lenin saw the cure for what he regarded as the incurable malady of the world capitalist system.

While Bolshevism is thus rapidly shedding its international revolution-

ary skin and evolving into something that might reasonably be called Red Fascism, it is conceivable, although not certain, that Germany will go through a reverse process. Hitler's socialism of economic necessity, backed up by a dictatorial state, may in time become a nationalist socialism of definite policy. The experience of Italy, where Fascism has run a longer course, is far from encouraging to the rugged individualist who believes that government should keep its hands off business. Mussolini has a very dominant voice in the direction of Italy's business; and the recalcitrant employer who endeavored to resist or sabotage any of Il Duce's imperious measures would probably find himself occupying a cell next to that of an underground Communist agitator.

So, while it seems almost certain that the new Russian ruling class of state bureaucrats who manage the country's industrial and commercial enterprises will gain increasing rewards and privileges, it is possible that private capitalists in the Third Reich may gradually lose some of the traditional attributes of private ownership and become little more than state managers of their undertakings. Possible, but not certain; for there are strong ties with the past in Germany, and any pronounced tendency in the direction of political appeasement and economic recovery might cause a relaxation of many existing restrictions and a restoration of

essentially old-fashioned economic relations within the political framework of the Third Reich.

The establishment of one-party dictatorships, which rule without benefit of parliamentarism and civil liberties and attempt to knock the heads of labor and capital together, is a world-wide trend. One sees it not only in many European countries, of which Russia, Germany, and Italy are outstanding examples, but also in American and Asiatic lands, such as Mexico and China. On the other hand, it is significant that all the shocks of the World War and the recent economic crisis have not unseated democracy in a single country where it was firmly established before the war.

In weighing the balance of striking contrasts and equally striking parallels between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, one feels that the contrasts are largely rooted in fundamental differences of Russian and German national characters and temperaments. The parallels, on the other hand, are often attributable to the common element of revolutionary fanaticism, which almost instinctively generates the method of governing by a mixture of red-hot propaganda and merciless repression. And it would seem that there is more psychological kinship under the skin between the two systems than a devout Russian Communist or an equally devout German Nazi would like to admit or recognize.

SOCIETY AND THE NOVEL

BY ALLAN MONKHOUSE

It is a world of relations and reactions, and a nation's literature is less self-contained than it used to be. The United States and Great Britain have much in common, and perhaps in the art of fiction their differences are more in stress than in kind. Yet increasingly fiction tends to be representative, to concern itself with many strata of society rather than with the few; and so, while we are becoming more conscious of fiction as an art, it is more than ever 'a mirror of changing moral standards.'

Naturally there is some difference of opinion about this, and I may confess that I am one of those who think that recent changes have been exaggerated; or, at least, that they are less widely spread than is sometimes supposed. In his recently published book on 'Georgian' literature Mr. Frank Swinnerton reminded us that in the eighties there was something that was described as the revolt of youth, and we know that in the nineties parents and guardians received many and severe shocks.

Of course, life and literature react on one another, but their changes are far from coincident; one would say, for instance, that during the last half century the changes in the novel have been accelerated in comparison with the life it is supposed to depict. Perhaps opinion on this depends a good deal on the point of view. Mine is that of one who has reviewed English novels for nearly forty years. I was brought up on Dickens and Thackeray, enjoyed the vogue

of Meredith and Hardy, read Henry James and Conrad before they were the fashion. Possibly this might be taken as disqualification for sympathetic treatment of their successors, but even reviewers are capable of progress with the community they serve. There is question of place as well as of time. My particular experience is of the provincial town and its suburbs. We are accustomed to speak with a respect tinged with irony of the London scene and particularly of the coteries of Bloomsbury and Chelsea. These are great purveyors of fiction and they do much to set the fashion, to establish the tone. Many novelists come from a comparatively small section of society.

And so we come to one of the most remarkable features of English fiction — I cannot say how far it is common to American. This is that both in freedom of expression and in standards of conduct the novelists are far more 'advanced' than the great majority of their readers. Putting aside the devotees of the popular shocker and the like, novel readers are generally middle-class, urban and suburban; it is well to remember that the London suburbs are about as 'provincial' as those of other towns. And the blameless ladies of the suburb, like novel readers generally, accept in fiction conditions of society which are extremely unlike those to which they are accustomed. In the suburb it is customary to stick to husband or wife, to retain belief, more or

less defined, in right and wrong and the promptings of conscience, even to recognize the obligation to do good works.

But now the sophisticated novel is finding its way into quiet homes and we may dispute over its effect. Women may be a little scared by it, but they do not like to parade what may be antiquated notions. You can hardly make interesting novels out of unruffled lives, and certainly men and women do change and desert. In real life the desertions may involve treachery and cruelty, but it is the function of the novelist to make every case the exceptional one. And so the sinners — as they used to be called — receive their justification, and the adventures of the philanderer are interpreted as spiritual activity. He can idealize himself into a being of such variety, such possibilities, that no woman can be conceived as a perpetual mate for him. And so the approach is made to promiscuity.

Of course we are not nowadays so illiberal as to condemn incompatibilities to perpetual union. Divorce is inevitable on occasion and may be beneficent. But it implies failure, and if the man and woman are of fine material it is tragic failure. Writers and readers of a generation or two ago were curiously limited in their scope, and there is no question of a return to their conditions. But is there not some justice in the complaint that the moral interest in fiction is declining? The sensational, the emotional, are there, but in so many cases the issue is determined by impulse rather than by character and conscience. Whatever may be the fashions that guide conduct, we shall hardly arrive at the happy condition of those who, as Wordsworth says in the 'Ode to Duty,'

Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth.

In a state of perfected sympathies we might dispense with moral law or take

it as a sense of proportion; but, though art may be a stern moral censor to the artist, it is not the whole of life, and some of us may yet find use in conscience, the appeal to our deepest and best. It may seem a childish objection, but one finds so often that the characters in novels are not good enough — they are not good enough to be interesting. Of course there are many and admirable exceptions, and one is sometimes baffled by work that evokes, inextricably, admiration and dislike.

Henry James said of certain novelists, including Turgenev and George Eliot: 'We think of these writers primarily as great consciences and great minds. When we approach Balzac we seem to enter into a great temperament.' It might be said that a temperament is more to the point than a conscience when it comes to novel writing, but we want something of both. A sane and just philosophy is a good background for a novel. This world 'means intensely and means good,' says Browning's renegade monk, but in our thirst for sensation we seem ready to look upon it as a harum-scarum affair heading for disaster. The great writer, sane and comprehensive, need not harass us with moral maxims, but he can see life steadily. Ibsen found it necessary to assure the world that he was a poet, an artist; but to be that in full measure made him a great moral influence.

A remarkable feature of English fiction is the propagandist novel, and during the last few years some notable specimens of it have been produced in the industrial North. They deal with social and political problems and it is obvious that these cannot be discussed apart from morals or conduct. Indeed, it is hardly fanciful to suggest that moral interest may return to fiction — of course, it has never entirely deserted it — through the propagandist novel. What validity can there be in its protests

and revolts if these are not related to a sense of justice? We must not identify our artists with our preachers, but, though the greatest art is not usually associated with moral interests, we can hardly conceive a society in which the separation of literature from didacticism is absolute. Falstaff and Lear would shrink to unimportance in a world where conduct did not matter.

I write as a Lancashire man, and in the novels with a particular local significance two tendencies may be distinguished. In such books as Mr. Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole* and Mr. Walter Brierley's *Means Test Man* there is the protest against social conditions, the revolt against the constitution of society. On the other hand, Mr. T. Thompson's novels, and notably his volume of sketches entitled *Lancashire Mettle*, lay stress on the gallantry and vitality of the struggling poor. Both kinds are admirable and they represent the happy tendency to break away from the limitations of convention and coterie. An outside observer of American fiction might suggest that it has pursued this tendency almost to excess. The drawing-room seems almost to have disappeared and a polish is given to the violent and raw. We are interested in a wider range of life than were our ancestors; and, as political and social power changes, the character of our fiction changes with it. Yet does not the desertion of the drawing-room imply some loss of spiritual issues between refined natures? Are we to acquiesce in the obliteration of Henry James by Mr. Dreiser?

Returning to English fiction, we may say that there exists a particular class, consciously emancipated from inhibitions and limitations, that has usurped too large a share in representation. It would impose on us the cocktail standard, the brothel, the latrine. We must be ready for sincerities and simplicities, but there seems to be now a

great deal of what to the veteran is no better than bad taste. The world is not to be ruled entirely by respectable old gentlemen, but they have a place in it and the right to their opinions. Decency is a difficult subject; serious and distinguished writers cannot be controlled as schoolboys. We don't want a censorship and we are all terribly afraid of being ranked among the prudish. A reputation for indecency is one of the best advertisements a book can have.

We must not complain that the attitude to the criminal has changed or is changing. A liberal humanity may see in him a fellow being out of luck, and the acceptance of this attitude is one of the gains of our generation. But this sympathy is apt sometimes to make confusion between right and wrong. The Ten Commandments are a little out of date, and the relations of morals to law are obscure. Law, indeed, becomes a grievance in some of its manifestations and it may be twisted to provoke the virtue of revolt. I think we miss the old moral background, and the criminal is apt to get an unfair advantage in entertainment value. An American author said lately that the five most brilliant criminal minds he knew were lawyers. One does not take very seriously the enormous circulation of trashy novels about crime and detection, but in the novel generally we do not look for heroism on the part of the hero. He may be a gangster or the worst type of business man. We read about him, we assimilate the society of which he is a part, and we idealize him into a free and bold spirit. On the other hand, changing characters, astray in the world, are put into the novel. Life and fiction react on one another, and perhaps, on the whole, we get the fiction we deserve. There is so much that is good, both in America and in England, that there can be no excuse for giving preference to the well-advertised ignoble.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

UNCLE SHERIDAN

Two of my father's four brothers were born during the Civil War. My grandfather, the General, no doubt wished to commemorate his own martial glory as well as celebrate his fellow officers' when he named the two boys Sherman and Sheridan. They were puny from the start. When they were halfway through their twenties, the family doctor declared them consumptive, so they were shipped off to Denver, where Sherman promptly died — less from consumption than homesickness and horror of the West.

Sheridan flourished. I cannot believe he ever had the slightest taint of consumption. As I first remember him, in his forties, he was a rufus, round-faced peasant, and the fact that his mental development had ceased at about sixteen communicated a shine to his cheeks and eyes, which were quite untouched by the passage of time. He was stolid and shy, and from the moment of his arrival on one of his infrequent visits he did little else than consult timetables for trains back to Denver.

Those must have been simple days, for Uncle Sheridan managed to amass a fortune. Early in his Denver days, he had been constrained to marry the daughter of his boardinghouse keeper, a young lady named Taloulah — known to the family as Toora-Loora. By the time I knew them, they were comfortable, middle-aged children, with no children of their own and slight interest in other people's. As the youngest of my family, I received almost no attention from them, but I listened with open ears to every tale of the flamboyant pair, so that to this day I can hardly separate what I heard of them from what I saw.

The first incident must certainly have taken place years before my birth, because it concerned the loss of my little aunt Annie. Annie was Uncle Sheridan's sister, who as a little girl of five was also adjudged to be consumptive, and sent to Denver,

there to recover under Uncle Sheridan's watchful care. She died. Sheridan and Toora-Loora came East with the body, he arrayed in a check suit, she in crimson velvet. They went back to the baggage car to claim the small coffin. There was no coffin on the train. Relatives were summoned; my cousins swarmed over the old Terminal in search of the melancholy object. Nothing to be found.

'I am sure I addressed it correctly,' said Uncle Sheridan to Aunt Taloulah.

'You certainly did,' said Aunt Taloulah comfortingly. 'I affixed the label on the lid with my own hands.'

But Annie was never found. To this day I have a horrid fancy that she is being shunted from train to train fifty years after her soul departed from those peripatetic bones. No mention of this misadventure, however, appears in the family lot, where a proper gravestone hints, but does not state, that she may possibly be buried beneath.

My grandmother hated Toora-Loora, and perhaps that is why my memories of her are so distinct. Grandmother hated nobody except for some monumental reason. Taloulah and Sheridan had been dining with some cousins of ours whose only fault was that they were faultless. 'I always feel as if I brought a whiff of brimstone into that holy abode,' my mother would say. But according to Taloulah the whiff of something other than brimstone was already there. 'Halfway through dinner,' she announced, 'Molly began to hiccough. And the girls! My dear, they were as drunk as owls. They just sat there speechless. As for Donald, he tried to carve, and stabbed himself twice in the wrist.' She lowered her voice. 'The whole family was hopelessly under the influence. So that's why,' she concluded, flourishing her ruffled skirt with a playful kick, 'that's why Sheridan and I came home so early.'

My grandmother looked angrily at her, then turned to Sheridan. 'What have you

to say on this subject?' she asked in tones that chilled my blood.

Uncle Sheridan blushed and dug his toe into the carpet.

My grandmother rose from her chair, and on her way out paused at the door.

'I will not listen to such talk under my own roof.'

It transpired that Taloulah had put mustard on the cat's nose during dinner and had been borne home, howling in protest, by Uncle Sheridan.

Yet he did adore her, and when finally she was put away he survived her incarceration by only a few months. They had made their success together and suffered reverses of fortune, and, could they have lived alone in their own world of make-believe, they would never have had an unhappy moment. But at times it seemed as though they were dogged by a malign fate. For example, they were always in peril of their lives through fire.

Uncle Sheridan's new house in Denver was the talk of the town. Pictures of the 'palatial residence' from within and without embellished the illustrated sections of the Denver papers, clippings from which arrived in sheaves.

'If one more wing goes up,' said my mother, 'the damned thing will fly.'

My grandmother smiled deprecatingly. 'Camilla!' she said, by which we knew that our mother should not have said 'damned' in our presence.

A few weeks later the Denver papers, again duly clipped, showed photographs of the palatial residence in flames. It burned to the ground the first night of occupancy, and was a total loss, since no insurance had as yet been placed on it. Uncle Sheridan and Toora-Loora barely escaped with their lives. They moved to an apartment hotel, which within a month also caught fire, but happily with no inconvenience to our relatives, whose rooms were untouched. A second blaze was more effective, however, and they were thoroughly burned out. At last poor Toora-Loora was discovered in the basement of the hotel which was to have been their next home, busying herself with packing boxes and a can of kerosene.

She was committed to the asylum, and my unfortunate uncle Sheridan came East to live. The same cousins who had been so

libeled by Toora-Loora gave him a comfortable room in their house, where he occupied himself with collecting stamps and writing letters to relatives who lived not two blocks away. Sometimes he would pay a formal call. One would hear the click of his cane on the flagstones, and then all of us who had been children and were now grown up would say pityingly, 'Here comes poor Uncle Sheridan. Oh dear!' We would welcome him as if he were the one person we wanted to see; he would gaze from face to face with innocent, bewildered blue eyes; and when he felt sure he had stayed long enough he would depart, as relieved to get it over with as we were to see him go.

The last time I saw him was just before I sailed for France during the war. He arrived at the house ceremoniously with a going-away present. It was a huge Webster's Dictionary. Not until the other day did I examine it with sufficient care to note that he had inscribed it: 'To my beloved nephew, on his departure for the foreign wars, in hopes that this little book may aid him in dealing with the French people.'

He probably was under the impression that he had given me a French grammar.

TOBIAS

It was a little after two o'clock this morning when Tobias wakened me. Tobias is a tiger tomcat who, despite the brushed gloss of his fur and the neatness of his arrogant whiskers, belongs to no one. His home is wherever the tamarack may be paw-patted into a bed, or wherever a deserted rabbit burrow may be scratched out from beneath the withered leaves.

Behind our farmhouse rises a little mountain, and in many a spot on it I have found the places of Tobias's day-sleeping hours. Once I found a deep curved depression under a cedar tree, with Tobias's droppings near it and a chipmunk skull half hidden in a clump of yellow violets close by. Another day I came upon signs that Tobias had been tenanting a woodchuck hole, and once, when we were making a clearing, we found his spoor deep in a thorny tangle of wild blackberry.

It is irresistible to use such words as 'spoor' in speaking of Tobias, just as I

have always thought of those day-sleeping places of his as 'lairs.' Masterless and homeless probably from kittenhood, this midnight stalker of white-footed mice has become as crafty as any lynx or panther, as arrogant and mistrustful of mankind.

Like any of his wild feline cousins, whose coats are of a yellower shade but whose spirits would find their duplicate in Tobias's own, he chose the night hours, and those hours only, to 'roar after his prey and seek his meat from God.' Once or twice, walking over the hills in the late dusk, I have caught a glimpse of his long lithe body, stretched concealingly in the tall meadow grass and yarrow. At such times as this I have seen Tobias's yellow eyes turned upon me, for the split second before he whisked noiselessly into the underbrush, and I have been glad to be a man and not a mole.

Quite early in May, about the time when the earliest bloodroots were beginning to flower in hidden places, I surprised Tobias close to our rain barrel one night. I have forgotten for what reason I was prowling outdoors with my flashlight; as I stepped suddenly around the angle of the old stone wall, there was Tobias. He was not more than ten feet from me; I had never before been so close to him. I could see the small black lynx-tips at the points of his ears, and I marveled to see that he kept himself as satiny and immaculate as any house pet. He had a tiny russet field mouse in his jaws, and, for the few seconds of his hypnosis in the beam of my light, he crouched perfectly motionless, glaring at me and making a deep steady growling noise in his throat. Then he turned and was gone. The ground was layered with the crackle-dry maple leaves of last autumn, but he did not make a sound.

It was about two o'clock this morning when I awoke with Tobias's yowling in my ears. During the winter and the spring we have often heard him at night — especially in the winter, when his cries would seem particularly penetrating in the still, frosty air — and on my morning walks I used sometimes to find in the light snow indications that starvation had driven him to filch the dry crusts of bread from my bird tray. But he had never made sufficient clamor to waken me thus from sound sleep.

I got out of bed and went to the north

window and looked out. There was bright moonlight, and I could see the white trunks of our young birches gleaming where it touched them, and across the pasture I could see the glimmer of it in the brook. But I could not see Tobias. And then he cried out again and I followed the sound and saw him. He was crouched close beside the kitchen door, and he was snuffling and sniffing at the sill of it and rasping the screen with his powerful claws. How like a tiger he looked — an old tiger that had grown overbold and craved the taste of a new meat. For it was plain that his keen nostrils had caught a fresh and thrilling scent — the scent of a caged canary on the other side of that kitchen door. Tobias, Tobias, I thought, be those curving claws of yours however sharp, they are no match for galvanized wire, and I went back to bed.

But it was not the smell of a new bird's blood that had brought Tobias here. This morning when I opened the door and looked out into the misty sunlight and saw that Tobias was still there, — his lithe striped body stretched on the stone step, one keen curved claw still caught in the screen's mesh, — I could guess the truth.

I could guess what extremity of pain had come to him in his lonely world among the tamaracks, and I could guess how, in the hour of his death, there had recurred in that furry skull of his some misty memory from very long ago — some memory, perhaps, of the rubbing of friendly human fingers under his chin, some memory of a quiet bowl of milk.

RED SHIRTS

THE cultural history of America will remain incomplete until someone writes a chapter on the Volunteer Fireman. Like most chapters in the volume, it must begin with Benjamin Franklin, who organized the first fire company in Philadelphia. The illustrations would of course be by Currier and Ives and the gasoline companies, the old and the modern artistic forces in America, especially now that calendar pictures have disappeared or have become discreet.

For the subject has its modern aspects. Contrary to the belief of naïve city folk, the volunteer fireman did not disappear with

the hand pumper and the bustle; he is very much alive in thousands of contemporary communities. In one city of eighty thousand people, for instance, there are nearly twenty volunteer companies. No small number of American males, then, are or have been firemen. Properly understood, this chapter in cultural history will explain many elements in American life. It will be especially profitable reading for those enamored of the class-war theory.

There was Bob Lowes, who, if he is still alive, is undoubtedly on relief. To a Communist he would represent an example of the exploited classes; in the unenlightened era of twenty years ago, he was regarded as an odd-job man. Bob was of course a fireman. Because of the easily interrupted nature of his employment, he was perhaps the most consistent fireman of them all. As one of his favorite clubs met at the firehouse, the law of averages ensured his presence on the engine most of the times it was called. Thus he constantly risked his life in the interests of property.

Bob, however, would have been poor material for a proletarian revolution. It was not that few people in the community thought of Bob as belonging to the laboring class. Rather it was that Bob himself was not class-conscious, or, if he was, his feeling was one of superiority. In that alone did he resemble the modern proletarian.

When there was a fire, Bob was a compeer of Caesar, Wellington, and Ulysses Grant. It was he who dashed across the street to get the undertaker's horses; he directed their harnessing, and he drove the engine. The banker's son and the young lawyer, being awkward at such things, were definitely his inferiors. Only the blacksmith and the railroad brakeman were his equals. He was always the one who fell off the shed roof or gashed his wrist on a pane of glass. For weeks afterward his bandages proclaimed the hero.

Nor was Harvey Schuler a nonentity at a fire. In his small real-estate office he was not imposing, and was inclined to grow timid when R. F. Bates, the town's richest man, came in. He was regarded as too 'slow' for the parties Miss Elsie Bates gave. But when the Bates house caught fire the day Elsie came home from college, and he met her as he came down through the

smouldering hole in the roof, he nonchalantly congratulated her on her fine 'house-warming.' Not only did Miss Bates regard this as witty, but so did the rest of the community. He became a celebrity.

A city man would have to jump off the Empire State Building, hold up J. P. Morgan, or fly the Atlantic blindfold to get the same standing in his community that the volunteer fireman can get by stepping in front of the hose nozzle. Most city people are therefore compelled to remain unknown throughout their lives. Their psychology is that of the spectator whose only part in the game is to throw pop bottles at the umpire. For them government is something outside themselves—a Santa Claus or a Nero, according to one's taste. The volunteer fireman is not a mere spectator. Furthermore, the firehouse is likely to be the centre of political activity. The man who helps to make the wheels go round does not think like the man who is unknown to half the people in his block, and who looks at government through the eyes of the tabloids.

Then, too, the chance to parade in a uniform, and to feel himself part of a heroic and altruistic organization, satisfies a human need that under other circumstances leads a man to become a Fascist or a Nazi.

The fireman's way of solving social and economic problems is also typical of us. In a factory we may be efficient, but in public affairs we combine the British 'muddling through' with our cherished ballyhoo. The efficient method of meeting the expense of equipment would be taxation; the fireman's method is to hold a 'festival.' Booths are set up in the park; kewpie dolls and floor lamps are bought to be chanced off. For two days the fire truck, heavily manned, roars through the town, collecting from housewives cakes and candies to be raffled off. At Christmas time, charity is managed in much the same way, with the fire truck to deliver the baskets of food. A trained relief worker is a poor substitute for a fireman dressed as Santa Claus.

A fireman will risk his life, but not undergo discipline; he will wear a uniform, but only in parades; in fighting a blaze or in solving social problems he is the personification of the amateur spirit. Above all he must have his joke—in that, too, he is like the first fireman of them all, Benjamin Franklin.

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
PAPER INDUSTRY

Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

WOOD, WATER, AND BRAINS

*Modern Paper Making and Merchandising As Revealed by the
Rise of Kimberly-Clark Corporation*

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

POWER, wood, and water are the essentials of modern paper making, and the greatest of these is water. The sheet on which these words are printed was once almost fluid, a fragile web of fibrous particles in solution, and the central problem in its manufacture was that of adding and then subtracting water.

It is water-born electric power which turns the giant machines of the mills, reducing an unending procession of tree trunks to their component fibres and then realigning them in thin sheets ready for the printer. The paper manufacturer uses more water than wood, more wood than man-hours of toil. All through the process, man supervises and controls mighty natural forces in the modern aspects of this ancient art, which was once almost entirely a handicraft.

Given water in sufficient quantity and purity, wood supply is the next factor in deciding location. The ideal site is on a rushing stream of pure water capable of being harnessed for electrical production and flowing through virgin forest rich in soft woods, preferably spruce and balsam. These are northern trees, and the farther north they grow the more dense is their wood content. So we find the paper industry of North America, or at least that great part of

it which provides materials for newspapers, books, magazines, and circulars, concentrated in the more northerly states and reaching over into Canada. On the American side, some original advantages have been lost through rapid cutting of adjacent forests, and pulpwood is now carried considerable distances to the mill by rail, raft, or ship.

Once the lumberjack has felled a tree, it is sawn into standard lengths for transport — sixteen-footers, eight-footers, four-footers. For all-river work the approved length is sixteen feet; the hundred-foot monarch of yesterday floats downstream in pieces, which form part of a rolling mosaic of logs filling the stream from bank to bank. Here the rivermen — adventurers of the woods — shepherd the logs on their way, preventing jams, keeping the procession moving as they leap from one rolling cylinder to another. A log may float fifty to a hundred miles on some of those sinuous northern rivers before it arrives inside the boom-controlled area above the mill, from which daily supplies are drawn. After the spring run, when the winter's cut comes out on white water from melting snows, the river above the mill may be full of wood mile after mile. Powerful cranes and conveyors stock huge mountains of white or gray logs which often tower

*Ninth in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

higher than the mills themselves as merely reserve supplies, to be drawn upon when water-borne or rail-borne supplies fall short.

The daily supply of logs floats to a jack hoist carrying the logs up through power saws which reduce sixteen-footers to four-footers. Next they lose their bark jackets, to emerge wet, shining, and clean, while the bark goes on its way to feed the furnaces, generating the necessary steam which later on disintegrates the wood and dries the paper. From this point the log's progress will depend upon whether it is selected for sulphite treatment or for grinding. In the latter case the wood is forced by hydraulic pressure against giant mill-stones until it looks and feels almost like flour. This pulp is then put through sieves and settling basins until all foreign matter and rank fibres have been eliminated, the purpose being to reduce it to an absolutely dependable filler material.

Logs selected for the sulphite process are reduced to small chips and cooked with sulphurous acid in a huge retort or digester. The result of this chemical action is, by bulk, approximately half cellulose, the wood fibres having become soft and pliable. The remainder is waste material containing lignin, still a relatively unknown quantity in organic chemistry. There are also in the residue appreciable quantities of resins and sugars. Both fortune and reputation as a public benefactor await the individual or group that can recover by-product value from these sources.

What happens next to these two materials — sulphite pulp and groundwood — will depend upon the product desired. The pulp may be bleached, pressed, and shipped to distant mills for use in paper or kindred product, or it may be macerated, mixed with the groundwood and other materials, and made into paper on the spot.

So far all these operations, proceed-

ing at high speed and on different levels as logs are carried through the various stages automatically and as their derivatives in solution flow through channels and settling basins, have been merely preparing the raw materials for paper making. The latter process is a truly tremendous expression of science and power. Paper-making machines are hundreds of feet in length, and complex in detail, but the key idea is simplicity itself — to saturate solids with all the water they will hold and then get rid of surplus water as expeditiously as possible. The mix, perhaps only one per cent solid and far too thin to support itself, is flowed out upon an endless screen of fine brass wire which allows part of the water to escape by gravity. Traveling rapidly, the sheet is passed along from its wire support to a felt blanket. Meantime it is being subjected to intense pressure and cleared of water by various devices. It then passes over and between steam-filled cylinders and finally through highly polished chilled iron rolls which impart the necessary smoothness of surface to the sheet. Still warm to the hand but dry by ordinary standards, it rolls off the machine to become a gigantic spool of white, clean paper. When a roll has reached correct dimensions, agile hands break the web and start another roll so swiftly that the great machine itself is not halted.

Except for this sharp action, the paper makers in charge of a giant Fourdrinier¹ machine of latest model are inspectors rather than doers. From the moment the mix, thin as slush, begins its race through the machine, until it emerges as paper ready for shipment or warehousing, the work is all mechanical. But this kindly monster of a ma-

¹Named for the English paper maker and inventor, Henry Fourdrinier, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century developed the first continuous paper-making machine. — AUTHOR

chine takes a deal of watching by sharp eyes and delicate adjustment by skilled fingers. In spite of mechanical and scientific aids, paper making is still an art, depending for its success upon infinite attention to detail at every stage of its manufacture.

As paper changes from liquid to solid before the eyes of the observer, the mind runs back to the beginnings of this vital business. The Chinese began it, say the books; in so doing they laid the foundation for the modern world, which has been built on the records of the past and the diffusion of ideas through the written and printed word. Lacking paper, history would be almost a blank; geography still a fable; poetry a harper's song by the fireside; trade a matter of simple barter, and the productive arts still under rule of thumb. Each generation, instructed only by word of mouth by elders schooled through crude experience, would have had to repeat in its own time the errors of its forefathers, and all human knowledge would have been at the mercy of precarious memory. Likewise, if these great paper machines should be stilled forever, our civilization could hardly rally from the shock. Imagine, if you can, the bleakness, incoherence, and futility of a world without books, newspapers, magazines, print of all descriptions. The survivors of such a catastrophe would soon be on their way back to savagery if the thought web which binds society together and preserves the accumulating wisdom of mankind were to be broken asunder.

In the July *Atlantic* Mr. Stanley Casson gives an archaeologist's view of the inevitable disintegration of our great cities into rubbish heaps in which his fellow craftsmen, of some unnamed breed, will delve for telltale evidences of our vanished social life. But our best works — imperishable ideas clearly and beautifully expressed in books — have received world-wide circulation in

such numbers that nothing less than a world cataclysm could destroy them or the means of reprinting them. Thanks to the art of printing and its sister arts, civilization is better insured against disaster than it once was; local misfortunes might force upon it a change of base and scene, but hardly more while paper continues to be printed.

II

Paper making naturally followed lumbering operations toward the Northwest in the busy, progressive years after the War between the States. That conflict, intensifying the demand for news, resulted in great increases in newspaper circulation in the older centres of population, and every new town in the rapidly settled West required its local newspapers and printing plant. A growing market for paper developed in the Mississippi Valley, and a swiftly expanding railway system permitted shipping to distant areas from the edge of the big woods where materials and water power were abundant. Farsighted lumbermen saw the economic advantage of paper making, first as a means of using water power and timber not suitable for building purposes, second as a way to continue their activities after the virgin forests had yielded their choicest trees. Thus central Wisconsin became naturally a paper-making area, especially in the Fox River Valley, blessed beyond other regions with abundant water of proper quality, large supplies of raw material, and access to markets both by rail and by the Great Lakes waterways. For more than sixty years the Fox River Valley has been making paper. To-day it makes more kinds of paper than any other section of equal size in the country. Paper is the life interest of this beautiful valley, and that interest has brought into being there the Institute of Paper Chemistry at Appleton, Wis-

consin, supported by the paper industry of the nation to conduct fundamental research.

At Neenah, Wisconsin, where the Fox River, with the tremendous reservoir of Lake Winnebago behind it, begins its slide toward Green Bay and Lake Michigan, four farseeing pioneers, J. A. Kimberly, C. B. Clark, F. C. Shattuck, and Havilah Babcock, began to make paper in 1872. The founders were men of means accustomed to financing their own enterprises; they made no public offer of shares, and for nearly fifty years after its founding Kimberly-Clark remained a private, family enterprise. During all this period the company grew through the ploughing back of earnings, remaining entirely in the hands of the descendants of the founders and a few active managers who had acquired stock interests. Stockholders numbered only 52 prior to the public offering of 1928, when the company increased its capital to \$30,000,000.

During these years of small group ownership, Kimberly-Clark established itself on a solid base as regards both policies and properties. It enlarged its holdings in the Fox River Valley, where it now operates the Lakeview and Badger-Globe at Neenah, Wisconsin, Atlas at Appleton, Wisconsin, and the mill at near-by Kimberly, built in 1889 and rebuilt in 1903. Mills were erected at Niagara, Wisconsin, in 1899 (re-modeled in 1916), and at Niagara Falls, New York, in 1920, the capacity of the latter being doubled in 1921. The chief products of these mills are as follows:—

1. *Book Papers* (Niagara and Kimberly, Wis., and Niagara Falls, N. Y.)

Kleerfect	} Processed; for all printing purposes
Hyfect	
Primoplate	} Non-processed; for all printing purposes
Hyloplate	
Rotoplate, particularly suited to the rotogravure printing process	

2. *Wall Papers* (Atlas, Appleton, Wis.)

3. *Specialties* (Lakeview, Neenah, Wis.)
 Cover stocks — Tribal, Economy, and Recondite Covers
 School papers — Kimray
 Box cover papers
 Ticket stock, and so forth

4. *Crepe Wadding Products* (Badger-Globe, Neenah, and Niagara Falls)

Sanitary pads	} Manufactured for International Cellucotton Products Company and sold by it under the trade-marked names Kotex, Kleenex, Kerfs, and Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding
Facial tissues	
Handkerchiefs	
Hospital wadding	

Kimpak, a protective material
 Kimsul, an insulating material against sound and temperature
 Sanek neck strips
 Kimflex shoe counters, inner soles, and other specialties

The capacity of Kimberly-Clark's six American mills is 1,000,000 pounds of paper a day, exclusive of newsprint and crepe wadding products.

Extensive timber tracts were added, notably 200,000 acres of virgin forest in the Gogebic Lake district of Northern Michigan and Minnesota.

Under the leadership of Mr. F. J. Sensenbrenner, who joined Kimberly-Clark in 1889 and became the President in 1926, the company developed policies which were far ahead of their time and have influenced the entire paper-making industry. Recently Mr. Sensenbrenner's leadership was recognized by his election to the Presidency of the American Pulp and Paper Association.

In research in the always mysterious and still complex chemistry of paper, Kimberly-Clark has long been a leader, developing new processes and products. This was the first company to introduce reasonably priced rotogravure

paper of light weight and high opacity to American printers; it leads in crepe wadding research and adaptations, and its work has been outstanding in improving groundwood papers by bleaching the wood pulp and by equipping Fourdrinier machines with special processing devices.

When Kimberly-Clark announced that in its new Kleeffect and Hyfect groundwood book papers printing qualities would be lifted to new heights at no increased cost, the printers of the country were skeptical, especially as to their performance in half-tone and color printing. The company not only proved the point in these respects, but by the new process developed sheets both sides of which possessed equally good printing surfaces, thereby overcoming in large degree an age-old printing difficulty due to the fact that the underside of the sheet revealed the telltale marks of the wire screen over which it had passed in the first stages of manufacture. The results are papers especially adapted to fast press runs in large editions.

In sales and advertising policies Kimberly-Clark recognized early the new trends in business. No Kimberly-Clark sheet is considered sold until it has been printed; once gained, customers are held as steady buyers for long periods.

In advertising, the company has taken its story to the public with marked success. By demonstrating with its own advertisements the superior appeal of rotogravure paper, it broke the ice for both printers and publishers when that field was new. Later, in introducing Kleeffect and Hyfect, a determined campaign begun six months before deliveries were possible made so deep an impression on the printing trade that these new papers were successful from the start, though introduced in the black year of 1933. These and other innovations, backed by con-

sistent advertising, resulted in steady operations at a substantial per cent of capacity through the recent trying years. Kimberly-Clark is a shining example of the power of new products and steady advertising in overcoming generally adverse conditions.

In its relations with printers, Kimberly-Clark recognizes the paper maker's responsibility for performance as well as for product. Its papers are, of course, subject to rigid inspection, as are those of all leading mills. However, so varied are the conditions under which printing is done, and so rapid have been the developments in printing presses and inks, that the company maintains a close liaison with its printer customers through skilled field men ready to advise on technical printing problems. In this way it attempts to fill in what is by common consent the weak spot in the mechanics of publishing — the lack of complete and continuous coöperation between the best brains of the printing industry and the best brains of the paper-making industry.

III

In 1926, Kimberly-Clark joined with the *New York Times* in erecting at Kapuskasing, Ontario, a magnificent newsprint plant for its subsidiary, Spruce Falls Power & Paper Company.

Kapuskasing is situated on the Canadian National Railways, on the great arc which that railroad makes near the fiftieth parallel of latitude in its trans-continental progress toward the Pacific along the northerly line of settlement in the Dominion. The visitor to this industrial frontier has passed the northerly limits of established mining around Cochrane and Timmins, and is within a hundred air miles or so of James Bay, the southern extension of Hudson's Bay.

Coming by air from Port Arthur

on Lake Superior, as I did, one flies over a beautiful wilderness of lake, forest, and muskeg for three hundred miles, a country almost untenanted by man except for an occasional mining settlement and prospectors seeking new gold strikes on this last of the rail-encircled frontiers. This is the greatest continuous virgin forest of soft woods on the continent, and Canada most intelligently is protecting it from fire by airplane patrols, watchtowers, and quick response to blazes. Burned-over patches are a common feature of the landscape, but they are mostly small in extent and traversed by fire lanes, each ribbed area proving that efficient fire fighters have there met the enemy and triumphed.

In the northeastern corner of this area the Kapuskasing River flows north toward Hudson's Bay. No one, save perhaps an Indian trapper or a white prospector, knows as yet precisely where this great tributary of the Mattagami rises, for parts of this wilderness are still unmapped. Here, in the Algoma and Cochrane districts, the Spruce Falls Company has under lease from the government nearly five thousand square miles of forest land. At Smoky Falls, fifty miles distant from the plant, stands a hydroelectric plant with a capacity of 75,000 horsepower, produced at the lowest cost available to industry anywhere. Completely modern because constructed in 1929, — and few indeed have been the paper mills built since, — the Spruce Falls plant can produce 175,000 tons of newsprint annually. Its location and equipment permit phenomenally low costs without cutting the corners on quality. Here electricity is so cheap that it can be used economically to make steam and cook wood. Here timber of superlative paper-making qualities makes possible an enviable percentage of yield and a sheet of outstanding merit.

No doubt Kapuskasing operations suffer from low newsprint prices and high freight rates, but their effects are not apparent in the town, a bright spot on the map of that far-northern country.

It is a company town, but, unlike so many company towns, it really reflects the Kimberly-Clark idea of what a town ought to be. After so much wilderness, and a bird's-eye view of some neighboring settlements which grew like Topsy, one rejoices that some central authority with sense enough to hire a town planner and capital enough to build with dignity and stability could establish this slightly little city on the flat prairie. From the air, Kapuskasing looks like a dolls' town of pretty houses arranged around a parked semicircle which gives upon the serpentine river that separates the town from the mills. Three large structures — the first we saw in three hundred miles of wilderness travel — stand out as sentinels of urban civilization in the vast plain stretching away to the Arctic. They are the Community House, the Inn for the accommodation of unmarried employees and travelers, who find there comforts long deferred in most of the North Country, and the Sensenbrenner Hospital, equipped by Mr. F. J. Sensenbrenner, an outpost of modern medical science serving a wide area. Nearly everyone in Kapuskasing belongs to the Community Club, which, in a town of four thousand population, passes thirty thousand persons through its doors every year, offering them a wide range of educational and recreational activities, including bowling alleys and basketball courts, gymnasium, 'talkies' (as they say in Canada), lectures, library service, musicals, home dramatics, debates, bridge, and, of course, tea, for this is part of the realm of His Majesty, George V. Perhaps the prize exhibit of the Kapuskasing Community

Hall, and one indicating the good-fellowship prevailing in the town, is a lodge room which both Masons and Knights of Columbus, in all amity, use for their meetings on different evenings.

Because Kapuskasing was built from the ground up at one time, its attention to social problems is notable, but the Kimberly-Clark interest in community welfare is also expressed in housing and community club projects of similar nature at Niagara and Kimberly, Wisconsin.

IV

While Kimberly-Clark made its reputation on printing papers, within recent years it has become a leader in developing absorbent paper products — technically known as crepe wadding — for sanitary, insulating, and other purposes. Known to the public as Kotex and Kleenex, these are among the well-known products developed in Kimberly-Clark laboratories and made exclusively in Kimberly-Clark mills for the International Cellucotton Products Company, an entirely distinct corporation which advertises and distributes these products. The manufacture of crepe wadding from sulphite pulp is largely a matter of fluffing the wood fibre until it becomes highly absorbent, and to accomplish this Kimberly-Clark engineers have originated unique plant layouts. The highest degree of automatization and sanitary control marks the assembling and packaging of these and similar products.

V

Paper making is fundamentally a power-machine industry, employing relatively few persons in comparison to volume of output, but the continuous processes described require close attention and high skill at all points. Labor

relations are consequently of the utmost importance. On February 18, 1920, when employee representation was a novelty in American industry, a council of employees was established to bargain collectively with the management.

This plan, revised as of June 17, 1933, contains more 'teeth' from the labor standpoint, in the opinion of the employees who helped to draft it, than any other similar compact in American industry. The plan provides for local settlement of local disputes and for reference of general questions at regular intervals to a General Council composed of twenty-one representatives of employees from all the company's scattered plants, meeting with an equal representation from management.

The General Council, in addition to handling all basic questions of wages, hours, and working conditions, has legislated a system of standard instructions which govern the action of supervisors and employees in every important aspect of their relationship. Proceedings of the General Council are distributed to employees, who are thus made acquainted with the actions taken, and apprised of the conduct of their representatives in joint conference with management. The employees have equal voice not only in determining wages and hours, but also in many other matters commonly reserved to management. For instance, the councils are now working out together with the management a complete job analysis and classification under which wage rates will be set in accordance with the relative importance of each job. Just as Kimberly-Clark acted on collective bargaining long before government acted in that field, so the management of the Corporation announced to employees, on the downfall of the NRA, that no changes will be made in any relationship except through joint action

in General Council. 'Our agreements with employees under the Council plan,' said President Sensenbrenner, 'are as binding on us as they would be under the law.'

There seems to exist in Kimberly-Clark a desire on the part of both management and representatives of employees to be worthy of the other's respect. They realize that law alone cannot compel right relations within industry. That must be achieved from the inside out, rather than from the outside in. They have evidently built on the theory that both parties to a collective-bargaining enterprise must contribute their share of good will, patience, and respect for personality. In spite of many controversial issues which must necessarily exist under the prevailing wage and profit system, employees and management of Kimberly-Clark seem to have got hold of those basic elements of common interest which are so frequently lost sight of in modern industrial life.

In the cities where it is a leading industrial factor, Kimberly-Clark has built clubhouses, swimming pools, and hospitals, and in some cases provides housing; but the operation of these properties is inside the sphere of labor relations, and employees join in establishing the rates and rules under which

these facilities are used. It would be difficult to find a more cohesive and intelligent labor force, the coöperative spirit having been built up by years of fair dealing, steady employment, and the long-established practice of joint conferences between management and men.

VI

In Kimberly-Clark the observer will note certain characteristics which are the natural result of its long existence as a family or small group enterprise. There is a deep concern for quality output and customer satisfaction; also a fraternal note in its relations with employees, most of whom live in relatively small cities where Kimberly-Clark itself furnishes practically all the jobs.

In the reach of its research, engineering, industrial relations, advertising, and sales promotion activities, Kimberly-Clark Corporation is as alert and progressive as any business unit in the country, regardless of size or reputation. It has moved confidently forward in the seven years since it became listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and the prospects are bright for its continued leadership in the many important branches of paper making in which it specializes.

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The WORLD'S MAP was re-made by a book that only one man read



*Alexander's genius created the first
world Empire—but his jealousy destroyed it after his death.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was preparing to cross the Ganges. Spies warned him that a hostile army of 80,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 8,000 chariots, and 6,000 elephants was encamped on the other side. But this did not trouble him as much as news that Aristotle was preparing for publication his treatise on Government.

"You have not done well," Alexander wrote his old tutor, "for what is there now we excel in if the things we have been instructed in are laid open to others." Because there was no printing, Aristotle's project was never completed. As a result, when Alexander died, no one had been educated to succeed him and his empire disintegrated.

Thus from the earliest times it has been evident that until printing developed, man was incapable of consistent progress. For every lasting advance has been matched by an advance in printing. Today the most recent advance in printing is Kleeffect—The Perfect Printing Paper.

Kleeffect makes possible, at far less cost than formerly, printing of equally high quality on both sides of the same sheet. For in Kleeffect two-sidedness of surface and color have been banished for all practical purposes. Kleeffect's color is neutral, brings the maximum effectiveness to illustrations in one to four colors. Its strength is ample for the fastest presses...its opacity prevents show-thru...its ink absorption gives thorough coverage at high speeds.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Lord Howard of Penrith is none other than Sir Esme Howard, who, as the British Ambassador to the United States from 1924 to 1930, left such cordial impressions on this side of the Atlantic. His delightful account of a Continental courtship gives one a good taste of his memoir, *Theatre of Life*, which comes from the Atlantic Monthly Press this autumn. Δ The credit of every American in business is directly dependent upon the credit of the United States, and the credit of the United States can only be maintained if its books balance. Such is the thesis of five brief and cogent articles by the **Honorable Lewis W. Douglas**, the first of which appears in this issue. A native of Arizona, a graduate of Amherst, Mr. Douglas saw service in France as a lieutenant in the 91st Division. Following demobilization he engaged in citrus ranching and the mining of copper; he interested himself in his community, and watched with care the business methods of the local banks on whose board he served as a director. Entering politics, he was elected successively to the 70th, 71st, 72nd, and 73rd Congresses. On March 4, 1933, Mr. Douglas was appointed by the President to be Director of the Budget of the United States, and for two years he threw the whole weight of his energies behind the policy of balancing the national account. When it was clear that his policy and that of the Administration had reached the crossroads, he resigned.

In the direct literary tradition of White of Selborne, Richard Jefferies, and W. H. Hudson, **Henry Williamson** fills a place unique in English letters to-day. A protégé of John Galsworthy, he has long owned a latchkey to our columns. Unfortunates who do not know his work should begin with *The Old Stag and Other Stories* and then pass on to *Tarka the Otter*, which won the Hawthornden Prize in 1927. Δ One of two poet brothers, **Stephen Vincent Benét** is best known for his American epic, *John Brown's Body*. He writes us that he seems 'full of angry poems these days.' The cause, we believe, is not the humidity, but the oppression in the air. **Vincent Sheean** has been living in Italy, gathering material for a novel about the Kingdom of Naples in the days of Nelson and his 'divine lady.' Δ After five years'

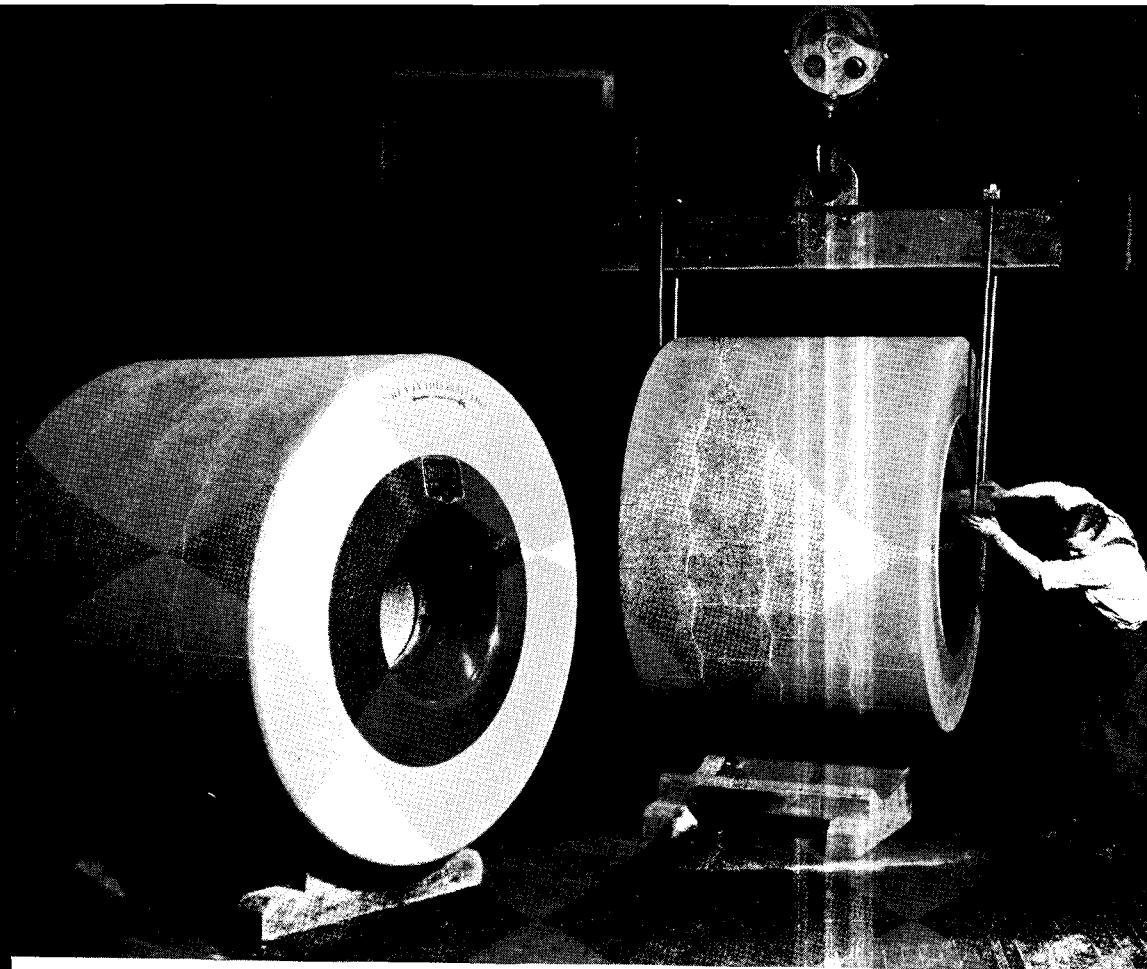
preparation, **Ralph Barton Perry** is now adding the last touches to his definitive study, *The Thought and Character of William James* (publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press in November 1935). The present letters, he reminds us, were written when James was twenty-four and Holmes twenty-five. Does anyone of that age write such letters to-day?

‘ ‘ ‘

Gertrude Scott was born just in time to get a shock from the San Francisco earthquake. Her business days are spent in a countinghouse, but there are intervals when she finds time for fiction. She first broke into *Atlantic* print with 'Obit for E. Harris,' which appeared in the issue for January 1935. **Carleton S. Coon** is happiest when measuring skulls. An anthropologist who teaches at Harvard when at home, he first made his reputation in a three-year study of the Rif. More recently he conducted an expedition to Ethiopia and thence to Arabia. Δ 'The family of Lee,' said John Adams in 1779, 'has more men of merit in it than any other family.' **Burton J. Hendrick**, an accomplished biographer, twice the recipient of the Pulitzer Prize, has devoted two years and more to the proof of this assertion. Δ To appear before the footlights is the secret ambition of every woman; to venture backstage is that of every man. **Sacha Guitry** was to the theatre born. He knew the great figures of the French theatre in the golden years before the war, and to act, to write plays, to spellbind audiences, were as natural to him as breathing. The account of the feud that sprang up between his actor father and himself, the delightful way in which they were reconciled, is in itself a one-act comedy of surpassing charm. **Lawrence Lee** teaches on the most beautiful Lawn in America, which, if anyone is in doubt, belongs to the University of Virginia.

‘ ‘ ‘

Manon Michels Einaudi is the daughter of the Italian economist, Roberto Michels. From 1914 to 1921 she passed several weeks each year at the Swiss residence of Vilfredo Pareto. Her paper will help to illuminate the human side of the philosopher whose monumental work, un-



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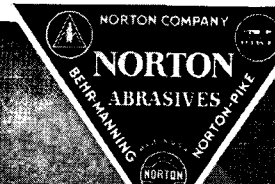
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der the title of *The Mind and Society*, has recently been translated into English and published in four large volumes by Harcourt, Brace.

/ / /

Della T. Lutes has that rare and happy faculty of cooking up the most succulent food into prose. Few novelists are good cooks, and fewer still can make their meals sound appetizing. The most successful in recent years to our knowledge was Gladys Hasty Carroll, whose New England dishes in *As the Earth Turns* made the mouth water. **Rear Admiral William S. Sims** (Retired) is still campaigning for the Service which he loves. Δ From 1922 to 1931, **William Henry Chamberlin** served as the Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and during that time he viewed the Soviet experiment with the calm reasonableness of a Pennsylvania Quaker. At the termination of his service he withdrew to Berlin, where, with a trunkful of documents, he prepared his history of the Russian Revolution. The comparison of the States and the states of mind for which Stalin and Hitler are responsible gave him food for thought. Δ An English reviewer and critic for well over a quarter of a century, **Allan Monkhouse** has been moved to some pungent remarks about modern novels — and those who read them. Δ Economist, dirt farmer (in upstate New York), and a fanatic bridge player (anywhere), **Arthur Pound** has been studying industry inside and out ever since he was in long trousers. His *The Iron Man in Industry* was one of the first and most abiding studies to be made in the field of mass production. It is a standard reference work in many college courses to-day.

/ / /

Curtain raiser.

Most editors are leery of long letters accompanying a manuscript. But, at the risk of encouraging a precedent, we should like to reproduce the letter which chaperoned to our office the book manuscript that eventually was declared the winner of the Atlantic non-fiction contest for 1935. We reproduce it here because it sets so deftly and with such authenticity the scene of the book to come.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
March 23, 1935

TO THE JUDGES
Atlantic Non-fiction Contest
Gentlemen:—

Old Jules is the biography of my father, Jules Ami Sandoz: I have also tried in a larger sense to make it the biography of a community, the upper Niobrara country in western Nebraska.

The book grew out of a childhood and adolescence spent among the story-tellers of the frontier, for the frontier, whether by Turner's famous definition or by any other, is a land of story-tellers, and in this respect remains frontier in nature until the last original settler is gone.

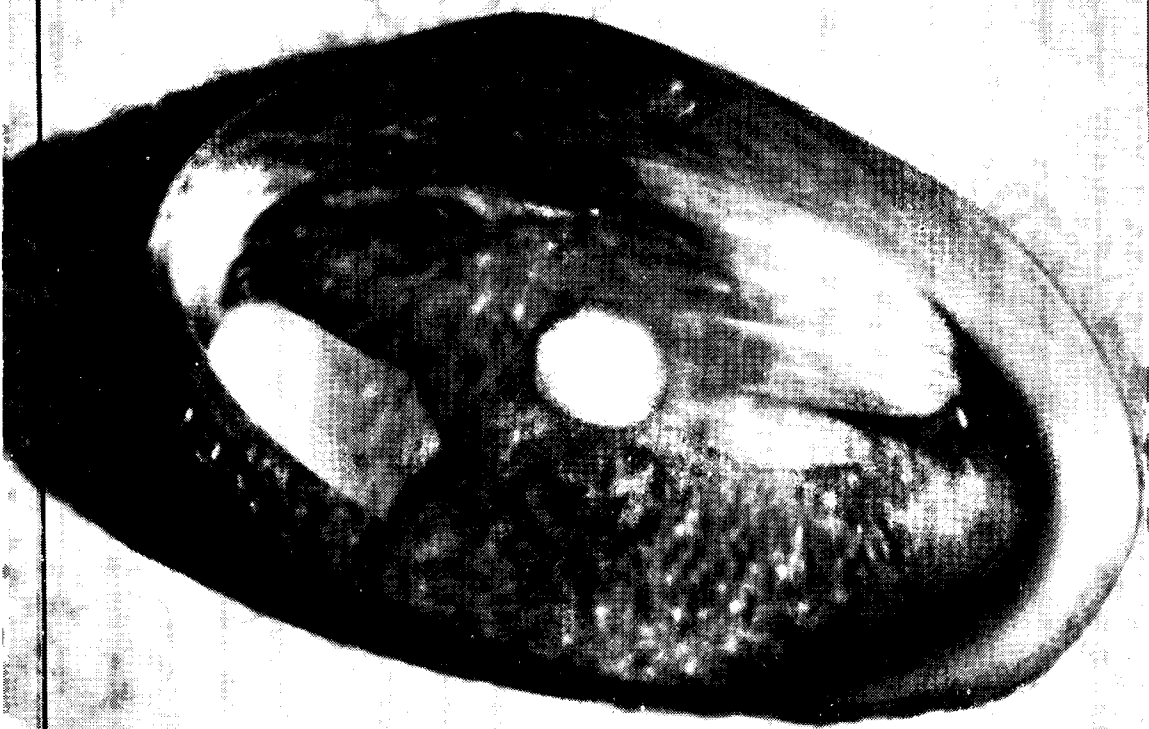
It grew, then, out of the long hours in the smoky old kitchen on the Running Water, the silent hours of listening behind the stove or in the woodbox, when it was assumed that of course I was asleep in bed. So I — the Marie of the story — heard all the accounts of the hunts, the well accident, the fights with the cattlemen and the sheepmen; was given hints here and there of the tragic scarcity of women, when a man had to 'marry anything that got off the train,' as Old Jules often said; knew the drouths, the storms, and the wind and isolation. At school we heard other versions, partly through the natural cruelty of childhood, partly because a feud was on and we were actually outsiders in the school.

But the most impressive stories were those told me by Old Jules himself, perhaps on the top of Indian Hill, overlooking the spot where a man was hung under his leadership, and the scene of six years of lawing that drove his second wife into the insane asylum. Perhaps he limped through the orchard as he talked, with me close behind, my hands full of ducks or grouse or quail. Perhaps I followed among flowering cherry trees, carrying the plats to the orchard. Perhaps I drove the team on long trips while he smoked and talked of his own dreams and his joys and his disappointments. And always was I too frightened of him to voice either disapproval or surprise. . .

Sometimes it seems that a quirk of fate has tied me to this father I feared so much even into my maturity. The three crucial moments in his life after I could take part in our family life involved me as an unwilling participant: the snakebite; the near-killing of the Stratsburgers, and my near-ending with the same gun; and the final moment when he died.

Out of these events came the need to write this book, augmented by the one line my father wrote me in 1925, when I received honorable mention in the Harper intercollegiate short-story contest, guarded by the name of Marie Macumber. He discovered my activities, sent me one line in his emphatic up and down strokes: 'You know I consider writers and artists the maggots of society.' The book became a duty the last day of his life, when he asked that I write of his struggles as a locator, a builder of communities, a bringer of fruit to the Panhandle.

Before I wrote one word of *Old Jules* I took notes on all references to the Panhandle in all the important papers of the state from 1880 to 1929, and more complete notes on every Panhandle or near-Panhandle paper from its establishment to the end. The gleanings fill three heavy notebooks. . . . Then, of course, I read all the frontier literature and history obtainable, with a study of frontier economics and politics. . . . I went through the entire Ricker Collection, containing interviews with all the old-timers the late Judge Ricker of Chadron could find in twenty years of diligent search. I exposed my mother to months of inquisitorial inquiry and inter-



One Raindrop

... creator and destroyer of wealth

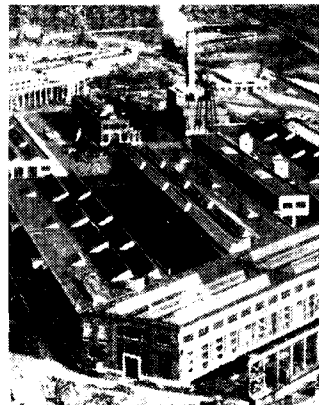
It was necessary to magnify a raindrop about 1,000 times to get the above microphotograph. Only a tiny drop of rain, life-giving friend of mankind—but also a giant of destruction to man's handiwork.

WHEREVER man tills the soil he prays for the blessed rain. For rain nourishes and develops life—creates wealth.

But, when building his shelter, man must everlastingly guard against rain, for here it becomes one of the greatest forces of destruction. Seeping through tiny holes or weak spots in a roof, raindrops cause millions of dollars' worth of damage annually.

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viewed everyone available. Most valuable, however, were the four thousand letters and documents in the files — no, boxes — of Old Jules himself, a little mouldy from the leaky flat roof of our Kinkaid home, but generally intact. His habit of revising has saved many of his violent letters for me, in his own characteristically forceful push-and-pull penmanship.

As I read, the stories of my childhood came back to me with new significance. And as I arranged and rearranged the bits of information in what seemed the closest verisimilitude to life as those people lived it in the Running Water country, the duty became a privilege. Not one character, included or regretfully put aside, would I have one whit different: not my mother, who had the courage and the tenacity to live with this man so many years, or the Surbers, to whom many of us owe what joy we derive from music and from art; not Nell Sears; Jim the convict; the Peters'; Andy Brown the yellah boy; the family that are the Schwartzes and that constituted the bit of glamour of our community; Tissot; Freese; Dr. Walter Reed, or Old Jules himself. These people have endured, and as I review them from the vantage point of twice knowledge, my eyes mist. A gallant race, and I salute them.

I can promise affidavits from the Nebraska State Historical Society on any event of moment, as, for instance, the Niobrara Feud, the cattleman murder of the brother of Old Jules, and so forth, from newspapers of the period. As to my historical and personal integrity as well as my portrait of the time and the community, I refer you to Dr. A. E. Sheldon, Superintendent of the Society, State Capitol, Lincoln, with whom I have worked at various times for years, for the last year in the capacity of associate editor of the *Nebraska History Magazine* and director of much of the research, or to Frank L. Williams, Managing Editor, *Nebraska State Journal*, Lincoln. Mr. Williams knew Old Jules also, and he spent his cub-reporter days in western Nebraska in the '80s.

But surely I must take up no more of your time. If there is anything that requires further explanation, I shall be glad to do what I can.

Thank you,

MARI SANDOZ

Poet's praise.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I say what a perfectly swell story I think 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' is. It is obviously one of those stories the author had to write whether the bank failed or not. And that is about the only kind of story worth writing.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
New York City

Has anyone here ever been to Utopia?

Dear Atlantic, —

Near the conclusion of his 'Thoughts on Utopia,' in the July *Atlantic*, Albert Jay Nock says that the only principle that would produce a Utopia to his liking is freedom, and that that has never been tried.

In order that there may be no mistake as to what

he means, he takes pains to explain that he refers to something 'far beyond economic and political freedom.' In other words, anarchical chaos, in which no ordered manner of life exists and in which, *ipso facto*, no freedom is possible. A rather disappointing ending to a pleasant-to-read, if rather shallow, paper.

But it reminded me that some years ago, at the late lamented Civic Club in New York, Lewis Mumford, before speaking on the subject of Utopia, asked what, in our opinion, would be a Utopia. On the spur of the moment, I said it was a place where everyone got what he deserved and got it at once.

The general laughter this aroused made it seem more foolish than it really was. Indeed, occasional reflection upon it, since, has convinced me that those specifications were less foolish than the laughter which greeted them.

True it is that such a Utopia could never come about, for natural (including psychological) law would first need to be changed. But is n't that the case with every Utopia advocated or wished for?

CORNEL RIDDERHOF
San Diego, California

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Nock's article is amusing and stimulating as his stuff always is, but I don't think he is quite fair in calling the New Deal a Utopian project. I prefer the *London Times's* estimate of the President's aims, in an editorial after last November's elections. Quoting from memory: 'President Roosevelt is laboring to make the system of private enterprise for private profit workable by eliminating the abuses. Leaders of business and finance, if wise, will bow to the inevitable, and coöperate with the President in making the system workable as the only means of preserving it.'

Little if anything that Roosevelt advocates is more Utopian than what already exists in England. Is Mr. Nock alarmed about England?

Really, you know, the atmosphere of New York and New England almost terrifies me. There is a resentment and defiance towards Roosevelt on the part of most of my acquaintance that appalls me. And many of those people, when I was here in July 1933, would have acknowledged the truth of Mr. Casson's words in 'Challenge to Complacency,' also in the July issue: 'A financial crash from which there is no escape, for the cure of which no Roosevelt appears like a *deus ex machina*. Fortune is not always so obliging as to produce a magician to move every rock. . . .'

H. W. S.
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished reading Mr. Nock's worthy article on Utopias. His reference to the Populist Senator Pepper recalled a scheme of the Utopian order which I came across during the course of a little research and which may be of interest.

My history professor once asked me to find out about Mary E. Lease, a Kansan. Now I had lived all my two dozen years in Kansas without hearing anything about Mary E. Lease or the political party



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THEY gathered there again and again, around that strange single-cylinder engine, watching it draw in its breath of gas—fire—turn.

It differed from any other engine in the laboratory in that it had quartz windows inset on opposite sides of the cylinder wall.

Through those windows our chemists and engineers could watch the flash of the spark plug, could see the gas ignite and flame.

That was a good deal, but not enough. It told a story of fuels and pressures and the relation of power to economy, but it left out certain key chapters.

So General Motors men took the light from the flame inside that engine and turned it into a rainbow.

As you probably know, a “rainbow” or spectrum consists of bands of color, grading from violet to red.

But spectra differ—in fact the light from *every element known* gives a different spectrum, just as each person has a different fingerprint.

And when with a spectroscope we photographed those “fingerprints” of what went on inside that engine, we made them confess their secrets.

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of which she was a leader. Hence I went to the library in complete ignorance, and spent a few hours in fruitless searching. Eventually, in the minute print of a newspaper index I found this item: 'Lease, Mary E. — Female firebrand, pp. . . ' At last I was upon the trail of Populism and its picturesque and vigorous leaders. Before long I found that Mrs. Lease had published a book in 1896 under the title, *The Problem of Civilization Solved*. That was too much to let go, so I set about finding the book. I had to call it from the Library of Congress. Now, briefly, this is the solution: Europe is to have Africa; the United States, South America. The governments of the Northern continents are to gather up all their maladjusted and dissatisfied population and move it down into the tropics, there to clear the jungles and commence cultivating delightful tropical crops. The native population is not to be enslaved; it will right willingly become a tenant class, greatly benefited by the project. To finance this plan the governments just need to stop building armaments, and turn their military funds to this worthy enterprise. There should be much government supervision to forestall all abuses and ensure a fine adjustment of all problems involved.

Perhaps this plan would have solved a few problems for the generation of the '90s, since yellow fever was not yet under control. Anyway there is a nice-sized book with the 'Problem of Civilization Solved' without a shadow of a doubt or a single misgiving. It is, at least, a diverting manifestation of the spirit of Imperialism, and of the American habit of going farther out on the western frontier when economic troubles and dissatisfaction develop in a settled area. Also, it is another book for the connoisseurs of Utopias.

DAWN DANIELS
Evanston, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Albert Jay Nock does not quite dispose of all schemes for bettering our social-economic order by exaggerating the intellectual limitations of Bryan, Coxey, Mr. Farley, Huey Long, and so forth. I had never thought of Mr. Farley as a crusader for radical Utopias. Mr. Nock, whom I have read with pleasure and profit for years, will also have to dispose of John Dewey, Harold Laski, Reinhold Niebuhr, Norman Thomas, who are really intellectually respectable. Former Senator Jim Reed in this morning's papers arrives at the same conclusion as Mr. Nock, but by a different route; Mr. Reed is equally scornful of the levelers. These gentlemen overlook the fact that Capitalism is the most effective leveler among all systems: 'Even in 1929, the annual earnings of 18,000,000 workers was under \$1000 apiece. Nearly half of all Americans live in homes little better than hovels. A sixth of the entire population of the United States is on relief. Two fifths of those on relief are children. A third of our aged are dependent. A fifth of all formerly employed workers are out of a job.' I submit that this is the miasma out of which dreams of Utopia arise. Mr. Bryan as a Fundamental Christian cut a sorry figure, but more than any other American he was responsible

for the income-tax amendment, and still more to his credit was his noble stand against the war. Now Mr. Nock is a historian, so he might compare the attitude of the cultured Ambassador Page (his letters have been made public) toward our entry into the war with the crude instincts of the Commoner. I mean, of course, in the light of history.

Mr. Nock simply has no right to tie up culture with the status quo, although this prejudiced point of view has always been the last resort of the obstructionist. Just how much was contributed to our national culture by the Ohio Gang, Tammany, the Vares, Insull, Hearst, and Hollywood? Missouri's own Uncle Tom is now doing Paris, having gone over on the *Normandie* in a stateroom overburdened with orchids. But the teachers of Kansas City, who must bring up the young to appreciate culture, cannot afford a vacation in Paris.

There is nothing more reprehensible in the record of the Western world order than its neglect and abuse of the creative spirits, the artists, musicians, writers, teachers, poets, and philosophers whose works make up largely the tradition of genuine culture in which these persons might take delight and solace whose energies were not consumed in the bitter struggle for bread. A man like Mr. Nock, whose learning is wide and deep, and whose writing is an ornament to our literature, ought to cultivate a spirit of fair play.

JOHN THOMAS STEWART
Bonne Terre, Missouri

Let us forget.

A watchful contributor with the good of the Column at heart sends us a copy of a poem of singular beauty which was quoted by the *Fortnightly* in the January 1935 issue. The lines were originally written by Jan Struther.

She was too lovely for remembrance —
Let us forget her like a dream,
Lest all our days and all our nights hereafter
Empty should seem.

Let not the blind remember beauty,
Nor deaf men think upon a tune:
There are things that are too lovely for remembrance —
Let us forget her soon.

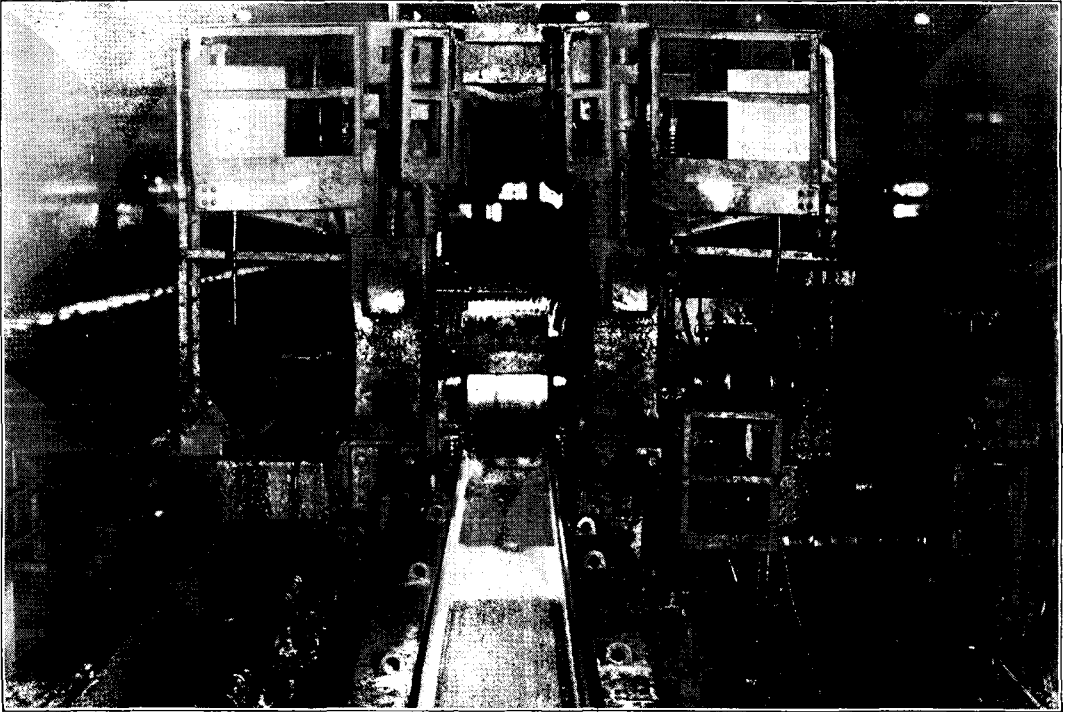
REVEREND C. J. HULSEWE
Paso Robles, California

No false god need apply.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been wanting to write an article under some such title as 'I Want a Modern God,' dealing with what I believe is a fact — that hundreds and hundreds of people throughout the country to-day want to be more religious and would be more religious if they could have for themselves a God as modern as their furniture, their automobiles, their advertising, a God that fits in with present-day needs and manners of living.

I believe it is human nature to be good, but I believe that the pattern set up for goodness is too antiquated and preposterous, and that in the course



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Wages and Salaries	28.6	33.6	39.3	50.3
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Bond Interest	5.9	2.3	1.3	1.2
Net Available for Stock	21.4	9.3	18.5	5.2*

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of time, as younger people learn to think for themselves, religion as handed down to us will become fiction. I think the public's mind is ahead of its religious teachings, and I believe an editor could do a real service by opening such a subject.

SHIRLEY WARE
Chicago, Illinois

The geography match, East vs. West, is one we never tire of.

Dear Atlantic, —

Giving a picnic under our glorious redwood trees, I thought, 'What shall I do for a poem?' and the following came: —

Crito, Cebes, and Socrates,
Three noble men of ancient Greece,
Like us once sat and took their ease,
Engrossed in their philosophies,
Sitting beneath their verdant trees,
With flowers, birds, and summer breeze
(Mayhap mosquitoes too, to tease),
The while the rulers, on their knees,
Implored most noble Socrates
His talky-talk to kindly cease,
For unbelief did fast increase,
And O, if he would only please
To silence give his tongue a lease!
Or they would have to give decease
To him. But now we talk in peace,
While redwoods make sweet melodies,
And Oceanus symphonies
Through California's sunny seas!

JOAN WOODWARD
Mill Valley, California

Dear Atlantic, —

There's a slight swelling in my chest when I think of the red barns and gray stone walls of New England, and the air that smells like russet apples. . . . This California, with its everlasting sunshine (say I ungratefully) and its stage scenery! . . . One goes out in the morning to look upon the burning blue of a lake lying at the foot of snow mountains, spectacular, self-conscious, beautiful. But so very far from my little New Hampshire towns asleep beneath their elms — from beach plums, dusty by the roadside — from the smell of raspberries hot in the sun. The dust in the lanes there must still be cool to small bare feet. And on Sundays the sound of churchbells through the rain — the 'cool gray flower' of New England rain. Here are only cream-puff clouds above burnt hills. It will be good to be home again.

A NEW ENGLANDER
Lake Tahoe, California

Signs of the times continue to enliven our mailbag.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I add one more to your notable and mirthful collection of 'Signs' as given in the Contributors' Column?

Along one of the roadsides in a suburb of Pittsburgh, there appears (in *stupendous* lettering) upon

the brick wall of a laundry this very majestic and Micawber-like announcement: —

WASH-A-TORIUM

MARIE L. NEVIN
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

The following observations are for your 'More Signs of the Times' space.

First, during the World War and just following, 'camouflage' became a bit overworked. Driving through the colored section of our city, in the early days of national prohibition, I saw displayed over the door of a shack this sign: —

SOFT DRINKS SOLD HERE. NO CAMEL FLADGE.

Second, in our country farmers are wont to 'post' their land against hunters and others. At the corner of one farm I observed the following notice: —

NOW TRUSTPASING ALOUD HEAR

A hundred-per-cent misspelling, but the idea seemed to get across.

W. J. BLACKARD, SR.
Harrisburg, Illinois

P. S. By a very simple sum in arithmetic I find I have read the last 307 issues of the *Atlantic* without missing a single copy, or a single article. I am, at least, beginning to sense its value.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been reading 'Signs of the Times' and enjoying them very much. I venture to suggest the following. A Chicago restroom bears the sign: —

DO NOT PUT FEET ON THE COUCH
WITH SHOES ON

There is in Washington, D. C., the Lee Kee Laundry, in Chicago the Day-Light Garage, and in Bloomington, Indiana, the Day and Knight Coal Company, and the Ax and Fry Grocery. There also reside Dr. Strain, Optometrist, and Dr. Strain, Dentist.

I have also known persons named Mary Christmas and Henry Ford Carr.

MABEL INCO
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

A sign of bygone days. More than twenty-five years ago I was tramping with friends through the Catskills. On our way to Wittenberg Mountain, where water was scarce, we spent the night at 'Winnisook Lodge' (a very neat but primitive hostelry). On the long-disused roadside stand opposite the Lodge was a weatherbeaten sign which read: —

IT IS SAID THAT A CAMEL
CAN GO A WEEK WITHOUT A DRINK
BUT YOU DO NOT WANT TO BE A CAMEL

E. STANLEY ABBOT
Boston, Massachusetts